

# THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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EARL  
HARRIS  
**COMPLETE  
GUIDE to  
BEAUTY**



# SLIMMING By Eating BREAD!



EAT BREAD to become slimmer  
is to-day's beauty slogan.

## New Way to Slenderise Catches the Fancy of Modern Women

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE  
Our Special Representative in London.

A new slimming diet has caught the fancy of the modern woman. Its basic ingredient is the ordinary household loaf of bread.

Women who have adhered to the bread diet plan for twenty-one days report remarkable results in weight reduction.

THIS slimming food trend gives Australia's wheat-fields a new importance as part of Nature's enormous beauty box from which modern women derive their charming looks and slim lines.

As the farmer goes about the cultivation of his wheat crop, he is probably more concerned with what it will bring per bushel than with the fact that it means slim lines and beauty for his daughters and the daughters of other people all over the world.

But London tests indicate that through the farmer's initial work, a golden beauty secret is passed along to women, as the wheat becomes flour and finally bread.

You can look upon the baker with a new respect now, as he daily delivers the loaf or two of bread which has slim-giving properties that you hitherto hadn't suspected.

In such fashion has the humble

loaf of bread—the staff of Life—found its place among to-day's many aids for beauty.

### Cheap and Simple

INEXPENSIVENESS and simplicity can be claimed for this new diet plan. It is in conformity with the modern quest for simplicity in dress, in beauty, in food essentials.

The basic principle, the chief food of this latest of slimming diets, is bread with butter. Tea, milk and water are included in the diet, but are not essentially part of the diet.

The bread and butter is prescribed five times daily—two full slices of bread at each meal, with plenty of butter. The bread can be toasted twice a day, if desired. It makes little difference to the reduction.

At breakfast take half a pint of milk with the bread and butter.

At noon, bread with butter.

At four o'clock in the afternoon, bread and butter, with one cup of

tea, which serves as a stimulant. One lump of sugar is allowed in the tea.

At seven o'clock, bread with butter again, with milk or pure tomato juice, as preferred.

On retiring, bread with butter.

Between meals drink as much cold water as liked. Fresh butter is suggested, rather than salted butter.

So, without fuss or bother, without cooking or preparation, enthusiasts of this diet claim they can now slenderise to heart and figure content. The diet costs on an average only a few shillings a week.

Those who have tested it say this diet can be followed over any period without any sensation of hunger. They report there is no suggestion of weakness, lassitude, or nervous energy being burnt up.

After consulting a specialist and biologist, three women thoroughly tested and tried out the bread diet plan for 21 days. The women were of varying ages and occupations, and kept a record of their reactions as well as weight and measurements before and after the diet.

The first reader is a secretary, with trying and very exacting work. In her report, she shows:

Height, 5ft. 6in.

Weight at beginning of diet, 10st. 6lb.

Measurements: Chest 36in., hips 40in., waist 30in.

At the end of the twenty-one days' diet her weight is 9st. 10lb.

Measurements: Chest 34in., hips 37in., waist 27in.

She has lost ten pounds during the diet, with a three-inch reduction on her hips and waist. She has experienced no feeling of hunger, and lost all desire for any other type of food.

She is delighted with her skin, which was distinctly acid in condition. It is clearer and smoother.

After her first week (she reports) she felt more mentally alert. At the end of her second week she was envying other people's steaks, but not wanting them. She has felt no nervous strain whatever.

### Housewife's Test

THE second tester is a busy young housewife with two children and a very large garden she has to manage almost unaided. Her report shows:

Height, 5ft. 4in.

Weight at beginning of diet, 11st. 8oz.

Measurements: Chest 40in., hips 42in., waist 31in.

At the end of twenty-one days:



"HOW MANY LBS. have I lost to-day?" the weight daily girl asks. The scales give her the answer.

Weight, 10st. 4lb.

Measurements: Chest 36in., hips 37in., waist 27in.

showing a total loss of 10lb. over the period, with a 4in. reduction on the hips.

She managed to fit in light gardening two afternoons a week and felt no more than the usual fatigue. She experienced no exhilaration, but at the same time no depression.

She was most amazed at the difference in her hip measurement because she has never pretended to exercise.

### No Hungry Feeling

THE third tester has a busy social round which necessitates being out and about in the city morning, noon, and night. Her report shows:

Height, 5ft. 5in.

Weight at beginning of diet, 11st. 8lb. 4oz.

Measurements: Chest 38in., hips 42in., waist 30in.

At the close:

Weight, 10st. 7lb.

Measurements: Chest 36in., hips 39in., waist 28in.,

showing a loss of 1st. 1lb. 4oz.

She obviated the difficulty of having meals outside by arranging to have the bread and butter at breakfast, again at eleven-thirty, avoiding lunch engagements.

She had tea at four o'clock, with her bread and butter (to the amazement of her friends!), and her nerves were not in the least affected over the period.

It is claimed that this diet overcomes one very serious disadvantage.

No feeling of hunger is experienced. And it is distinctly pleasant to follow. You are free to take as much water each day as you please, which helps the complexion too, and there is no need to take life more strenuously in order to slenderise.

As recommended for all diets, however, it should be undertaken under medical observation.

## Let's Talk Of Interesting People



### First Woman Minister

THE Feminist Movement in India has made rapid strides in recent years. Pictured here is Mrs. Vijayalakshmi Pundit, sister of Pundit Jawaharlal, who is a member of the new U.P. Congress Cabinet. She is the first woman Minister to be appointed in the political history of India.



—Spencer Shier.

### Honored Overseas

PROF. W. A. OSBORNE, at present travelling abroad, attended the International Rotary conference in Nice. Early in July he visited his old University, Queen's, at Belfast, where an honorary degree of Doctor of Science was conferred upon him.

After attending the annual meeting of the B.M.A. in Belfast, he is to deliver lectures at Cambridge at the invitation of Sir Frederick Gowland Hopkins, who is world-renowned as the pioneer and leader in nutrition and food chemistry.

Prof. Osborne is to broadcast from the B.B.C. in December, and shortly afterwards will return to resume his work at Melbourne University.



—Women's Weekly photo.

### Congress Delegate

THE lone woman delegate from Perth (W.A.) to the big Dental Congress held recently in Sydney was Miss Jess Johnson.

She obtained her Dip. D.S. at the Perth School of Dental Science four years ago, and is one of five women dentists practising in the capital city of the West.

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1<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> PER BOX

**ERASMIC  
FACE POWDER**

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# SUPERB *Courage* OF JOY HOWARTH

## In Spite of Heartbreak and Suspense She Gallantly Takes Up Daily Round of Work and Play

Joy Howarth is keeping her chin up. Hollywood is being given an example of superb courage by this lovely young Australian girl, who gallantly stormed its glamorised portals in search of film fame and found—George Brent and a tragedy such as few women have had to face.

*In the fight to establish the legality of her marriage to him, Joy has once or twice revealed in court how deeply she suffers from the blow over the heart dealt her by the man whom she loved and trusted utterly.*

Once or twice she has broken down . . . what woman wouldn't? But always she has quickly checked her sobs and regained her self-control.

The following intimate account of her present daily life in Hollywood, written by her sister, Gwen, shows that Joy is still "game."

*Somehow, she is finding courage to go on working, and more wonderful still—courage to go on playing.*

From GWEN HOWARTH, sister of Jocelyn (Joy) Howarth  
Exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly  
By Air Mail from Hollywood

JOY asked me to go on the set with her while she did a test for a Columbia film which Jean Harlow played in silent days. Although it means rising at 5.30 a.m., leaving home at 6.30, and being on the set at 7 a.m., nothing would have induced me to miss it.

I felt terribly excited at the thought, as I had never seen Joy "in action" before.

What a thrill it was watching her being made-up! When Joy mentioned that her "make-up-er" would be the man who made up Boris Karloff I thought anything might happen, and expected her countenance to gain a Frankenstein expression, but no, the result was amazing.

First, layer upon layer (five in all) of shades of powder varying from deep cream to brown. A final line drawn just over her nose to make it appear longer (at home we always teased Joy about her button nose); her eyebrows drawn higher above her eyes.

(This Joy explained is to give a more youthful appearance and can be done effectively in real life.)

Then last, but not least, the application of long curling artificial eyelashes (about 1 inch long). I was entranced watching these being stuck on over her own (they seemed so long I asked her did it seem an effort to open her eyes). Then came a maroon

shade of lipstick—yes, maroon—and the effect was perfect.

Have come to the conclusion that I could never be an actress. To be able to make love enthusiastically and realistically to a man to whom one has been introduced two minutes before is beyond me.

But this is what Joy had to do—and so convincingly she did it the director said: "Splendid! That is just as I wanted."

I felt ashamed to display any excitement, so calm and unperturbed seemed the members of the cast, especially Joy, who was amazingly at ease.

I was wondering why the chalk marks on the floor, and was told these are so that the players will know not to pass them or he or she will be out of focus.

THE mechanism of the set amazed me. Even perspiration required for one shot is produced "on tap."

"Bring some perspiration," says the director to an assistant, who hands him an atomiser with colorless oil. This is then sprayed on the forehead of the "feverish" brow. Maybe I had better not say any more. I should hate to dispel the illusions of any film fan, or remove the glamorous veil from moviedom.

### Movie Parties

I HAVE heard a great deal about the wonderful parties which Marion Davies "throws" at her pal-



JOY HOWARTH, central figure of one of Hollywood's most tragic court dramas, having faced the ordeal of court cameras for weeks, has once again taken up work on the set.

tial beach home (or series of homes, as they stretch a long way down the beach) at Santa Monica, but the fancy dress one which Joy attended recently seems to cap them all.

The whole ballroom was converted into a circus arena, merry-go-rounds, razzle-dazzles, side-shows, floss and pop-corn stalls.

Joy wore a circus-rider's frock in which Marion had appeared in one of her films.

Mary Maguire was there and came in an attractive lion-tamer's garb. Errol Flynn was also a dashing circus rider.

I have just asked Joy who was there. She said, "Well, mention all the stars in the film world and you won't be far wrong."

### Jean Harlow's Mother

TO-DAY Joy and I heard Jean Harlow's mother order two gardenias to be sent daily to her home, so that she can place one each at the foot of her daughter's photos.

It is tragic to see Mrs. Harlow who, it is said, will never recover from the loss of Jean. They literally worshipped each other. As each gardenia (Jean's favorite flower) fades, she replaces it with another at Jean's photo.

She also makes a daily pilgrimage to Jean's grave, and for the past weeks has been spending an hour daily by the graveside.

Although Jean Harlow was supposed to have left 1,000,000 dollars, I am told that she was not as wealthy as alleged, and that her mother is actually now in humble circumstances.

She has moved from their home in Beverly Hills to a small apartment, for two reasons: to avoid gaping

salary and before she passed away had very few luxurious clothes—although they were attributed to her. Of course, taxes and death duties take a colossal amount, anyway.

William Powell is said to be financially assisting Mrs. Harlow to make her new home attractive. The main decorative scheme is white, as this was Jean's favorite—she preferred white, whether for flowers, frocks, fur coats or home decoration.

sightseers and because she cannot afford to run an expensive home.

Jean "lived up to" most of her

## FINDING WINNERS in £500 RECIPE CONTEST

### Special Committee Starts Work in Great Women's Weekly Quest

An overwhelming flood of recipes from all corners of the Commonwealth has poured into the offices of The Australian Women's Weekly in the last few days.

*It was an amazing climax to our £500 quest for recipes, which closes on Wednesday of this week.*

NO recipe competition was ever more popular.

"The result of the competition has been truly remarkable," said Mrs. Purst. The Australian Women's Weekly cookery expert, who has had wide experience of all kinds of cooking competitions.

"It is bigger than anything we have ever had in Australia—and the number of entries surpasses that of many similar competitions conducted in America, with its greater density of population."

"The recipes submitted are of an unusually high standard, which speaks well for the skill of our housewives and the quality of home cooking."

"Many novel recipes have been entered, particularly in the cake and sweets sections."

HOUSEWIVES in city flats, country towns and far outback stations are rivaling each other for the rich prizes—and all have an equal chance.

Many men have also submitted recipes in the various sections.

A special committee, assisted by Mrs. Purst, is already busy classifying the thousands of entries to facilitate the selection of winners.

The tremendous number of entries will make this task a long one, but the winners will be announced in the earliest possible issue of The Australian Women's Weekly.

There are 205 prizes to be awarded—one of £100 for the nicest cake recipe, four of £50 each for other recipes, and 200 consolation prizes of £1 each.

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YOU can test this really wonderful Course of Dressmaking in your own home, give it any trial you like, and if it doesn't quickly make you an accomplished dressmaker, capable of making the latest frocks, suits, coats, etc., it won't COST YOU ONE PENNY! But please hurry! This offer may never be repeated. It places you under no obligation. All you have to do is post the coupon TO-DAY!

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- How to Make Clothes for the Family.
- How to Make and Save Money Through Dressmaking.
- How to Make Clothes to Suit Your Personality.
- How to Learn Everything About Dressmaking—This New Easy Way!

### Lovely Clothes for You!

AND now it's YOUR turn. You do want smart clothes, don't you? Of course you do—things with style and originality; but when shopping for them you find it practically impossible to get a frock within your means, or one that isn't duplicated at least a dozen times when you walk down the street. But still it is possible for YOU to be the smartest dresser in your town. Send for this splendidly illustrated Free Book, "How to Design, Cut and Make Smarter Clothes." It tells you how! But you must hurry!

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# UNORTHODOX "CURES" are Medical Problem Cannot Be Lightly Dismissed —says Leading Doctor

## READERS INVITED TO TELL

What is the medical value of unorthodox cures and treatments?

Speaking at the Medical Congress, Adelaide, Dr. John K. Adey, of Victoria, said that one direction in which research would be profitable would be an inquiry into the cures made by unqualified people.

Almost everyone has heard of cases where people, suffering illness or complaint, have spent years visiting doctor after doctor, hospital after hospital, seeking a cure—eventually turning to some unqualified practitioner or so-called "quack," from whose treatment the patient finally claimed a cure.

The Australian Women's Weekly now invites readers to submit their experiences of any such medical treatments.

**T**HE medical profession shuts its eyes to the fact that many unqualified practitioners do get a certain number of results," Dr. Adey said. "It is quite useless for us to dismiss these with a wave of the hand and

### B.M.A. Attitude

QUACKS and charlatans have always imposed on credulous people, often reaping a rich harvest from human suffering.

But history has also proved that many valuable medical discoveries have been made by conscientious searchers who had no medical degree.

The points advanced by Dr. Adey in Adelaide raise this question: Is the B.M.A. justified in its official attitude of placing all unqualified practitioners in the category of quacks and charlatans?

say they are charlatans and quite unworthy of a reputable practitioner," he added.

"I do not suggest we should copy their methods, but if some methods of charlatanism have curative value they should be subjected to proper scientific investigation, and their results used in the proper manner."

Dr. Adey's plea is sure of finding popular backing, but it is another matter to appeal to the medical profession. That little "closed circle" of qualified autocrats frowns on any new discovery or treatment that has not the seal of orthodoxy—in other words, the honor of being described.



SEAMANSHIP FOR GIRLS is the latest idea of the Girl Guides' Association in connection with their Sea Ranger Branch. Nearly 300 of them from all over England recently spent a week on the training ship, Implacable, a survivor of Trafalgar, in Portsmouth Harbor. The Sea Rangers are shown arriving at the Implacable.



## For going places—

Go to the smartest places, mix with the gayest set, but if you dress in Tootal fabrics you'll never look one of a crowd. These lovely linens, cottons and rayons are the answer to a maiden's prayer! Tootal fabrics stay fresh and unruffled—thanks to the patent crease-resisting process. They don't run, they don't fade in the washtub. And they wear almost to infinity. Give yourself that cool, fresh, captivating charm. Wear Tootal fabrics and feel your best *all* the time. Go and see these interesting fabrics in the Tootal range and—get busy!

**Lystav** A new rayon material. Tailors perfectly. Crease-resisting. Wonderful range of colours and designs. Splendid for shorts, frocks and play suits.

**Robia** Soft as muslin, sheer as organdie. A crease-resisting semi-transparent cotton. In a wealth of designs. Perfect for blouses, children's frocks, afternoon and evening frocks.

**Tootal Linen** With heaps of 'body.' Crease-resisting. Clever range of colours and designs.

**Tobralco** The very famous Tootal cotton that washes and wears so wonderfully. In a host of fresh, charming designs for the children—and yourself.

# TOOTAL

WHAT'S IN THIS NAME—FOR WOMEN?

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sponsored and employed by qualified practitioners only.

Yet the history of medicine and surgery furnishes scores of instances of "outsiders" whose discoveries being eventually adopted by the orthodox of the profession after a preliminary campaign of pooh-poohing and ridicule.

Quinine (for malaria) and ipecacuanha (for dysentery) were both popular remedies long before an orthodox physician took each under the "wing of respectability," cured reigning potentates, and incidentally gained reputation and a fortune.

Most recent example of this medical snobbery was the case of Sir Herbert Barker. Barker was an English "bonesetter," trained in methods of treating joint troubles that have been traditional in British country districts for centuries.

When Barker's skill with his hands began to gain him a reputation the orthodox doctors did all they could to have him refused the right to practise. When a qualified physician helped Barker by administering anaesthetics for him, the orthodox actually succeeded in getting him de-registered.

### Views Changed

**T**HEN Barker began to treat and cure famous personalities, including Presidents, Monarchs and millionaires; he was knighted. Now the tune was changed.

The qualified men rushed to acquire the Barker methods. "Manipulation" is now an accepted treatment for joint troubles, especially adhesions.

A leading Australian surgeon recently described Barker's methods as routine practice before a meeting of the local B.M.A. Sir Herbert Barker himself has lectured to an audience of qualified practitioners in London.

If we look back at the history of quackery and charlatanism we find that even the rogues and scoundrels were sometimes in possession of a secret which was worth while.

Sir John Long was a charlatan of the first water, who was deservedly punished for imposition towards the close of his career; yet this fraud invented a liniment which was afterwards adopted by the orthodox not as a cure-all (as advocated by Long), but as a useful embrocation where a counter-irritant was needed. In fact, this "quack" liniment was eventually listed among the official preparations of the British Pharmacopoeia.

Many a homely traditional remedy has found a similar haven; but usually only after the orthodox physicians have hurled their anathemas upon the

"unqualified" who have presumed to use it.

For instance, local warmth for certain types of rheumatism has been a traditional treatment for centuries. Yet it is only in recent years that medical orthodoxy has adopted it, and the patient now gets heat treatment in any of half-a-dozen different "officially" recognised electric machines.

### Another "Discovery"

**T**WO substances just "discovered" by white physicians to-day were used successfully by Chinese doctors for the past thousand years.

One is China clay (kaolin) which (in the guise of fancy scientific names) is now freely prescribed by orthodox physicians in intestinal disorders.

Its efficacy is due to its power of absorbing toxins from the digestive tract, say our modern medical men. Probably the Chinese would ascribe its virtues to dispersal of devils; but the fact remains that they had discovered its uses centuries before the B.M.A. existed.

The other substance is ephedrine, one of the most widely-used drugs by orthodox physicians just now; it finds a use in asthma particularly.

Its general adoption by our qualified men dates from only a few years.

But Ma Huang, a wild plant growing in China and Japan, had been used by the people of these countries as a popular remedy for centuries. And Ma Huang is the original source of ephedrine, though a way to prepare it artificially is now known.

### Tell Your Experience

**W**HETHER Dr. Adey's appeal to fellow physicians will be considered seriously is doubtful; past history shows that the profession is pretty deaf on that side.

The Australian Women's Weekly therefore has decided to launch a little popular appeal of its own. Will any readers who have had experience of successful treatment of any complaint on unorthodox lines write to us and furnish details of this treatment?

In particular, we would like to hear of success with the lesser ills and troubles which harry the average citizen in daily life. Letters published will be paid for at our usual rates.

Readers' names will be withheld from publication if desired. They are required by The Australian Women's Weekly, however, as evidence of good faith.

The accounts of these treatments should also be accompanied by the supporting testimony of a friend or relative who is familiar with all the details of the case.



*A charming tale of a beautiful senorita and her sweetheart in an old Mexican city.*



**M**ARGARITA'S round watiful eyes followed Pedro as he lounged down the street in the wake of the giggling Mexican girls who dressed like the Americans. It almost seemed to Margarita that Pedro, when conscious of her tagging gaze, became more attentive to the others. Yet this could not be, for Pedro had once told her that he loved her and love could not hurt. Margarita's own love was always trying to shield—to wrap poor aching hearts in cotton so that knocks wouldn't hurt so much. But Pedro's love was like a great flashing sword—a beautiful sword as shining as his white teeth but with a blade that liked to prick.

Margarita turned from the opening of her little shop. Pedro had disappeared into the tobacco store at the corner. She raised her outer skirt, and then a second, from the pocket of a third she took a handkerchief in which were tied the earnings of the previous day. They were pitifully small. The trade in her tortilla shop was not what it had been and a mean, insistent little voice kept trying to tell her that maybe this circumstance had something to do with the falling off of Pedro's affection.

When Olvera Street was first opened Margarita had known real exultation. For the old grandmother with whom she lived in the crowded district beyond Aliso Street had, so long as the girl could remember, told her stories of the old Los Angeles that was more Mexican than English, of the days when the Padres were the dictators, and girls and boys in costumes bright as the parakeets on the Street danced in the plaza.

This attempt to preserve old landmarks and treasure old traditions did not seem to Margarita, as it had to the more sophisticated, a commercial venture. It was just another evidence that after all people were not so stupid; they would do the right thing if you only gave them time.

That was Margarita's philosophy, though of course she didn't call it that, for philosophy was not a word that she had come across in school.

It was this quality, however, that gave her buoyancy and added to her attractiveness and in the running made the directors allot her a concession, figuring that the girl with her old-world type of beauty would be an asset to the Street.

So Margarita, with a few old trappings brought from her home and a few new wares purchased with the savings from the weeks at the cannery, had set up a booth, where she dispensed tamales and tortillas to the hungry or the curious, made an occasional sale of pots of cactus, said her prayers before the little altar to the Madonna hung on the back wall.

**P**EDRO worked in a restaurant on Castellar Street. That is, he favored the restaurant with his presence; sometimes waiting on the table, sometimes drawing a soiled towel over the musty bar, but more often singing to entertain the patrons. And because he had a winning personality, and very white teeth and a soft, caressing voice that pleased the diners, he was kept on.

When Olvera Street was opened, Pedro added to the atmosphere and to his income by singing old folk-songs and passing the hat to the tourists. It was thus that Margarita became acquainted with him on an evening when he drew a crowd about her booth. Thereafter her little white holy thoughts were on their knees, now before the altar of the Madonna and now before the carefully polished shoes of Pedro Garcia.

For a time the business at Margarita's shop was good. Pedro took cognizance of it. Of that, and the girl's good looks and her evident

Illustrated  
by  
Wynne  
Davies

adoration. He allowed her to feed him, her food was as good as any other in the district; he told her she did very well, for a woman, but that she needed a man to manage her affairs.

One night after the awnings were tied down and the shutters on the buildings along the Street had been shut and locked, Pedro had walked home with her and told her that he was going to marry her. Then it was that Margarita knew what the Padre meant when he said that the angels chorused in heaven.

Favor has always been a fickle jade. That restless public that seeks new diversions with every sunrise had its thrill over Olvera Street and then asked for something new. A few real lovers the Street had who continued to come, attracted by something real and old and genuine below its picturesque quaintness, and there were always the tourists who "oh'd" and "ah'd" but bought little save the gaudy post-cards which they sent back to their home towns.

Some of the tourists would stop at Margarita's booth and talk about her as if she had no ears. "Here's a pretty Mexican girl," one would exclaim. "I like her, long braids

with the colored ribbons woven in."

"Isn't that red and yellow dress dear? Just imagine our getting by with a thing like that."

And sometimes they would talk pidgin English to her. "How muchey?" pointing to a bit of pottery.

Because courtesy is really just being kind, Margarita was always courteous. She never embarrassed them by letting them know that she understood. She made her smile gentle so it wouldn't hurt. But her smile had the color of sadness in it when they turned away after much gushing and chatter without buying her wares. Her pottery, they said, was not much and was too fragile to carry in one's suitcase. That kind of thing was always in fragments when you went to take it out.

And the tortillas were interesting enough to look at—kind of grey and flabby—but probably dirty and full of things. Margarita wanted to cry out that indeed and indeed they were very clean, that she made

# SWEET Miracle

A Complete Short Story

By  
Virginia Church



Manuel pressed a bulb and her picture was taken in her Old World Mexican clothes.

odors. The shops of blue glass she loved, and the stands of cactus and pottery.

She delighted in the puppet show almost directly opposite her shop, these funny human little dolls that bobbed and jerked on their strings. She liked to watch the small boot-blacks as thick as flies and as troublesome. . . . And old Ignacio who got tipsy on tequila and came to the street and sang in a terribly cracked old voice until someone rushed out and drove him away.

And the young artists she liked who drew the tourists' portraits for a dollar and sometimes drew hers for nothing so as to attract a crowd. And the young man who kept the print-and-book shop she liked, for though he teased her, he came often and interpreted what the tourists wanted when her English words got snarled up like threads.

And there were her birds and the stray animals. If the street closed, what would become of them? Every morning after she opened the shop Margarita fed the birds. They quickly learned the spot where the meal and rice were shared with them and they came in droves. Sparrows and pigeons, and even an occasional gull.

Please turn to Page 64

them with her own two hands and that the meal was very carefully locked away from the rats that swarmed the district after the lights were out; but she couldn't do this because—well, she felt somehow that they would not understand.

**D**OWN the street one day came a rumor that swept through Margarita's heart like a devastating wind. Someone said the street was to be closed. It wasn't paying. The great newspaper that had backed it had withdrawn its support. The owner of one of the more pretentious buildings was not receiving sufficient revenue and had petitioned the city to make of Olvera Street a thoroughfare for automobiles and trucks.

Margarita drew in a quick, frightened gasp and something hard and heavy hurt in her breast. They couldn't do this. It was like murder. For more and more had Margarita come to love the street. She loved the little shops as she did her own from which came greasy, oily



# Counterfeit COIN

Another instalment of our thrilling serial of romance and adventure.

## THE STORY SO FAR.

**RICHARD EXON**, wealthy Englishman, and **JOHN HERRICK**, his friend, while on a secret mission to the Castle Brief, in Austria, rescue

**LADY CAROLINE VIRGIL** from her villainous cousin, **PERCY VIRGIL**, and **COUNT FERDINAND**, his father, who have robbed her of her inheritance.

Caroline and her friends invoke the help of the **DUCHESS OF WHELP**, nicknamed "Old Harry," to expose the Count and his son.

Caroline remains with the Duchess, who writes the Count, commanding him to invite Exon and Herrick to the Castle as his guests. They accept, and eventually the Duchess, accompanied by Caroline, arrives at the Castle.

"Old Harry" is determined to expose the Count and makes every effort to do so. Meanwhile Caroline tells Richard of her love. NOW READ ON.



"O H. Richard, I've made so much running. Time and again I've given you lead after lead. Yet no one could call me forward who'd seen the look in your eyes. You've cried out that you loved me with them a thousand times. You told me the truth, my darling, the moment you knew it yourself—when you'd broken into the tower, and I was up at the window and you were holding on to the cage."

"I loved you when first I saw you—I know that now."

"If I hadn't been knocked out, I could say the same. It was because I loved you that I let you carry me off. And that's why I stayed at Raven instead of returning to Brief."

I felt rather dazed. The whole thing was out of order—to put it no higher than that. I had, of course, known that she liked me, and if I am to be honest, I believed she had let me kiss her because she knew that I loved her and what it would mean to me. But I had never dreamed that she loved me. And now here we were, with desperate issues before us and life and death and fortune flung into the scales, and she and I in the toils of a passionate love affair, which both of us knew was hopeless, which nobody else must suspect.

On a sudden impulse I moved forward and swept Caroline into my arms. I looked down at her lovely, eager face.

"Listen," I said. "This is all wrong, and you know it—but I don't care. If you are mad, I'm human. If I'm given my heart's desire, I cannot throw it away. But I will not have you injured by your—extravagance. And so we must keep our secret at any cost."

"Yes, yes, I see that. This other stuff must be dealt with—for better or worse. And then—?"

"If Old Harry consents, I will ask you to be my wife."

The beautiful eyes grew wide.

"Since when has the Duchess of WHELP—?"

"Since Friday," said I. "You have no father or mother; by doing as you have done you have set her up in their place. For your sake, she has left her retirement and taken the field; she could do no more, if you were her only child; and you cannot take such services from such a personage and then deny her the rights of a patroness."

"What do you think my father would say if he were alive?"

"I know what he'd say," said I, "if he were the Count of Brief."

Caroline sighed.

"You do make things hard, don't you? If you were a racehorse, my darling, you'd have to run in a hood. Still, at least I've managed to get you on to the course. And it's bound to be a walk-over—if only you don't run out."

"I'll never do that," said I.

But I did not say that, as both of us very well knew, hence we ever so wisely, I must be disqualified. Instead, I stooped and kissed her exquisite mouth, and then drew her up to her feet and into my arms.

"Why do you love me, Caroline?"

"Because you are strong and gentle and like the things I like. Because you are natural. Because you are Richard Exon and I cannot help myself. And now you tell me."

"Because there is no one like you. Because you have the look of a queen and the way of an Eve. Because your airs and graces are those of the dawn and the dew. Because, with it all, you are human. Because you lift up my heart."

The softest light came stealing into her eyes.

"I like the last reason best."

And there again a feeling of unreality rose as a wave, and I wondered if it was true that Caroline Virgil was actually in my arms, if her eager, parted lips were truly so close upon mine, if it was indeed my image that hung in her peerless eyes. Then the wave sank down unbroken, and I knew that these things were facts.

I believe I began to tremble.

"I have no words," I said hoarsely.

By Dornford Yates

"I can only say that I love you with all my soul."

Caroline put up her hands to frame my face.

"I ask no more," she whispered, and drew down my head to hers.

As though inspired by the Count of Brief's evil genius, Old Harry saw fit that evening to wear such a mask as made the blood run cold. Her right hand and her mirror, between them, had taught her terrible things. She had so painted her face that she made me think of some child, arrayed for war, and had tied her head with ear-rings—two monstrous, pear-shaped diamonds that dangled as lustres do, and shuddered with every movement she made. These things, with her splendid features and

piercing eyes, would have dismayed an opponent before she had opened her mouth, and, when she came into the room, I must confess to a feeling of great relief that I was to fight with her and not upon the opposite side.

Here let me say that the game which she played was so cunning that I was soon out of my depth; add to which that she spoke in German which I could not understand. But, since I later knew all, I will set down directly what happened, because my own reactions have

"Why do you love me, Caroline?" asked Richard. "Because you are Richard Exon," replied the girl.

And then, without any warning, Old Harry let fly.

Above our subdued conversation, her voice rang out:

"What became of George Eliot?" The table was round, and I was facing the Count, so I saw him well.

A servant was presenting a dish, but, because of this startling query, his master had no mind to spare and the man stood beside him unnoticed—except by everyone else.

Even at a literary luncheon, the question, so suddenly put, might well have disconcerted a wiser man; as it was, its striking irrelevance hit the Count over the heart.

He stared upon the Duchess, who had coolly returned to her plate, as though she had asked him whether his soul was saved; then he lifted his eyes to Virgil's—to read an interpretation which brought the sweat on to his face.

He shot a glance round the table, and a hand went up to his mouth.

Old Harry looked up from her plate.

"What became of George Eliot?" I said.

Somehow the man made answer, "George Eliot, madam? Now let me see—." The Duchess stared.

"George Eliot. I think the edition we had—"

"Edition?" cried the Duchess. "Edition? What ever do you mean?" There was a painful silence.

The servant presenting the dish stood up and looked round for

guidance; but Bertram, who had come to his help, was staring upon his master with saucer eyes. The latter wiped the sweat from his brow.

"My memory," he said, "is uncertain. You have revived it, madam, to some extent, but—"

"You remembered our visit to Palfrey, where the pictures were going to be sold. And your father saw one of George Eliot—"

HER victim leapt at the bait.

"Oh, now I have you, madam. The picture, you mean. For the moment—"

"Picture? Is one of us mad? I asked what became of George Eliot. She threw a glance round. 'Is there nobody here to support me—when I say that that is something which Rudolf of Brief should know?' Her eyes came to rest upon Bertram.

"Steward, I know your face. Were you here when I came?"

In some emotion, Bertram inclined his head.

"I was here, your Grace."

"Who was George Eliot?"

"His lordship's pet spaniel, your Grace."

"By Heaven, so he was," mouthed the Count. "To think I'd forgotten—"

"So what was?" said the Duchess. Her victim clawed at the cloth.

"The dog, madam. The—"

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Illustrated  
by  
**WYNNE  
DAVIES**



# The CHERRY ORCHARD

A gripping story of a battle of wits between two men for the girl they both loved

Complete Short Story by

HAROLD TITUS



**I**LL tell you how it was with this young Sam Ball. He'd get a pain every time anything went wrong in that DeWitt orchard. He'd get a pain that would start tears when anything threatened those DeWitt cherries.

That's how interested he was in his job; he'd get mad when things weren't right.

He could, of course, have thought about plenty of other disasters that night. About how the ownership of the whole layout depended on what he could do before sunup, for one. And he might have been thinking that Amy DeWitt's heart and pride were in the balance too. And he could have given a thought to the stain due on the honor of our Probate Court if he couldn't do what he knew had to be done. And almost any other kid would have brooded on the prospects of having no job for himself.

But not Sam. He thought only about the cherries and how the black aphids were after them, and what a mess they'd be if the wind didn't go down and give him a crack at the bugs.

It gives you an idea of Sam. It should convince you he was one kid in a thousand, just as he was one cherry grower in a thousand, or in ten thousand, or in any old number.

And the trouble this night lay right there. Sam was too good a cherry-grower. He knew too much about cherries. I mean, any kid who, at twenty-four, had learned as much about cherries as Sam had couldn't have found time to learn much about anything else; and any-

who was administrator of the estate. He'd located Amy, finally, she being hard to find because all her father had left her had been wiped out and she was living where she could, as more than one once-pampered girl had done in recent years.

"Miss DeWitt will be in this noon," Paul phoned Sam. "Meet the train and take her out."

Sort of aloof and superior with home folks, this Villers. Smart but snooty. He trailed around with the swankier tourists in summer and liked giving orders to us natives.

So Sam drove in with the pickup truck, and if he'd used another car he'd have missed Amy for certain. He'd have missed her because when he saw her he thought his eyes were fooling him. He thought that because he believed no such girl ever was outside, maybe, illustrations of magazine stories.

He just sat there thinking he was being fooled by his own eyes until she saw "DeWitt Orchards" painted on the truck door and came towards him, smiling. Such a smile as Amy had! Like the light that never was on land or sea!

Somehow, Sam got her bags. Somehow, he started the motor. Somehow, he got the courage to look squarely at her and see that she was small and dark and so lovely that looking at her hurt.

Sam never will forget her little cry when they topped the hill and looked down on that orchard. It was May, understand, with a robin's-egg sky and horizons sharp as etched lines; and a golden northern sunlight, and the indigo bay beyond and below. And the hundred acres of DeWitt cherries were in bloom. A hundred acres of bouquets of snowflakes in rows as orderly as cadets on parade.

Sam heard a startled cry: "Mine?" She asked it—"Mine?"—almost like a sob. Almost as if frightened. In that husky-soft voice of hers. That gentle, lovely voice of hers, as she walked from the orchard with blossoms in her arms.

All of Amy was as lovely, as thrilling, as her voice; so no wonder Paul Villers looked the way he did, and even a kid who'd spent his short life learning about cherries should have seen what there was to see in Villers' eyes. But Sam didn't. By evening, Sam was still flushing so his freckles were bright orange and his eyes blue saucers. He still suffered from shock.

They sat in the old living-room that night, Villers at the walnut escritoire, very deliberate and impressive. Amy was in the big leather chair, slender white hands on the bal arms and her slim ankles crossed on a hassock. Sam was on the davenport. On its edge.

She looked so relaxed, so composed. He missed the tensely leaping in the pulse of her white throat, missed the little echoes of desperation in her voice; Sam couldn't understand that she was telling them this was her last chance.

Positively last chance. She'd been a luxury. She said so herself. She'd been a luxury; not needed. And the depression had overwhelmed her with a sense of being futile.

But what does a lovely luxury do about that? Nothing much in the scramble that goes on after a depression for a place and a work to justify oneself. But now she had it. She had a chance to do a work and make a place, and the prospect terrified her because she'd been so hopeless. Like abundant food after starvation.

But Sam didn't get that. It sounded like graceful, unimportant talk to him, and he envied Villers for listening with composure and replying in kind.

Even when the talk got down to cherries, Sam didn't get it. He didn't understand what was already, that first evening, behind Villers' words.



Illustrated by FISCHER

growing uneasy. The property was like a spent runner.

"... costs nearly three cents a pound to produce our cherries," said Villers. "Last year the canneries paid less than two and the sweets were almost given away. Price prospects are no better this year; we won't get our costs out, I'm afraid."

Afraid? He said so, and Sam didn't detect his qualification, his reservation. Even so early, even having seen Amy for the first time only a few hours before, Paul Villers understood her and was plotting a course, but it was beyond Sam.

Sam did get the change in Amy, though. She moved slightly, as if checking another movement, perhaps checking a gesture of dismay.

He stirred himself to reassure her. "Don't overlook the sweets!"

"Oh, the sweets," Villers' tone was dismissing. "The big tonnage"—to Amy—"is in sour. Sweets are a questionable value."

Sam flared up a little then. "No canner's processed a hard, black sweet in two years!" he said. "The trade's yelling for 'em. I'll bet they go to a nickel a pound. Maybe more."

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## SONG CLASSICS

### "Amarilli"

Caccini.

**A**MARILLI, my fair one,  
Oh! thou my heart's desire,  
Hear and believe me,  
I do love thee sincerely,  
Come to my arms;  
'Tis thee I worship, only thee,  
Let not doubt then assail thee,  
Deep in my bosom writ in my heart,  
These words shall be,  
Amarilli, I adore thee.

Caccini belongs to the pre-classic school of the sixteenth century, which aimed at vocal rather than at emotional expression. He was a singer and reformer, being the first to attempt the latter means. "Amarilli" is an example of this effort to break away from the old form. It affords the singer an opportunity to display his command of pure bel canto.

body in charge of that orchard should have known all there is to know about the fears and aspirations which can root in human hearts.

It wouldn't have happened if old man DeWitt had lived, of course, nor if Amy DeWitt hadn't been so desirable. But the old man died just as the buds commenced to swell, and Amy, his niece and only living relative, had been called from the East to claim the estate, and she was what she was and there you are!

Sam should have realized that something was up which boded no good for the orchard, as well as other things, the minute he saw Paul Villers look at Amy, but he didn't. How could he, knowing as much as he did about cherries at twenty-four?

Villers, you see, was a handsome, slick-haired, slick-dressed young attorney in Traverse City

"We'll do our best, Villers promised, 'to help you make a secure place. I'm sure you can'—so easily, so flatteringly. "But the estate is no bonanza. The orchard is still a somewhat questionable asset."

He explained: Cherries had brought less than cost ever since 1930. Early profits had gone into expansion, the 10,000 dollars mortgage was past due, with the holder

Sam heard her startled cry: "Mine," she said. "Mine." Almost like a sob.





# BLUE HILLS

## *A breezily told tale of two Australians in London and their battle for success*

# of HOME

There swam into Hilary's mind a vision of home — a house on a knoll and the blue hills behind.

ERIK LANGKER, notable Australian artist, painted the watercolor which illustrates this story.



**H**ILARY VINSON tore the sheet of paper from her typewriter with a despairing gesture. It was no use writing when worried.

It might be all right for geniuses; acted as a sort of spur, she supposed, but in her case she was definitely no genius.

Outside the London fog was as murky as her own melancholy reflections. No genius, indeed. Every editor worthy of the name had returned her stories with promptness and despatch. She seemed to be up against a blank wall. It was futile and so frightening. London was so cold and impersonal.

It had opened its maw and swallowed her, and then forgotten all about the meal. It gave Hilary a frightened sort of feeling. As though she were dead and everybody knew about it but herself.

That first novel of hers published in Australia had done it. People made a fuss of her, and her friends said, "Why don't you go to London? You're simply lost here, my dear!"

Lost! Hilary laughed shakily.

Lost! How miserably she was lost in this vast city—despondent, almost without money, and at the end of her spiritual and physical resources.

What high hopes she had set out with! She was going to set the Thames alight, and to-day she had hardly enough money for coals for her tiny grate in the bed-sitting room of her apartment.

She cried softly, and the rain which had succeeded the fog ran down the window in rivulets to keep her company. There was no doubt about London—it was a whole-bogger. If you wanted to be miserable it gave you all the atmosphere you needed. She cried on, and the windows ran rivulets in derision.

Suddenly Hilary leapt to her feet. She was done, was she? Well, she'd show 'em.

That wasn't the tradition in which she had been born. In this city of tradition there was nothing of sentimentality in falling back on the pioneer tradition of her own land.

She wasn't facing up to things. Back home when you had a drought or a flood you didn't sit town and wail about it. You got busy and built up again—and again, and again.

She remembered Mum at home on the farm. Dear, delightful, understanding Mum, so proud of her clever daughter—Mum with a chocolate box of Press cuttings about Hilary's one and only success.

She remembered how Mum used to face up to things: flood, fire, famine or sudden death. She'd dress herself up in one of her best

house frocks, do her hair carefully and meet the world with a smile. Dad would curse his way through bad luck, but Mum always smiled.

Hilary decided she'd do the same. She snapped the lid on the typewriter viciously and began a search. Among the disturbed papers on the table she found what she was looking for—a ticket. Dinner dance at the Mayfair!

**I**T sounded like the title of a talkie. An Australian friend in London had sent her the invitation days ago, before she moved to cheaper lodgings. It was good of Madeleine Crewe to remember her. "Yes," decided Hilary. "I'll go. Frocks don't wear out as quickly as jobs."

She was still presentable. And she would spend some money on a taxi fare. To hush with tomorrow. She looked at the window. Outside a furtive gleam of sunshine, shamefaced at its own lagardness, turned the raindrops on the window to seed pearls.

"Of course, the London weather's a liar," said Hilary, "but nevertheless I shall wear my blue chiffon—Schiaparelli will never know that I stole the idea from her. There's something to be said for the pioneer tradition. It seems to it that even a struggling girl novelist is taught to sew. To-night I shall dance—to-

By **JAMES VERNON**

morrow I shall get me a job as a waitress."

Bill Conway, landscape artist, looked around his comfortable Chelsea studio in disgust. The rain was spattering his windows—making a merry tattoo on the panes. A crocus in a blue bowl in the window recess exuded a sweet perfume. The big windows trapped and held every bit of the fading light, but it was a losing battle.

That was the worst of London, thought Bill. No time for work. As soon as you got started it rained or the light faded or you didn't want to work any more.

No wonder so much English work had that foggy unreality about it—not the good stuff, but the work of plodders like himself.

It was difficult for a man to keep that hard, lovely definition of Australian sunlight out of his work.

The critics didn't like it. "Quite nice, old chap—oh, very competent, in fact, but doesn't it sort of hit you in the eye—if you see what I mean?"

Well, that was what he wanted to do. Hit them in the eye with something. This soft, indefinite nebulousity got on his nerves. He was that sort of painter.

He would have to do something soon to justify his existence in London. Money wasn't the trouble. He had plenty of that—it was just something he owed to himself. He had come to London on the death of his father to make good as an artist, and London had been kind, too kind. Dark, brown-eyed, and quiet he seemed to be very popular. Hostesses asked him everywhere.

That was the worst of London. Too much junketing. Didn't give a man time to take himself seriously," thought Bill. The telephone tinkled, and there was, Bill found, a tinkling feminine voice at the other end of it. Madeleine Crewe. He found himself promising things.

"You will come, Bill? At the Mayfair. I sent you an invitation. Doesn't R.S.V.P. mean anything to you any more?"

"We'll have a nice crowd—sort of home town reunion—mostly Australians—all sorts—beef and bullocks, posts and rails—wide open spaces, and a clever one or two—and, of course, plenty of English for variety."

Bill found himself promising to be there. Madeleine was a good sort. A foster-mother to Australian talent in London.

"Yes," he decided, "I'll step out for a while, but I'll show them yet."

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# THE General's GESTURE

By...

Paul Morton

Complete  
Short  
Story

A tale of romance and courage in the lives of an airman and a nurse, who became embroiled in the fighting in China



Exactly twelve noon, Adam MacKay brought his old British single-seater fighting plane down on the flying field at King-yang, in the Chinese province of Shen-si. He vaulted lightly from the cockpit, cursed the slow-moving Chinese mechanics under his breath, and stretched his long leather-clad legs towards the ugly unpainted shack which did duty as Company H.Q. He pushed past the grinning sentry and clicked his heels, in what he hoped was a satirical imitation of a Prussian guardman before his commander.

"It is noon, General Sen," he said coldly, "twelve o'clock on the thirty-first day since I joined your army."

"And what particular significance has that, Lieutenant?" General Sen asked quietly. He was, unlike most Orientals, tall and slender. He could have given Adam MacKay anything up to three inches, and Adam stood six-feet-two in his field boots. His "Lieutenant" betrayed his American education, but his eyes, coldly impassive, told of many years of Chinese learning, of a mind steeped in the traditions of his forefathers.

Adam ignored the General's obvious sarcasm.

"It was agreed that I should be paid to-day," he said.

"But, of course, Lieutenant." The General barked a few words in Chinese to a clerk who counted out a pile of gold pieces on to the desk.

Adam picked up the coins and counted swiftly. A look of surprise crossed his face.

"But this is ridiculous," he protested sharply. "There are only 300 dollars gold here. We had agreed on 800."

"Unfortunately, I've been forced to introduce certain economies, Lieutenant MacKay. Naturally, you must expect to share with your comrades in the misfortunes of war."

"Misfortunes of war, be damned!" Adam retorted heatedly. "Do you think I'm going to let you get away with this?"

"You're at liberty to resign your commission."

"Oh, I'll quit all right. But not before I get my money. You'll find there's still enough law in this darn country to make you pay me!"

General Sen permitted himself an icy smile.

"There is no higher authority in King-yang than General Sen," he replied.

"We'll see about that," Adam growled, and swinging on his heel he stamped out of the shack with all the arrogance of a Prussian guardman, if with perhaps a shade less dignity.

"I'm sorry, Mr. MacKay," the British Vice-Consul at King-yang was saying about half an hour later. "But you must understand that soldiers-of-fortune have no claim upon their country when fighting for a Foreign Power. When you enlisted with the Chinese you gave up all rights as a British subject."

"Then there's nothing I can do?" Adam asked glumly. He had not really expected assistance from the British authorities, but after his argument with General Sen he wanted

to get the position straight in his mind. Two months earlier he had given up a flying instructor's job in Vancouver. He believed, quite erroneously, that he understood the Chinese character. Had he not taught hundreds of Chinese and Japs to fly almost as well as a white man? When the Chinese offered him a job fighting the Japs he didn't feel as if he were mixing with complete strangers. Why, he had friends on both sides. Surely they could be trusted.

"I'm afraid you're out of luck, Mr. MacKay," the Consul smiled sympathetically. "I think you'd better pack up and go back to Canada."

"Guess you're right at that," Adam grunted. "I suppose I'd better take the 300 from General Sen."

"Just a moment," the Consul broke in. He glanced away from the Canadian and smiled a welcome to a smartly-dressed man in the late forties who stood in the doorway.

"Why, come in, Doctor!" the Consul exclaimed, jumping to his feet. "Come in by all means."

"Not disturbing you, am I?" The newcomer flipped an eyeglass from his breast pocket and fixed it firmly in his eye.

"Not at all, Doctor. I'm glad you came. You might be able to give this young man here a bit of advice." The Consul turned to Adam.

"Mr. MacKay," he said, "you're a lucky man. This is Doctor Spencer Aldridge. He runs a hospital in Yu-sui on the Mongolian border. Knows more about China and the Chinese than any man in the country. Tell him your story."

MACKAY studied Dr. Aldridge carefully. He was a new type of Briton to the Canadian, too immaculate, too fastidious, he decided. That monochrome was a bit of darned foolishness to bring into the Chinese wilderness.

"Don't know that I can help you much, MacKay," Dr. Aldridge murmured, when he had heard Adam's story. Count yourself lucky you got out of Sen's outfit alive."

"I'm not worried about my life, Doctor," Adam said rather sharply. He was still young enough to resent any suggestion that he was interested in his physical welfare.

"Bravo! Magnificent!" The three men turned towards the door. A girl, not long out of her teens entered the room bringing them to their feet.

"Oh, dash. I'm sorry, Evelyn," the doctor growled apologetically. "Forgot you were out there alone."

"Too interested in giving instruction on life in China, weren't you?" she said gaily. "But don't waste time, Doctor. Introduce me to this young man who doesn't worry about life and death."

Adam flushed, then grinned sheepishly as she turned the glory of her large grey eyes upon him. For a brief moment they stood face to face. She, coolly conscious of his broad shoulders and the firm line of his youthfully strong chin. He, slightly defiant, but only too aware of the charm which underlay her

more obvious beauty. The healthy tan on her face and arms stood out against the white of her linen sports frock; the sunlight glinted in her golden hair; Adam MacKay forgot to frown.

"So you're an airman, Mr. MacKay," Evelyn Warner said when they had been introduced. "I'm only a nurse at Dr. Aldridge's hospital, and I do so envy anyone who really does things." She smiled mischievously.

"Only a nurse! Only a nurse!" Dr. Aldridge spluttered indignantly. "Why, gentlemen, Evelyn's work in my laboratories is invaluable to China."

"I understand, Miss Warner," Adam broke in quietly, "you and Dr. Aldridge save lives. I take them. Your sarcasm is not unjust."

"Really, Mr. MacKay, you do jump to conclusions," Evelyn replied quickly. "I didn't mean to."

"I'm sorry, Miss Warner," Adam said ruefully. "Sorry I was so touchy. Guess this business with General Sen is making me over-sensitive."

"Oh, Spencer," Evelyn said, as Adam prepared to leave, "perhaps

you could intercede with Chiang Fu for Mr. MacKay."

"Perhaps I might at that," Dr. Aldridge replied cheerfully. "Chiang Fu is an important magistrate in King-yang, MacKay. If you'll come with us we'll see what he can do for you."

Chiang Fu was polite but apologetic. He appreciated that Adam might have justice on his side, but on the other hand General Sen was a powerful man in the district.

"There is," said Chiang Fu, "no higher authority in King-yang than General Sen."

"There you are, my boy," said Dr. Aldridge, when they were once more on the street. "You can't hope to beat the Chinese on their own



Adam picked up the coins and counted swiftly. "But this is ridiculous," he protested.

ground. Better take the Consul's advice and return to Canada."

"What do you think, Miss Warner?" Adam asked, hoping the slight tremor in his voice did not betray his anxiety. He valued her good opinion more than he would have cared to admit.

"Oh, I suppose you'd better play safe, Mr. MacKay," Evelyn replied evenly. "Men do these days, don't they?"

Adam glanced quickly at the Doctor. He remembered that she had used the Englishman's Christian name at the Consulate; he wondered if her remark had been directed against him, and what the relationship was between them. Certainly they were not related, Aldridge was English, Evelyn obviously American. As an American she would perhaps not hesitate to address her senior at the hospital as "Spencer." Of course, Aldridge would attract women. . . .

The doctor broke in upon his thoughts.

## Adam and Eve

"We'll be leaving to-night for Yu-sui, Mr. MacKay," he said, "otherwise I'd ask you to dine with Miss Warner and me."

"It's tough on me, Doctor," Adam grinned. "It's not often I get a chance to meet a white man," he glanced at Evelyn, "or a white woman."

"Too bad you can't visit us at the hospital," Evelyn murmured.

"Yes," said Adam.

The difficulty the young Canadian was having in dragging himself away from such pleasant company was all too obvious to Dr. Aldridge.

"Well, good-bye and good luck," he said.

Evelyn Warner held out a shapely hand.

"Good-bye, Adam MacKay," she said quietly.

Several evenings later Adam walked slowly across the aerodrome. The blood-red sun was setting swiftly down behind the mountains.

"Eve Warner . . . Eve Warner," he murmured the name over and over to himself. "Good-bye, Adam MacKay," she had said. He tried to picture her walking beside him as he strolled towards the hangars. Then his mind turned to more practical thoughts. "It's too bad you can't visit us at the hospital!" She, Evelyn Warner, had said that to him.

Why, of course. Why shouldn't he go to Yu-sui? General Sen owed him 300 dollars gold. That would be enough to see him to Mongolia, and back again to Shanghai when the time came for him to return to Canada. He started off towards Sen's H.Q.

"But I cannot give you 300 dollars now, Lieutenant," General Sen murmured.

"Why not?" Adam snapped. Interviews with General Sen were becoming too much for his patience.

"May I point out that you offered to resign from the Chinese army three days ago?"

"Yes, but—"

"No 'buts' please, Mr. MacKay," Sen went on imperturbably. "I have decided to accept your resignation. It was ill-advised on your part to appeal to Chiang Fu against my financial arrangements. I gave you a chance to accept 300 dollars three days ago. You refused. Now there is nothing."

Adam restrained himself with an effort. The injustice of it was overwhelming. Obviously Sen was quite prepared to let him work out another full month—until he asked for his pay! His every instinct urged him to hit out at the grinning face across the desk, but he held himself in check. One blow would mean prison, or worse, and he wanted to see Evelyn again. He hurried out of the shack.

Please turn to Page 42



## An Editorial

SEPTEMBER 11, 1937.

THIS AGE  
OF BEAUTY!

THIS is the Age  
of Beautiful  
Women.

Never has  
feminine loveli-  
ness flowered so  
luxuriantly

throughout the world.

The most beautiful women of to-day may or may not be the peers of those ladies whose fame splashes the pages of history with gold and gems the cantos of poets.

But those paragons owe at least some of their renown to the fact that in their day beauty was so rare. To-day it is ugliness—even plainness—that is rare. Look about you, and you cannot deny that pretty girls predominate, that almost all women are attractive, possessed of charm, or at the very least pleasant to look at.

The profusion of really lovely faces and figures is remarkable.

*This certainly wasn't so, even a generation or two ago. What has brought the delightful change about? The principal cause is that women, emancipated both from the suppression of masculine dominance and from the old caste system that ordained loveliness for ladies and drabness for the commonalty, have learned that beauty can, to a very great extent, be acquired.*

All the arts that were the private preserve of the great ladies of old are now at the service of every woman. And these arts have advanced immeasurably with the aid of science.

Equally important is the change in our way of life—the fashion for exercise and for healthy diet, the conquest of diseases that left their victims marred and malformed, the care of babies from birth and before, giving them a chance to develop in that healthy way that makes for beauty.

*And, finally, there is the attitude of mind. A lively, life-loving mind makes for a bright and charming face. And when a woman realises that she CAN be beautiful—or, at the very least, attractive—she spares no pains to achieve that end.*

To-day, every woman knows she can help herself to beauty.

—THE EDITOR.

## POINTS OF VIEW

## Milk and Human Kindness

THERE is still shocking slavery on dairy farms. A dairyman stated recently that a child of three milked three cows a day; another declared that if consumers knew the conditions they would have to have hearts of stone to begrudge the farmers better prices. But that is false reasoning. "Begrudging" doesn't enter into it. Undoubtedly consumers have every sympathy with producers in their hardships, but consumers must get milk for their families as cheaply as they can, or suffer in their turn.

Sense is of more value than sentiment in reforming social evils. What is wanted is a sound system of milk industry organisation which will eliminate farm slavery and alum malnutrition, too.

Surely a great essential industry can provide fair profits and fair prices, too.

## Modern Mayor

THE Mayor of Wandsworth, England—

Believes life begins at forty.  
Proved it by learning to dance at 42.

Has just won an international dance contest at Vienna—age 58.  
We could do with more mayors like that. Gaiety is so rare—rarest of all in this world of kerbs, gutters, treeguards and overdue rates.

You can't imagine a gay mayor plastering parks with absurd prohibitions against everything, as so many of ours do.

On with the dance, your worships!

## Death of a Hero

THERE was a French stone-cutter who got too sick to work at his trade. He learned hairdressing.

One day he absent-mindedly turned the curling-tongs the wrong way. The effect on the hair was novel, and even striking.

So striking that now millions of women the world over have their hair waved that way. Yes, the absent-minded ex-stone-cutter was named Marcel, and now they are putting up a memorial to him in Paris.

Why shouldn't they? A man who makes millions of women more beautiful, or makes them think they are, is a greater man than war-lords who create only waves of corpses.

The curling-iron is mightier than the sword.

## —LYRIC OF LIFE—

## THESE THINGS I TREASURE

The little wordless things that are to me

The symbol of the world's sincerity,

That clasp of hands when comrades say good-bye,

A fear that falls from some still loving eye,

The smile of understanding from a friend,

And welcome waiting at a journey's end.

The trust of men and children's friendliness,

And someone else rejoiced in our success,

And that companionship so rarely found.

The sympathy by which two lives are bound.

All these I treasure, little, wordless things,

Mightier than the ransoming of kings.

—PHYLLIS DUNCAN-BROWN.

## Good Friend John

WHILE it is to be regretted that Arabs and Jews in Palestine can't get along, and that the attempt to weld them into one nation under British guidance has failed, it is pleasing to learn from the League of Nations Mandate Commission of their appreciation of Britain's disinterested and earnest attempts to improve conditions for both.

Now, everyone knows Britain is commercially interested in Palestine, particularly because it is a gate to great oilfields. But the League's tribute testifies to the fact that Britain's interest is entirely remote from that of an exploiter.

Her record has been the same everywhere. Shrewd trading, development of raw materials and markets for British industry . . . but at the same time such solid help to small



PICTURED WITH HER MOTHER is two-year-old Eudora Louise Graves, who not only has a vocabulary of 2000 words, but can use them reciting nursery rhymes. Eudora can count up to 100, and if you wish she'll do it by tens. Mrs. Graves, a former United States school-teacher, trained the child's memory.

peoples as they could not hope for from any other quarter.

Britain's Empire-building is really nation-building. May she succeed in building new nations in Palestine as she has elsewhere!

## Vole, Jazz?

ARTHUR RUBINSTEIN, world-famous pianist, declares that jazz is nearly dead, and that the world will soon have forgotten it ever existed.

If his prophecy comes true, it will be a heartening commentary on humanity's state of mind. Jazz rose to popularity because it expressed perfectly the post-war mood of disenchantment, neurotic hysteria and desperate pleasure-seeking.

It remained popular because we have never got back to looking on life as safe, set and stable. But under all our cacophonies there is a longing for the old days when the world rotated gently to waltz time.

You can hear this yearning in the amazing vogue of old tunes revived—all the sweet and even sickly sentimental ballads of generations past.

But music can't go back, nor can humanity. If jazz goes, something new must take its place. What will it be?

## IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . . By WEP

Buying Canned  
Pearls From  
Your Grocer!

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in England.

"One can of pearls, 8/-," is likely to be a new item on the housekeeping account, for it is possible that in the future women will be able to buy their pearls, not in velvet jewel cases, but in grocery store cans.

A "PEARL canning" firm, with headquarters in Japan, offers cans of oysters, each guaranteed to contain a genuine culture pearl, for 8/- a can.

There are two varieties—one containing dead oysters, which, of course, cannot be eaten, and the guaranteed pearls; the other, edible oysters preserved in oil, plus the pearls—making the oyster course at dinner more exciting than looking for threepeaces in the Christmas pudding.

Culture pearls are produced by a Japanese process whereby, instead of waiting for some substance like a grain of sand to "annoy the oyster," and thus produce a pearl, a tiny bead is inserted inside the shell, and in a few years the bead has become a perfect pearl.

## Popular Idea

MANY of the oysters began their career in Japanese fisheries near the Australian coast, and it is thought that if the demand for canned pearls increases Australian pearl fisheries will share in the boom.

The canned pearls provide an instalment plan for acquiring a pearl necklace.

When first introduced to New York, 25,000 cans were sold in the first few weeks, and it is estimated that sales now total nearly half a million.

Problem confronting the agents in England is whether this tinned treasure should be marketed through jewellers or grocers.

The jewellers are a bit diffident about placing rows of brightly-labelled tins among the gold plate and jewels on their shelves, and the grocers are doubtful whether it comes under the heading of canned food.

Women, logically, say canned pearls should be sold by any shopkeeper who sells tin-openers.

## Pearl Lotteries

PEARLS are also providing a rich lottery prize in a novel game introduced in Mexico to entertain tourists.

It is less complicated and more exciting than the legendary wheels of the Riviera, they say. And it's "square." Because Nature herself is the croupier.

This oyster lottery—with genuine, precious pearls for prizes—is the newest Mexican sport to catch the fancy and purse strings of smart seagoers pausing at Acapulco on the East-West canal run from New York to California.

Pearl fishing had become one of the port's disintegrating industries.

Then someone hit upon the idea of fishing for oysters and selling them—on the lure of a rich pearl that might be obtained almost for a song.

One prominent sportsman of Beverly Hills, California, won a perfectly formed black pearl of marble size, valued at £500, in return for a shilling investment.

Visitors are invited to buy as many oysters as they want to gamble on—for very moderate prices.

They are opened before the purchaser's eyes. Whatever is found inside becomes the property of the buyer. A lot of pearls have been won for less than a dollar.

The ladies watch the opening with breathless anticipation, perhaps envisioning a beautiful new ring to flaunt at the home-folks. And the men, if they choose, can don diving suits and bring their own oysters to the surface.



# GETTING a Stranglehold ON BEAUTY



**"Make a mud-pie of your face," says Lower, "but don't let your husband see you"**

You may have noticed that this is our Beauty Week.

One week in every year we become beautiful. We'd do it more often only the readers won't stand it.

Being the most handsome—and only handsome—man on the staff, I was naturally asked to fling out a bit of advice on how to feel "lousy" but look lovely.

NOW, I don't mind giving just answer gruffly, "Rum!" away my secrets. Other people, when asked how they got their complexion, would Well, girls, you all clamor

By L. W. LOWER

Australia's Foremost Humorist

for glamor, so here is the road to beauty and the means to a past you can look back on with grim satisfaction.

Prunes are very good for the complexion as they contain a large amount of iron. Iron does your blood good.

Bite your nails. Have a grated anvil every morning. And drink a glass of hot water—clean water is best—every morning.

## Beginners Beware!

FRUIT puts the roses in your cheeks, but don't rush things and start on water-melons. Kick off with grapes and work up.

Onions also are excellent, but it's a toss up whether it is better to have a good complexion or a few friends to talk to.

We recommend an almond mash pack for the face, you'll notice. I have not had much experience of almond mash packs on the face, or making a mud-pie of your face, but I think it might be advisable to remove it when going out. People mightn't recognise you, and it frightens horses.

Don't let your husband see you in it. He'll just laugh like blazes, the thoughtless brute. Men are like that.

You put on a clay pack to improve your appearance, and they want to know if you're practising to be a war memorial and how's Dracula getting on?

You've got to have an iron nerve to stand it.

## Sound Advice

DID I tell you to have a glass of hot water every morning? I did? It's an obsession with me.

At home they can't drag me away from the bath-heater. I get positively bloated. When I fill the bath I feel an urge to drink the lot of it. nail-brush and all.

Belladonna for the eyes I don't recommend. Certainly it makes the eyes so bright that you can practically read

OUR BEAUTY EDITOR, L. W. Lower, whose theme song is "Why Was I Born So Beautiful?", takes a few admiring glimpses at himself before leaving for the office.

in the dark, but at the same time cattish observers tell each other that you must have been on a "bender" or else you're a drug addict.

Don't burn the candle at both ends if you wish to preserve your youth. And who doesn't want to preserve her youth? Doesn't he pay for the theatre tickets?

If you must burn the candle turn it in the middle. Gorge yourself on vegetables. As

one time there was a craze for the "Liquid Day" during which one ate no solid foods. I tried it and got "pinched" for riotous behaviour and insulting language. The treatment is pleasant but expensive, and the fines are exorbitant.

Finally, if you live entirely on bran mash and prunes and dip your face in clay and roll on the floor every morning you will be beautiful.

But dumb.



**No Pyorrhea for me—  
I massage gums daily  
with Forhan's . . . . .**

ONE enemy—decay—attacks teeth. Another—Pyorrhea—threatens gums. This second enemy is so prevalent that dental statistics state that 4 out of 5 over forty (and many younger) suffer from it.

Merely brushing your teeth is but half the battle. Pyorrhea is no respecter of clean teeth. You may polish and brighten, to make white, unstained and attractive, the brilliant enamel of your teeth, but unless the real life of the teeth, the gums, are protected, you stand in danger of Pyorrhea.

Defeat both enemies. End Half-way care by adopting this simple method: Brush your teeth with Forhan's, then massage a little into the gums. Do it night and

morning. Forhan's firms the gums and keeps them pink and healthy. It protects teeth from acids which cause decay—it keeps them snowy white—it guards your youth and health.

Forhan's is the formula of R. J. Forhan, D.D.S., and contains the benefits of an ethical preparation found in no other toothpaste—Forhan's Pyorrhea Astringent which thousands of dentists use in the treatment of Pyorrhea.

Start the Forhan habit to-day. Teach your children this habit. It is pleasant tasting. You can make no wiser investment in the health of your mouth and the safety of your teeth.

Price 2/- extra-large tube, 3/-.

Australian Agents: The Sheildon Drug Co. Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

**Forhan's**  
for the gums

MORE THAN A TOOTH PASTE - IT PREVENTS PYORRHEA

**How did she  
get rid of  
Winter Fat**

HER problem was how to get rid of that accumulated Winter fat—and she solved it with the aid of Bile Beans. Now her figure's as lovely and slim as ever it was, and she takes good care to keep it so by taking Bile Beans nightly.

Bile Beans are purely vegetable. They tone up the system, ensure internal health and remove all fat-forming residue daily.

So start to-day to get rid of your Winter fat with the aid of Bile Beans. You will soon notice the improvement in your figure and health.



"I weighed ten stone five pounds, but since taking Bile Beans I have reduced by fourteen pounds. I never miss my nightly Bile Beans. They not only keep my weight down, but benefit my health and make me feel fine."—Mrs. L. Burden.

"I must tell you how pleased I am with Bile Beans, which have removed all my surplus fat and reduced my hip measurement by four inches. Bile Beans also keep me in splendid health and youthful in spirit and appearance."—Mrs. A. Perwell.

**BILE BEANS**

IMPROVE YOUR FIGURE WITHOUT HURTING









DOCTOR: You've got a bit of a chill. Go straight home and have a stiff whisky.  
PATIENT: Er—would you mind letting me have that in writing?

## Some NEW LAUGHS

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen; When we are old and mellow they'll still be evergreen."



AUNT: Does this pleated dress match my hat?  
NIECE: No! But it matches your face, Auntie!

MOPSY, the Cheery Redhead



RAILWAY SURVEYOR: The Government wants to run a railway line through here.  
FARMER: What! Through my big barn?  
SURVEYOR: Yes.  
FARMER: Ah, well, they can't. I've got a hen sitting.



MOPSY: Does this mean you're breaking our engagement?

## FLU & COLDS

Fight them with "D"

### DOUBLE D

### Eucalyptus Extract



YOU must fight Flu-Colds both internally and externally if you would smash them in record time. Your best weapon is the Double "D" Eucalyptus 3-way Treatment, and this is how to use it:—

- 1 TAKE 3 drops of Double "D" on sugar.
- 2 RUB chest and back thoroughly with Double "D."
- 3 INHALE 15 drops of Double "D" in hot water when retiring.

In this treatment the powerful germicidal vapors of Double "D" are brought right in contact with the Flu-Cold germs in the nose, throat and bronchial tubes and will quickly destroy these germs.

You will find Double "D" the purest and strongest Eucalyptus you have ever used. For your own safety demand Double "D" and take no other.

94. ENORMOUS SALES 1/3

THE PURE STRONG EUCALYPTUS WITH THE SWEET FRESH SMELL

## Brainwaves

A prize of £/6 is paid for each joke used.

MRS. SMART: A woman is judged by her company.  
Mrs. Blunt: Yes, but not until after she has left.

HE: Is the budget coming along all right?  
She: Oh, it will balance if we do without something we need so that we can buy something I want.

ANTIQUE DEALER: This, sir, is the bed Julius Caesar died on.  
American Collector: Say! I thought old Julius was stabbed in the Forum?  
Antique Dealer: Ah, yes, his forearm swelled and he died of blood poisoning on this very bed.

"HAVE you ever noticed a miss in the engine of your husband's car?"  
"No; but I've often noticed one in the front seat."

FIRST PARTNER: What do we do in the event of bankruptcy?  
Second Partner: The profits are divided equally.



## Famous ARTIST Offers Startling FREE BOOK on DRAWING!

IT is now possible to try Brodie Mack's famous Correspondence Art Course in your own home, under any conditions you like, and it, after 30 days, you are not perfectly satisfied that that wonderful short-cut method will develop your talent, reveal to you the secrets of black and white illustrating, cartooning, etc. IT COSTS YOU NOTHING—out of your pocket, but you must hurry. This offer is for a limited time only—post the coupon below to-day.

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BRODIE MACK has made it possible by means of this remarkable Course for you to earn money in your spare hours. He shows you how to "cash in"

on his experience. He teaches you how to rapidly develop your latent ability so that you are able to produce striking illustrations and art work. The fact of your reading this announcement points to you having a desire to be an artist—then send for this amazing book and let us prove that we can make you a skilled artist.

### "How To Be An Artist" IS FREE!

NEVER before has a book of this nature been offered free. That is why you should send for your copy now. It shows you how to draw—develop your talent—how to cartoon, the secret of illustrating, etc. Fill in the coupon and send me at once, NOW!



## Send No Money!

The Brodie Mack Correspondence Art School, Desk 15, 107 Pitt St., Sydney.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

7/8/37





## The new Package wins as much acclaim as the remarkable new pad called WONDERSOFT KOTEX

1. Sides cushioned in downy cotton to eliminate chafing.
2. Holds its shape—no more discomfort from twisting.
3. Increased security and economy—by lengthening the hours of protection.

It's only natural that women should welcome the new Wondersoft Kotex... but the package, too, has been received with tremendous enthusiasm. It's easy to carry, easy to pack, and—most important—it's entirely inconspicuous!

### Third Exclusive Kotex patent

Three times, vital Kotex improvements have been honored with Patent protection. First—rounded, tapered ends that made protection

invisible. Second—the famous Equalizer to control absorption and prevent accidents. Third—the greatest improvement of all... Wonder-soft... the skilful cushioning of the sides, leaving the centre of the pad free to absorb.

Wondersoft Kotex combines all these famous patented features in a pad the same size as the original one. Wondersoft Kotex cannot be copied.

Made with Cellucotton—not cotton

In America, 8 out of 10 women choose Wondersoft... the same improved Kotex that is now available in Australia. Wondersoft Kotex is the only sanitary pad made with Cellucotton, which absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture. It is 5 times as absorbent as cotton.

Buy Wondersoft Kotex from chemists and stores—at the lowest standard price ever asked for Kotex.

Wondersoft Kotex is completely disposable.

One woman tells another about this new comfort



**1 1/6**  
BOX OF  
12 PADS

Box of 4 pads, 6d.  
West. Aust. price,  
1/9 and 7d. \*



# BLUE HILLS of HOME

Continued from Page 8

HILARY wore her blue chiffon. The way she wore it would have flattered any creation of Schiaparelli. The soft lights in her hair which went with her blue frocks made you think of a name for her.

"Maiden of Spring," "Dancing Girl," or something like that if you were sentimental. "Woman in Clothes," if you were a realist.

Bill wasn't. He thought she looked pretty and English.

She thought he looked big and pompous—ever so slightly, but Englishmen had such nice brown eyes that type of Englishman anyway.

Madeline Crewe, their hostess, had the simplicity of the Garden of Eden. Her set was exclusive and everybody knew everybody else, of course.

"Bill! you know Hilary, of course," she said, and the introduction was enough to float them off in a dreamy haze in each other's arms.

"Rather stuffy these do's, don't you think," said Bill in a correct voice.

"Good Heavens," thought Hilary. "He's that sort of Englishman. He'll find it intolerably hot in here in a minute, and I shall have to appear faint, so that he may escort me somewhere to sit on the stairs while he tells me that the tragedy of his life is that his wife doesn't understand him, or something like that."

"The decor here is very effective," said Bill.

"I like the music," countered Hilary.

"But I am an artist," he said, "hence the interest. They've only recently done this place up. I know the chappie who did the murals."

Then suddenly being polite again Bill said, "Do you do anything?"

With a snort for masculine superiority and a thought for the pile of manuscript in the wardrobe drawer Hilary replied, "I write."

## GIRLIGAGS



"MEN ARE not satisfied by merely looking like monkeys, so they concoct some queer tales."

Bill said: "Have I read anything of yours?"

Hilary replied: "What do you want anyway?" Then she waits ended.

Bill was a little bit puzzled by it all. Nice girl. Yes, a very nice girl, but so terribly on the defensive.

Those clever women were like that. He must get Madeline to tell him the girl's name, and he'd get some of her books. Anyway, a pretty girl like that had no right to be clever as well. He supposed she wrote those terribly sophisticated yarns about high jinks in high society.

"Self-satisfied person," thought Hilary as Bill's broad back forged through the crowd. "Money, a Chelsea studio and dabbling about with a box of paints. No wonder he's bored. And here's me with brains and beauty and my 3/11 stockings turned inside out to hide the shine, and give them the oh so desirable bloom of the more expensive variety."

They danced again, but didn't enjoy it. Hilary talked a lot, and Bill seemed a little bit dashed by her knowledge of everything—a bit afraid of this frightfully clever person.

Madeline swooned towards them in a long frock.

"Bill, you'll take Hilary into din-

ner, of course." That was Madeline's trouble. She always took everything as a matter of course.

Seated at dinner Hilary couldn't help feeling the least bit bitter. Here were all these people shaggy, comfortable, a trifle snug but awfully sure of themselves. They seemed to demand everything as their right. Hilary stole a look at the waiters. How deft and competent they were. She hoped she wouldn't drop any plates to-morrow when she took on the job of waitress.

But a sudden panic seized her. There mightn't be a job. Probably there were more waitresses out of work in London than there were struggling novelists. Still she must find something. In all the books on the subject the heroine always got a job as a waitress before she made good and got back into the money.

In the meantime there was this superior person next to her to be taken down a peg or two. She returned not uncheerfully to the task. She thought: "Why am I like this when I like him; that Chelsea studio has made me class conscious."

"You paint landscapes, Mr. Conway?"

"Yes. Red sunsets and purple mountains. And really, you know, mountains aren't purple!"

SUDDENLY nostalgia seized Hilary—Mountains aren't purple! There swam into her mind a vision which dimmed her eyes and flooded her heart—a house—on a knoll and the hills behind it—home—home—how many million miles away was home?

The sweep of green across the verdant paddocks and the hills marching humped-back into the corridor of the night.

"Mountains are purple," she said to him. "Purple, magenta and pearl and grey, and sable and brown. Where I live they are like that—changing, ever changing."

He looked at her in sudden surprise. Where she lived! Then this to her was a pilgrimage in the present—she too, was seeking something that couldn't be found back home.

"If I weren't a writer," said the girl, "I would like to be an artist. I'd like to be a painter for a while. I'd like to paint words just as I see them in my memory. I'd like to get some lovely old words and put my heart and soul into their experience on canvas. Then I'd like to sit and watch the painting when I was home-sick."

"What would you paint?" said the man, his eyes on the girls. "Your mother—a loved one—perhaps?"

"No! I'd paint the blue hills, of home. I'd paint them as I can see them. I'd paint them as I feel them always in my heart, and the world would stop to admire and wonder."

Bill looked at her in admiration.

"Now, you great big fool," said Hilary to herself. "I've given myself away. I've spoilt my evening." To Bill she said: "Will you please get me a taxi and let me go home and cry myself to sleep, for to-morrow the blue hills of home will be a long way away."

"You've made them real to me again," said Bill. "Blue hills of home—that sounds great, somehow. I'm an Australian myself."

"Yes," said Hilary. "I knew—as soon as you opened your mouth."

Bill went out for the taxi.

The following week Bill called on Madeline. She made a pretty pretence of being flattered, but Bill came straight to the point.

"That girl in blue I danced with last week; what was her name?"

Madeline elevated an artistically arched eyebrow. "A girl in blue; but there were so many."

"Don't pretend not to know," said Bill. "Hilary was her first name—Hilary something or other. You just said to us: 'Bill, you know Hilary, of course'—and left it at that."

Please turn to Page 22



I WANT HER TO GROW UP WITH A LOVELY SKIN... SO OF COURSE HER SOAP IS Pears



MAKE BLOND HAIR—even in DARK or BROWN shades—GLEAM with GOLD in one shampoo WITHOUT BLEACHING

Girls, when your blond hair darkens to an indefinite brown shade it dulls your whole personality. But you can't bring back the fascinating gleam that is hidden in your hair and that gives you personality, radiance—beauty. Sta-blond makes the permanent wave last longer. Try this wonderful shampoo treatment today and see how different it is from anything you have ever tried before. If you are dissatisfied just ask for your money back. Sta-blond (known abroad as Nubiond and Blondex) is the largest selling shampoo in the world. Get Sta-blond today of all chemists, hairdressers and stores. Made in England. Sole distributors: Fassett & Johnson Ltd., P.O. Box 3690, N.S. Sydney.

STA-BLOND THE BLOND HAIR SHAMPOO

Coughs relieved instantly

HEARNE'S Bronchitis Cure is the most popular and effective Home Remedy for Coughs and Chest-Colds obtainable in Australia.

After Influenza, HEARNE'S Bronchitis Cure will take care of any Chest Condition and will minimise risk of Pneumonia.

Always insist on...

HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE



New SPARKLING HEALTH for YOU!

Cream of Yeast makes you fit faster!

Real PEP and Fitness

STUDY THESE AMAZING BENEFITS:

FROM	TO	IN
Depressed Mood	Sparkling Happiness	8-15 Mins.
Tired Feeling	Vigour, Vitality	15 Mins.
Aches & Pains	Relief & Comfort	1-15 Mins.
Cold & Flu	Deliverance	5-15 Mins.
Periodical Pains	Complete Ease	15 Mins.
Sleeplessness	Healthy Repose	30-60 Mins.

Cream of Yeast is LIFE!

Strength for the problems of each day; sweet, sound sleep at night; the liking for play, and the zest for playing—in short, Sparkling Health—from this new type of Yeast... Do you want such energy and happy health as you haven't had for years? Do you want clear skin, sparkling eyes, calm nerves, and a brain equal to your problems? If so, read what "Cream of Yeast" does for "run-down," ailing people; read how it lifts them out of the shadow of dullness, pain and half-health into the sunshine of happiness, vigour and good looks. CREAM OF YEAST. All Chemists, 1/11, 3/6, 5/9.

BAHARS are Australia's Best Immigrants. In many homes Baby does not appear. It is the disappointment of husband and wife. A book on this matter contains valuable information and advice. Copies Free if 3d sent for postage. To Depart. 2/7 Mrs. Clifford, 45 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne.



# FARMER'S



## PEAK SHADES

Unbreakable new champions.

The perfect shade for tennis. A neat band over the top keeps your hair in place. This band is adjustable, fitting almost any head. 3/11

White, navy, l't-blue, green, brown.

Sports Dept.—Lower Ground Floor



## SEQUIN CAPS

Sparkle gaily at night.

A Juliet-style cap for evening with glittering sequins covering a net ground. In black, silver, gold and bronze. Hundreds of sequins on each cap. Each costs you 17/6

Trimings—Ground Floor

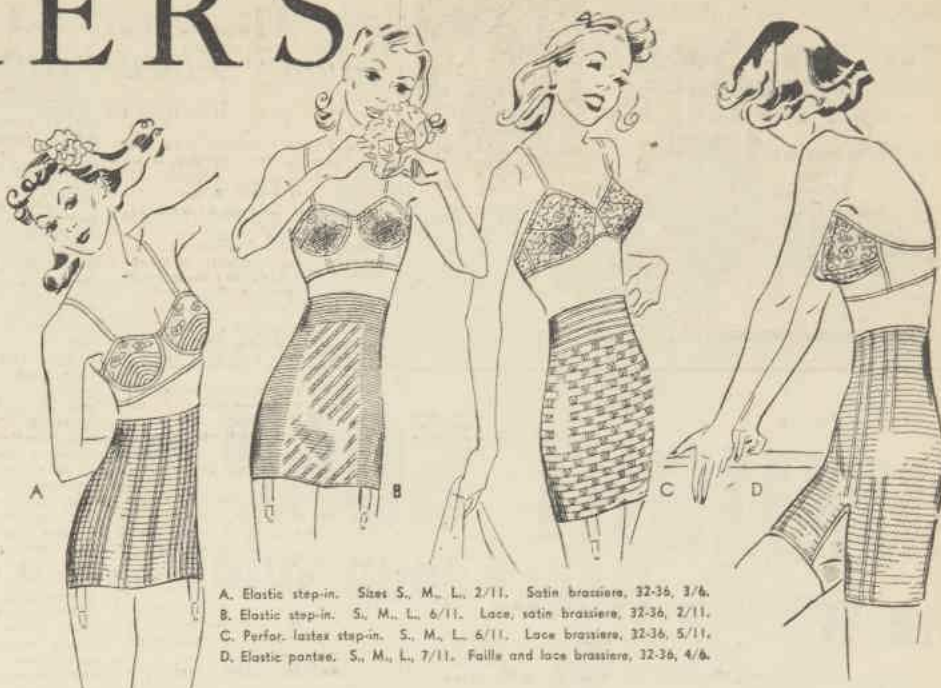


## YOUNG BERET

Has a nautical outlook.

Wear it tossed back on your head, curling low in front or any of a dozen other ways. New pastels and navy, brown, bottle and white. You can afford two or three. 4/6

Millinery—Third Floor



A. Elastic step-in. Size S., M., L., 2/11. Satin brassiere, 32-36, 3/6.  
B. Elastic step-in. S., M., L., 6/11. Lace, satin brassiere, 32-36, 2/11.  
C. Perfor. latex step-in. S., M., L., 6/11. Lace brassiere, 32-36, 5/11.  
D. Elastic pontee. S., M., L., 7/11. Faillie and lace brassiere, 32-36, 4/6.

## Summer Foundations

FINELY TAILORED BY "MODERNE MISS"

The new foundations by "Moderne Miss" are a revelation in efficiency. They're definitely light-weight. Yet so flexible they keep your figure down to a happy minimum. Firm, elastic step-ins, satin and lace brassieres and cool, cool pantees for evening. You'll find them surprisingly inexpensive.

From the Suspender Belt Section, Ground Floor



## Sequins

Butterflies and bows glitter in a new silver glory

You lock one of these gleaming sequins in your hair and achieve new glamour for evening. They twinkle in a thousand little lights, make your hair radiant. Butterfly, fancy bow 1/3 styles. Cost no more than 2/3, 1/11 and 1/3

Trimings on the Ground Floor

## Le Charme

Lovely aids to beauty introduce a grey hair rejuvenator 2/6, a hair tonic 3/6, and a special eye wrinkle cream 3/6. You'll alter almost overnight.

Ground Floor



## NIGHT STARS

Exotic earrings, alive with deep romance

Lovely pearls deeply embedded in a diamante setting. They gleam vivaciously at night, for all the world like priceless jewels. Yet a pair costs 8/11

Art Jewellery—Ground Floor





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## BETTY'S 'Racey' NARRATIVES

### Baby Racehorses Earn More Money Than Film Stars

By BETTY GEE

I read somewhere the other day that Shirley Temple gets £20,000 for a picture, and Freddie Bartholomew a little less.

But that's nothing. Have you ever thought how much our baby racehorses earn?

THE infant prodigies of the race track are in the big money, too. Why, the women of the first two-year-old classic in the spring will get £1000 a

minute—it takes about 60 seconds to run the race.

If it decides to grow up like Peter Pan, the racehorse, it may win a Melbourne Cup and get £8000 for a little less than three and a half minutes' work.

That's why people fall over themselves at the yearling sales to buy the young horses. Almost every woman racehorse-owner has begun that way—wanting a baby racehorse of her own. An expensive darling to cuddle and care for in hope of a quick reward.

But at two years an industrious baby racehorse can earn its own living and keep three large families in luxury—those of the owner, trainer, and jockey.

**Baby of Your Choice**  
If you want to own an infant prodigy of the race track, this is how you go about it, says Dickie.

You go to the bargain sales of these yearlings at Sydney or Melbourne during Easter Week racing. You look them over, feel their legs, praise the smoothness of their silky coats, and walk round them looking wise. Then you whisper into somebody's ear to "Bid for that one for me," and you go and sit near the auctioneer's rostrum.

In comes the baby of your choice, all done up like a kiddy at a birthday party, and walking with mincing steps—like a mannequin whose 2½-size shoes are a wee bit tight for her.

Anyway, you like the lovely seal-skin finish of her coat, and eventually she's yours at 250 guineas.

For coats and young horses have this much in common: They are always sold in guineas.

Then you go home and ring up all your friends, and casually mention going out to see your racehorse. All your friends want to see it—and you throw a kind of party at your trainer's home, and everybody says how lovely, and they hope the horse will win thousands for you.

#### Trying Them Out

COMES June, and you are allowed to go to the racecourse around about 9.30 in the mornings, when the babies take the air. They run down the back of the course hard held, in twos and threes. They look beautiful with their necks arched beneath the restraining hands of the stableboys, who are told "not to let 'er go faster than three-quarter pace, son."

But by August they're running three furlongs, and its not hurting them, and by September four furlongs. And in November some do five furlongs in a minute. That's like getting from the bargain basement to the hats at sale time in 60 seconds.

Now you'd think some special form of force-feeding is necessary to make some develop better than others, but the trainer says "No." Just chaff and oats. And when they do something specially good on the track the morning you're there, you can pick a thistle



BABY RACEHORSES, says Betty, are as pampered as film stars.

and give it to HER, just for a reward. Or a lump of sugar.

Now it's within a fortnight of the Gimcrack Stakes. That's the first race of the season for girl two-year-old horses. This year it's run on October 6 at Randwick.

You've got to take so many out to see HER, she looks so beautiful with the polish of racing condition shining in her coat brushed into diamond shapes by the deft hands of a cunning groom. She looks more like a movie star than a mannequin now. She's got glamor in plenty.

A regal air, lovely eyes, and legs as snappy as your own, and a perfect set of teeth which she uses to nibble the stableboy's coat. You stay for hours looking her over. When ladies come out you take a shaker of cocktail for them. Yes, you've got to have your friends and their wives to admire your racehorse before the day she runs. After, they won't take the slightest interest in her if she gets beaten. The lure of cocktails, stuffed olives and whisky won't drag them out of their beds on a Sunday after they've lost their money on her.

#### It's Such Fun

THEN there's the naming. Such fun. If SHE'S by Christopher Robin out of Ornum, for instance, you compile 50 names suitable, such as Red Robin, Robin Redbreast, Bobbin' Along, Robin Adair, etc., etc., and take them into the A.J.C. office, and you find some mean creatures have got them all before you came, and you have to choose something quick, or it'll be too late to register in time. So you select something horrid like Chrystabel or Chryson.

Then comes the choice of colors, and you go for something elaborate, say, saffron jacket, beige crossed sashes, heliotrope cap with seams of electric-blue.

And the man at the A.J.C. tells you gruffly you've got to stick to the ground colors in this racing game.

Oh, all right. Well, blue jacket, red bonnet will do.

Now comes the great day.

You place the savings of six months on Chrystabel, £35, at 20 to 1. The song goes, and Chrystabel is left at the post and is hopelessly out of the race. But wait, what is this rounding the field at the bend, sweeping past rival after rival and streaking to the front to win it by four lengths? Chrystabel, you beauty, you lovely darling.

Wake up, dear! Here's your morning tea!

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SEE HOW MUCH LONGER SUNLIGHT LASTS!

Sunlight Soap lasts so much longer because Sunlight suds do the work so much more quickly and thoroughly—and that means less soap is used. Sunlight users save money every washday by getting this true economy!

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Look at these extra-value **FREE GIFTS!**

#### White and Coloured BATH TOWELS

White Admiralty Bath Towels, red border, 23 x 46 inches. 34 Sunlight Wrapper Tops. Thickly woven, coloured bath towel in modern designs, 23 x 46 inches. 26 Sunlight Wrapper Tops.

#### Pure Linen GLASSCLOTH

Real Irish Linen, 23 x 25 inches. 18 Sunlight Wrapper Tops.

#### How to get your Free Gift

Cut off the required number of wrapper-tops, the strips bearing the words "Sunlight Soap" (three in each carton). Take these to: LINTAS FREE GIFT DEPOT, 147 YORK STREET (Town Hall end), SYDNEY. If you cannot call or send someone for your gift cut out this form, fill in the particulars and enclose with wrapper-tops addressed to: "SUNLIGHT DEPARTMENT," LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, BOX 4310 Y.Y., G.P.O., SYDNEY.

DO NOT ENCLOSE A LETTER BUT FILL IN THIS FORM.

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Enclosed \_\_\_\_\_ Wrapper Tops Sunlight Soap

☐ Pillow Case ☐ White Admiralty Bath Towel  
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(Put Cross against Gift required.)

#### Embroidered PILLOW CASE

24 x 24 inches, in best pillow cotton, embroidered, and hemstitched. 27 Sunlight Wrapper Tops.

A LEVER PRODUCT

L221.15

## CRUSADE Against Bush SPOLIATION

With spring in the air and the bush alive with wildflowers, it seems an appropriate time to draw attention to bush spoliation, which threatens to bring about the extinction of some of our loveliest flora.

WITH this end in view, the annual bushland exhibition of the Rangers' League will be opened at Farmer's Blandland Galleries on Thursday of this week. The exhibition, which will be opened by the president of the National Park Trust, Mr. H. W. Whiddon, M.L.C., is free, and has for its highlight an exhibition of paintings of wildflowers valued at £3000.

The paintings include 900 water-

colors of Australian wildflowers from the art collection of Mrs. R. McGregor.

Painted by the late Adam Foster in the early part of the century, all are from the original flowers. Besides making a gorgeous show they are a valuable record of our wildflowers.

Another feature of the exhibition is the clever work of a young Sydney artist in adapting the aboriginal color and carvings to lamp shades, work baskets and boxes, and also woven patterns for curtains and furnishings.



# FASHION PORTFOLIO

September 11, 1937.

The AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Page One

## PRINTED NEWS.... from PARIS

AIR MAIL  
PHOTOS



● ABOVE: "Cap d'Antibes." This is a Continental "casino" suit of floral crepe lined with taffeta. The full plun-four-like trousers are worn over a pastel-pink crepe-de-chine shirt, which emphasises the palest flowers in the pattern.

● TOP LEFT: "Troika!" A smart coat in printed silk crepe. From Paris. It carries a pattern in which a Russian scene is pictured.

● CENTRE: An ensemble of "Fabriole crepe" woven with marine-blue. The flowers are of plastic colored material. The frock underneath is of marine-blue crepe. Note the cutaway coat.

● LEFT: "Vol au vent." A jeune fille model from Paris. Faint lavender silk organdie makes the billowy skirt that is twelve yards round, while the little mandarin jacket is orange and gold shot lame.





# MARCH OF THE MODE by RENE

## Summer Suits

SUITS, more popular than ever this year, are in such great variety that there is a flatterer among these fashions for every type. The trend is towards the softer, dressier, and more feminine line. There are as many short sleeves as long.



● **SERVICEABLE** three-piece done in beige-grey silk tweed. It comprises a button-up-down - the front jacket, a skirt with slight flare from the hips and a full-length coat very fitted at the waist and very full at the hemline, also doing up with many buttons. Gay boutonniere.

● **NATURAL** crepe linen makes a suit which scorns the idea that a suit cannot use drapery. Note the brassiere draped top on this jacket and the gathered puffed pockets to match. With this is worn a navy-and-white Paisley scarf, softly tucked into the neck, and a matching handkerchief repeating the color contrast in the pocket.

● **DONE IN** sheer dull green woolen is the suit with softly falling buttonless jacket, which relies on quilting around the jacket front and the large round-flapped pockets for its unusual chic. A soft yellow scarf ties round the neck and ties into the front.

● **A SNAPPY** spectator sports two-piece is done in heavy linen. The jacket is rose-pink. The skirt is wine-red, and this color is also used for the bindings on the jacket and the grosgrain banding round the pink straw hat.





# The Fashion Parade by Petrov



## Spring Fabric Picture

• THE BEAUTIFUL SPRING FABRICS used by our artist, Petrov, in making this fashion picture of a spring evening include a magnificent printed tulle, in a rich tapestry design (worn by the lady on the left). The curtain she is holding back is a printed chiffon of bold floral pattern. IN THE CENTRE use has been made of both sides of a reversible crepe in Bayardere pattern—pattern. THE LADY ON THE RIGHT is wearing a crepe in Bayardere pattern. The frame of the picture is of metal-run printed satin.

P E T R O V.



# HOW THE QUEEN Selects FROCKS

*Simple Dignity Subtly Blended with Grandeur  
for Special Occasions is the Keynote*

From MILLIE HUDSON. By Air Mail from London.

A queen is naturally looked upon as a leader of the fashions of the period, but when the queen is young, as the lovely Queen Elizabeth of Britain is, the influence is even stronger.

*Queen Elizabeth's choice of clothes is being eagerly watched by women, not only in England but in countries in all parts of the world.*

HER MAJESTY is buying her complete wardrobe in England, and designers, seizing their opportunity, are putting their best foot forward.

They are dressing their Queen with simple dignity, subtly blended with grandeur for special occasions, as is the

traditional style of British Queens.

Norman Hartnell, the clever young designer who gained fame in the fashion world almost overnight, is making the majority of her clothes. Having been thus honored by Her Majesty he is now inundated with orders from visitors from foreign countries, especially Americans who have flocked to the capital for the many Coronation festivities.

King George is taking particular in-

terest in his wife's wardrobe this season, and it was at his special request that Her Majesty had the neck of her white embroidered Coronation gown cut square both back and front.

The King often attends when Queen Elizabeth has a fitting, giving his opinion on the important matter of her dress. He is also keenly interested in her choice of hats, and prefers to see his wife wearing a large-brimmed picture hat in which she looks so attractive.

Queen Elizabeth favors utmost simplicity in style and soft pastel colors which go so well with her rose-petal complexion, but, of course, she will be wearing the more elaborate modes so much in demand for this



Designs from  
NORMAN  
HARTNELL

Sketched by  
ROBB

gay season.

At one of the many functions she will be seen in a lovely gold lame evening gown. It is adorned with an applique design of lame leaves embroidered with gold and pearls. The tiny puff sleeves are entirely made up of leaves linked together with pearls. She has also selected a magnificent evening cloak in dark silver lame, cut in long, slender lines finished off with a train, which is edged all round with silver fox fur.

Her Majesty's favorite shade of turquoise-blue predominates in her evening ensembles. One in this shade features a soft cowl neckline from which falls a panel of diamante embroidery. The accompanying cape of turquoise velvet is full length and has a wide collar of luxurious chinchilla fur.

Another beautiful gown is in hyacinth-blue lame, and this also features the cowl neckline. There is also a full-length coat to match, designed in dignified straight lines, and is trimmed with fox fur dyed a shade lighter. A lovely cyclamen chiffon evening dress is embroidered with cyclamen and purple sequins, and is worn with a little short coat to match.

## Violet Shades

IN the daytime the Queen has been wearing beautiful shades of blues and violets. At a recent garden party she was looking very lovely in a dress of parma violet crepe marocain with a cross-over bodice which is caught at the side with a bunch of deeper-toned violets. The colors are combined in a three-quarter-length swaggar coat with a straw hat in the two shades to match.

The Queen has selected turquoise again for an afternoon ensemble. The dress has a soft round neckline and raglan sleeves reaching just below the elbow. The matching suede belt of unusual design blends with the five suede buttons, each with a tiny fringe, that trim the front of the plain, tailored coat.

The Queen wore this ensemble recently at a concert for children to which she took the two little Princesses. The matching hat was in the shape of a toque trimmed with a spray of pink roses.

An interesting belt makes a special feature on the dress of a light wool ensemble. The belt is brown and is trimmed with pretty carved plaques in beige and brown. The frock, simply tailored as most of the Queen's woollens are, fastens down the front, and the three-quarter-length beige coat has a collar of fur dyed the same shade and continuing right down the front, a smart innovation which gives height to the wearer.

The Queen is particularly fond of three-quarter-length coats, and much prefers short sleeves to long.

Necklines are very important for her because she has to take into consideration the jewels that she wears. A cowl neckline that provides a very soft line and a style which she very much approves, looks particularly well with her beautiful pearls.

Two favorite materials of Queen Elizabeth are lace and a heavy mat-

FROM LEFT TO RIGHT: White angel skin evening frock. From the waist down drapings run tightly across, gradually sloping upward. The small jacket in the same material is perfectly plainly cut. Its long sleeves are trimmed with monkey fur.

THE VICTORIAN EFFECT of the taffeta frock next this comes from the heart-shaped neckline and nearly crinoline-full skirt. The bodice is shirred down the middle, and more shirring defines the waist.

ACCOMPANYING the frock is an evening coat in the very grand manner. Many velvet, long and full, with enormously wide shoulder sleeves, the coat has under sleeves of white fur running down to the wrists.

TO THE RIGHT is a coat of plain black face-cloth, cut straight with tight sleeves and a high neck lined with a narrow roll of white satin to soften the edge. Huge lapels of blue fox run in the waist and are clasped at the back with feet and claws of the fox.

DINNER DRESS next to this is bat-grey taffeta. Neckline is faced with a V of light pearl-grey taffeta, outer edges cut in a serrated line. On the skirt a large bow of the pearl-grey, serrated edged, with draped ends round.

crepe; both materials falling very gracefully and giving a dignified, simple line.

Her Majesty's procedure of ordering clothes is very different from that followed by her subjects. She does not go to a dressmaking house to see the collection and so select her wardrobe.

## Workers at Ease

THE designer is summoned to Buckingham Palace. He takes with him sketches, some models, a saleswoman, fitters, and sometimes two or three mannequins.

The atmosphere at Buckingham Palace is delightful. The entire staff is extraordinarily interested and helpful. Timid workers are put entirely at their ease and made to feel that their efforts are fully appreciated.

Queen Elizabeth is quick in her decisions and very sure of her own taste. Being one of the busiest women in the United Kingdom, she does not waste anybody's time. She is always happy and smiling, giving an impression of intense vitality, and radiating a charm that is quite irresistible.

These fittings usually last about two hours. Sometimes the Queen is called away in the middle of the proceedings to receive some important guest. Whatever happens, however, she is never hurried, and never flustered.

She never says she is busy, and never rushes those who wait on her. After the fitting the dressmaker accompanies her into her small private sitting-room, where final arrangements are made and discussed.

**HAVE A  
Schoolgirl Complexion  
ALL OVER!**

Keep your whole body — not just face, neck and shoulders — soft and lovely

**T**O-DAY—when fashions in dresses, hosiery and bathing suits are so revealing, it's important to keep your whole body as smooth and lovely as your face, neck and shoulders.

### Try This Beauty Bath

Massage your whole body with a wash cloth filled with soothing, gentle Palmolive lather. Cleanse the pores thoroughly. Rinse completely and finish with a dash of cool water. This simple beauty bath leaves your skin soft and lovely—glowing with youth! And it's so cooling and comfortable when the weather's warm.

### The Sure Way to Skin Loveliness

No one has ever found a surer way to skin loveliness than by the faithful use of both olive and palm oils. Palmolive Soap, made from these oils, represents the utmost the world knows in keeping your skin youthful. So use Palmolive now for your whole body—not only for face, neck and shoulders. Have a schoolgirl complexion all over!

20,000 beauty specialists recommend that you always give your face, neck and shoulders their daily Palmolive beauty treatment.





# The "Quins"—In Search of Coiffure Beauty



NOW YVONNE enthusiastically fixes Marie's locks, while Cecile (at right) awaits her turn.

THE FAMOUS DIONNE "QUINS" are going into the coiffure and beauty business. Yvonne is here seen touching up sister Emilie's curls.



THE DIONNE SWIRL. Yvonne, the originator of this new coiffure sensation, tries it on sister Annette.



"NOW, I WOULD SUGGEST." With the suave manner of the expert, Yvonne advises Marie on how they're wearing their hair this spring.

COMBING OUT THE KNOTS. There is a gleeful look on Yvonne's face as she helps Emilie in this difficult task.

Pictures Exclusive to THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY.



**M**ADELAINE sat up. "Hilary—of course—Hilary Venson, I never dreamed you didn't know each other."

"Such a nice girl—Australian, of course—of course," said Bill. "I knew it the minute she opened her mouth!" But Madelaine didn't notice him.

"She's having a dreadful time, poor dear, although she's too proud to let anyone know of it. She came to me when first she arrived in London. She writes—novels, or something—not much good, I fear—at least, she can't interest any of the publishers. I hear that she has got a position as a waitress in some frightful little hash-house. I went looking for her, but couldn't find the place."

Madelaine was shocked to see the look of joy which overspread Bill's face.

"You mean she isn't a successful,

stuck-up writer with money and points of view," said Bill. "Not one of those women who psycho-analyse your conversation."

"Of course, she's brilliant. Everybody admits that, but no one seems to care to give her a chance," said Madelaine.

Bill was beaming. "Well, isn't that great—but I'll have to find her—even if I have to search every cafe in London."

Bill was radiant. "Yes, I'll find her all right. Do you know that girl's got brains. She gave me an idea—an idea for a painting."

"I didn't know she painted," said Madelaine.

"She doesn't," said Bill, "but she could if she wanted to, I'll bet. That

*Continued from Page 14*

girl could do anything. She uses words—words with magic in them.

"Listen, Madelaine. What sold 'September Morn'?"

Madelaine looked distressed. "Oh, Bill, you're not going to—"

Bill cut her short. "The title, of course. What made 'Harp of the Winds' famous? Just a bunch of poplar trees? No, my dear—the magic of words. It's lovely title.

And here is this poor homesick little girl crying for home—disillusioned and miserable, coined a title, 'Blue Hills of Home'—blue hills under the sun. Australian hills swimming on the horizon. Can't you see them?" Madelaine could see them. Sud-

denly she put a swift hand before her eyes. Blue hills of home. "Bill," she said, "we're not such a hard-boiled race after all, are we," but Bill was no longer there.

Luigi Petrolli was perched behind the cash-till in his cafe, enjoying his newspaper before the noonday rush.

There wasn't much news in the paper this morning. More talks of war and armament. That wasn't good—not good for business. War was good for nothing—it put things out of joint—and brought depressions. Now that waitress, Miss Smith—she called herself—well, Miss Smith she could be if she liked. They were all Miss Smiths when they were down on their luck. She was a nice girl, anyway. No side, not a bit



THIS EXOTIC Eastern outfit is worn by a popular Warner Bros. star. The frock is of heavy white crepe-de-chine strewn with brilliant red poppies. Its main attraction is the long drape which falls from shoulder to hemline.



## Famous Old English Inns

### "The White Swan"

Wibsey—Gloucestershire

A picturesque Georgian inn in the Cotswolds.

With a lovely wooded hill for background it has at its door the beautiful meandering River Coln.

Most Holbrook says:

"Whether folk live in cities or remote places my Worcestershire Sauce is known to them and appreciated for its piquancy and flavour."

*The World's Appetiser!*  
**HOLBROOKS**  
WORCESTERSHIRE  
**SAUCE**

B.21.



stuck up, and the customers liked her.

She was clumsy with the crockery, though, when she first came—still was careless—or was she too careful in an unaccustomed job? He must tell her about it—breakages were bad for business. He returned to his paper.

Ah! A painter had won fame with a picture—an unknown young man—everybody was singing his praises. "Blue Hills of Home" he had called it. Suddenly Mr. Petrolli set down his paper. Blue hills of home—vineyards on a hillside—and the blue bay beneath. It was a nice thought that—made you sort of happy inside.

The crash of crockery brought him back to London and his own immediate concerns. That girl again. She'd really have to go. Whatever was the matter? The girl was hysterical, talking to a gentleman, laughing and crying—they both were. Well, of all things in a London cafe just before the noon rush.

**H**E hurried over to them, but they didn't notice him. What madness was this they were saying: "Hilary, I've found you. Why, it's been months and I've been desperate."

"But you got my letters, Bill. I couldn't help writing to you about your painting, encouraging you."

"Yes, I've got them, every one, but you posted them from various places and put no address on your letters."

"Yes, I didn't want you to find me, until I—"

"Until what—?"

"Until I was sure you would make a success—"

"And are you sure now?"

"With the papers also screaming of your fine work and all that—what a splendid job it is."

"Would I make as good a job as a husband, do you think?"

"I wouldn't like to say, seeing most of my dealings with you have been by correspondence."

"Well, you'll have plenty of time to decide."

Bill suddenly turned masterful.

"We sail to-morrow."

"Where to, Bill—where to?"

"Hills of Home, darling. I've got the tickets in my pocket."

Mr. Petrolli was shocked at Miss Smith's next action. She threw her arms around the young man and kissed him. She spurned the broken crockery with her feet, slipped behind a partition, shed an apron and emerged with a perky hat on one side of her head. Arm in arm the couple left the shop.

Mr. Petrolli looked at the clock and sighed. In ten minutes time the noon rush would begin.

(Copyright.)



### CASH PRIZES AWARDED

Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published here. Pen names are not used, following the decision of readers given in the poll taken on this page.



### LET'S HEAR FROM YOU

Try your hand now at writing a letter in answer to one of those already given on this page, or on some new topic. Our address will be found at top of page 3 of this issue.

### NEW SOLUTION

IT seems to me that the chief cause of our disastrous educational overwork and cramming is too many holidays. Private schools spend at least three months of the year in vacations, and the State schools are not far behind them. Every teacher knows how completely the children forget things in these periods.

If the holidays were reduced to three weeks in the year, afternoon school and home-work could be eliminated. Steady morning work all the year round would cut out the cramming and late hours and would relieve the strain on both teachers and pupils.

Afternoons would be free for plenty of sport and recreation. There would be time for older children to specialise in their individual talents and equip themselves, without strain, for careers and trades.

As for examinations, they are needed to ensure competition, without which there is no keenness in work. The mistake lies in making school examinations an essential in order to obtain a job in after life. A weekly record of work and sport should be kept for each child. That is the only fair and accurate standard of the child's capabilities.

£1 for this letter to Miss V. A. Neville, 16 Roslyn Gardens, Elizabeth Bay, Sydney.

### THEATRE ETIQUETTE

AT some concerts people are not allowed to enter during an item. Why not have the same ruling at talks theatres? Is there anything more annoying than to have late-comers blotting out the screen at an interesting part of the picture?

C. Torr, Farrell's Flat, S.A.

### SELF-DEPENDENCE

ONE of the hardest lessons to learn, especially when we are young, is the lesson of self-dependence; and it is one of the most necessary of our lives.

I mean self-dependence in the little as well as the big things. How can we have even a measure of peace of mind if we live our lives always in the throes of indecision? We have been asked to a party, and we cannot decide whether or not we want, or ought, to go; we go through agony over the choosing of a pair of stockings, or a piece of material for a new dress.

When we do this with less vital things, it is bad enough, because we are never free from some worry or other. If it becomes such a habit of thought that we apply the same methods to the decisions that count, then we can never hope for happiness, nor can we hope to acquire a definite personality.

We might still go far, but it would be luck, or stalwart friends, that helped us on.

Joan Russell, 152 River Terrace, Kangaroo Point, Brisbane.

### FILMS FOR PEACE

IT is generally acknowledged that films have a great effect on the minds of young people.

To-day, with another world war likely and millions of pounds spent annually on armaments, let us have more pictures to warn youth directly or indirectly against the horrors of war.

Our rising generation, who were infants during the years 1914-1918, do not realise the horrors of war, and the screen can tell them the whole unhappy truth.

Miss Essie Harris, Bolga Roadside, via Singleton, N.S.W.

### Qualities Needed for Ideal Home-maker

WHAT constitutes a home-maker, Mrs. Stewart? (28/8/37). The qualities you mention, cleanliness, carefulness, and so on, are certainly desirable, but not half as important, to my mind, as humor, and that rare, charming quality one can only describe as restfulness.

It is possible for a woman to be an excellent housekeeper, and yet to lack that quiet cheerfulness which makes a home a haven and a refuge from the cares of the world. And humor—that magic quality that softens major calamities and makes a joke of such minor things as burnt dinners!

Give me the woman with poise and quiet humor, and the ideal home will build itself around her.

Miss Arlie M. Wade, 24 Glasgow Avenue, Bondi Beach, N.S.W.

### Sense of Humor

THE qualities enumerated by Mrs. J. F. Stewart as being indispensable in a good home-maker are no doubt very important, but to my mind she has omitted one which is perhaps even more essential—a sense of humor.

Carefulness, calmness, strength would be sufficient to produce a systematic, well ordered household, but without humor home doesn't seem like home.

Miss S. Hungerford, Wingello House, Angel Place, Sydney.

### Love is Necessary

I QUITE agree with Mrs. Stewart that we all appreciate a real home and that all the qualities which she mentions are necessary in the true home-maker. But surely she has left out the most important of all—love.

How could anyone make a true home unless her inspiration were love?

E. V. Cornell, 92 Cascade Street, Katoomba, N.S.W.

### Peace and Harmony

AFFECTATION, tact, patience, system, industry, and cleanliness form the major equipment of a home-maker, though a housekeeper could manage with the last mentioned three.

Peace and a restful atmosphere are particularly needed in our homes to-day, when nerves and brain are overtaken by the strain of modern life. Those women who create and preserve oases of calm for their families are indeed blessed.

N. Alexander, 24 Elm Street E2, Vic.

### Ideal Home-maker

IN answer to Mrs. J. F. Stewart's letter, asking for omitted characteristics necessary to make the ideal home-maker, a bright, sunny disposition, allied with a generous heart and a motherly instinct added to the attributes mentioned, with system in working the home duties,



"Bright, sunny disposition needed!"

would make the place where this person lived a real Home, Sweet Home.

Mrs. W. B. Andrew, Ayr, 586 Dandenong Rd., Murrumbidgee, Vic.

### Essential Qualities

I WOULD place love, understanding, domesticity, and common sense as the most essential qualities to home-making. If we are gifted with these, there would be no fear of our home life falling.

The other qualities mentioned by Mrs. Stewart would, of course, follow in their order, with the exception of calmness, and cleanliness which I would place high up in my estimation.

Betty Hopkins, 21 Rialto Street, Coorparoo, Brisbane.

### Is it Best to Listen to Elders' Advice?

I DO not agree with Mrs. A. Collins (21/8/37) that it is best to take advice from others.

I think the saying that "one thorn of experience is worth a whole wilderness of warning" is very true.

One can profit by one's mistakes. The line of action someone else suggests may be the right line for him or her to take, but quite wrong for you, because your personality and strength of character are different from those of your friend.

Your decision must be formed by your own experience, and it is best to trust to your own instincts.

Miss V. Ferri, 1 Marine Flats, Marine Parade, Manly, N.S.W.

### Advice Helpful

ONE cannot take Mrs. Collins' statements too literally.

What she means to convey is that one should listen to advice, not make hasty decisions without due consideration.

And she is right. "Learn by error," they say, but I think one can, by following the advice of experienced elders, accomplish his or her aim with the minimum of error.

If another person has had experience in what you are aiming for, he will be well worth listening to before you take the step.

Mrs. Kennedy, Waller St., Claremont, W.A.

### Won't Listen

YES, of course, young people would be well advised to listen to their experienced elders. But how many do—or want to?

They are slightly contemptuous of

### When Genius Goes Begging

WHAT a pity it is that most girls on leaving school attend a business college and automatically become shorthand typists!

How much better it would be for these youngsters to be psychologically examined and set to study the task for which they seem best adapted.

Genius may be going begging and running the risk of being completely lost in these persons who are following the sheep instinct and blindly running about in flocks.

Joan Graham, 59 Bland St., Ashfield, N.S.W.

their elders and want to try out their young wings. One cannot but feel sympathetic towards them. It is so much more fun and more interesting to make decisions for oneself.

Still, it doesn't hurt to listen to advice.

Miss Simpson, Patrick St., Hobart.

### Use Initiative

TO disregard entirely the counsel of others is merely stupid—not "strong-minded."

Nevertheless, we must not be content to let others "think for us." If, after carefully weighing the pros and cons, the recipient doubts the wisdom of advice given, he should go ahead and work out the problem to his own satisfaction. Thus is initiative developed.

Lilian Sutton, 76 Algernon St., Oatley, N.S.W.

### Experience Teaches

I DO not think that all success is achieved by those who are prepared to listen and take advice.

My own experience is that most people somehow resent advice.

Experience is a hard school, and it is only by it that one learns.

Ultimate success and character are mostly based on mistakes and failures.

Mrs. F. Hamley, 50 Mimosa St., Bealey, N.S.W.

### Can Friendship Be Run Along Set Lines?

MRS. KNIGHT is right, when she says (21/8/37) that we should tread warily when beginning a friendship.

In everything we tackle we should not let our emotions run away with us. Women are particularly prone to do this. With friendships, they take a sudden fancy to a person, make an immediate confidant of



her and then, finding she is not what she seemed, find it difficult to sever the close relationship built up.

A friendship should be entered into slowly, with caution, and only after the person has proved herself of the right quality to be a friend.

Mrs. T. Anderson, Gresham Street, Victoria Park, W.A.

### Need for Caution

FRIENDSHIP cannot be established on any particular lines or set rules, but it invariably takes its course, and, with tact, can be guided into the right channels. Circumstances and environment must be taken into account and reasonable allowance made for the temperament of the person concerned.

By all means be cautious when making new friends, for happiness and peace of mind are seriously affected by an unwise choice. If the following rule be adopted, one cannot go far wrong: "If wisdom's ways you wisely seek, five things observe with care; of whom you speak, to whom you speak, and how, and when, and where."

I. Slade, 81 Station St., Arncliffe, N.S.W.

### VARSITY WOMEN

WHILE a good deal has been written about women's professional careers and achievements, it seems to me that what they "gain on the roundabouts they lose on the swings."

Scholastic attainments by women are a barrier to marriage.

The average man "shies" clear of the clever woman, and a University degree is regarded as the last hallmark of one. He likes a girl who flatters his vanity, looks up to him, and makes him feel superior—not the one who meets him on his own ground (with obvious advantages), and leaves him with an inferiority complex.

And again, while the University woman is taking her degrees and concentrating on a career, her less ambitious sister has already provided herself with a husband and home.

Isn't this so?

E. Falconer, 33 Kareela Rd., Cremorne, Sydney.

### ART OF SAVING

THE most successful saving of money is due to sheer will-power to stand by an original intention to save, and to stick by it, no matter what may happen. After a time it becomes so easy that it develops into a habit.

There are, unfortunately, many people who feel that it is impossible to save. A large family and a small income are the most common reasons given. Even faced with this difficulty, it is quite possible to save—just a little. It needs method to do it, but it can be done. And what a wonderful relief it is in time of distress to find that we have a little nest-egg to fall back on!

It isn't a bit easy to save; we all must agree on that point. But if it can possibly be managed the effort is well worth while.

Miss Agnes Robinson, 33 Inglesby Road, Camberwell E6, Vic.

### SPECTATOR SPORT

WHY is it that so many young people are content to sit and watch a particular sport without attempting to participate themselves?

Not all of us are champions, but surely there is nothing to prevent our trying to get as much benefit and enjoyment as possible out of sport?

Miss C. M. Jefferies, Clarence Rd., Indooroopilly SW2, Brisbane.

## END YOUR SOUR STOMACH

Sour, acid stomach, burning pains soon after food is taken, griping, twisting agony, point most surely to the fact that the lining of the digestive tract is becoming inflamed or even ulcerated.

Sufferers should lose no time in getting a remedy which will not only give immediate relief but treats their stomach trouble in a common-sense way.

De Witt's Antacid Powder has been specially prepared to meet the complicated nature of Indigestion.

For De Witt's Antacid Powder firstly neutralises the excess acid and renders it harmless to the inflamed stomach. The pain of flatulence is relieved and there is an immediate feeling of well-being.

Secondly, the valuable Colloidal Kaolin protects the inflammation or ulcers in the stomach from the burning acids, but allows the ordinary work of digestion to go on.

Thirdly, another ingredient actually digests a portion of your food, thus taking a further load off the weak stomach.

Persistent use of De Witt's Antacid Powder regulates the system so that you can digest your food without distress. There is no excess acidity and pains vanish.

Of all Chemists and Storekeepers, price 2/6.

## De WITT'S Antacid Powder



# A cup of BOURNVILLE is a cup of FOOD



"Taking it all in!"

No more rebellious uproar from the child who dislikes milk. Bournville Cocoa, and a little sugar, added to the milk has solved the problem. Chubby hands reach eagerly for Bournville Cocoa and hearty gurgles proclaim that its delicious chocolaty flavour has won the day!

BOURNVILLE COCOA is a boon to children, a nourishing food for their active, growing bodies. It supplies Carbohydrates—the energy builders; Proteins—the body builders; Fats—the providers of warmth and energy. And no drink of such high food value is so economical to buy.

## MAKE A BIG JUGFUL TO-NIGHT

Be generous! Bournville is so good for everybody and so light and easy to digest.

# Cadbury's BOURNVILLE COCOA for extra nourishment

C8.247



## Try Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream as I did—

and you will see your skin become softer and lovelier every day

Your first jar of Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream will be a revelation. No cream you have ever used will cleanse your skin so thoroughly...will penetrate into your pores so deeply...will remove every trace of grime and make-up so quickly. Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream will leave your skin so clear, soft, and youthful that you will never again be without it. Start using Perfect Cold Cream...and watch your complexion grow lovelier every day.



Look your best with DAGGETT & RAMSDELL

# Books

Conducted by LESLIE HAYLEN.

## Australian River Life Rivals Romance of Mississippi Moods of Old Man Murray

Australian writers sometimes complain that there is not enough glamor in the local scene.

They insist that fiction of the inland must take on something of the drabness and monotony of its surroundings.

Ernestine Hill, in "Water Into Gold," has proved this outlook to be altogether wrong. Her book, a factual one on irrigation, leaps with the magic of courageous adventure.

SHE has delved deep into the story of old man Murray—the Mississippi of Australia—and the colorful life of the river in the early days—theme for a thousand "Showboats" and dramas of the waterways.

The book is as rich as the river about which it is written. It teems with life and incident.

The old paddle-wheel steamers of the Murray deserve a special niche in Australian fiction, along with their skippers.

The paddle-wheelers themselves were personalities, winding their way deep into the affections and lives of the Murray folk. They brought the stores and the mails—and the midwife occasionally and the shearer, and the bush missionaries and concerts and dances and picnics and news of the outside world.

When the river boat pulled up and tied its frayed rope to a tree on the bank it was usually full of stores. Blue shirts, red handkerchiefs, tobacco and tinned butter, and, above all, clothes for the women.

Many a piece of silk was matched by a hurricane lamp in the cabins, and many an impromptu mannequin parade was held on the river bank.

## Superb Navigation

MARVELLOUS feats of navigation were performed. When floods made the surrounding country an inland sea for 50 miles the little vessels left the river and threaded their way through trees and bushes, over fences and hedges, towing a barge with food and clothing for the beleaguered flood victim.

"Off the river" navigation they called it, going sometimes 25 miles from the course of the river and tying up at the back door of a shearer's hut or the post of a station verandah.

Sometimes in the dry times a steamer was stuck on a mud bank. There it stopped until the freshets came again and floated it on its way. Thus it was that some remote river station had a shop right at hand for several months.

Mrs. Hill tells of the Murray "whalers," the tramps of the river. A book could be written on this aspect of the river alone. These men paddled along in a canoe or dinghy, living on fish, begging their way along, assisted occasionally by one of the squatter's sheep grazing obligingly close to the river.

The story of the natives is a vivid one. Vigorous, warlike and cunning, the Murray natives were not the dark poverty-stricken skeletons of the inland. They had a bad name among the river folk.



MRS. ERNESTINE HILL tells a romantic story of Australian river life in her book, "Water Into Gold."

On the Coorong a shipload of 26 men, women and children from the wrecked vessel Maria were massacred by the Milimura tribe.

Drover-explorers fell foul of these tribes, who resented the white man's invasion.

The natives stampeded the cattle and, when the drovers rode out to find them, attacked the depleted camps and speared the men and stole the sheep.

The most important fight against the natives was called the Battle of the Rufus.

"A sulphurous silence lay over Lake Bonney. The bed of the lake was as dry as a bone. The corroboree fires were out and the wurlies deserted.

"All its noisy tumult had fled on the news of the approach of the expedition. The troopers swam the river, scoured the bush and found a drover's spear-marked body in the thickets, but no sign of natives.

"The innocent fled with the guilty. Not a leaf quivered, not a sound broke the stillness. Camp fires had been smothered under sand. The land might have been uninhabited as the wily native lay in hiding, tugging the troopers into a sense of false security.

## Coming of Avengers

"SPIRALS of light smoke, and couriers running in the grey of dawn, had everywhere told the story of the avengers' coming with their little spitfire spears.

"On the banks of the Rufus, the game was up. All round the shores of Lake Victoria, armed hordes to the number of four or five hundred suddenly rose out of the rushes, and advanced on the scattered horsemen in a narrowing crescent of flying spears. No time for brotherly forbearance now; no time for firing into the trees in effectual demonstrations—life or death, and every man, black or white, for himself.

"All day the river blazed with vengeance, rang with the cracking of rifles and the gallop of hoofs, shouts of alarm, frenzied shrieks of the wounded, and the moans of the dying crawling for cover.

"At last the blacks were in headlong flight, into the river and under it, clinging beneath the reeds for hours, breathing through the hollow rushes; and from a hundred hidden camps men and women swimming frantically, fearfully, with their terrified babies on their backs. According to police reports, they left about 50 dead; and there were three or four casualties on the white side as well."

The records of the day dismissed the incident in the terse words: "The natives were dispersed."

"Water Into Gold." Ernestine Hill. Our copy from the publishers, Robertson and Mullens.

# your MAKE-UP MUST BE IN Style TOO!

• Be colorful, yet never look "made-up." Gaudy make-up has vanished! The Color Change Principle available in Tangee Lipstick, Rouge, and Powder brings natural loveliness—it intensifies your own coloring, and you'll never have that "made-up" look.



## How To Be Lovelier



• Tangee your lips—don't paint them! The magic of the Color Change Principle is that Tangee changes color as you apply it, to the blush rose of your own lips.

• Because Tangee Face Powder blends naturally with your own skin tones your skin looks fresher, younger, with never a trace of that "powdery" look.

• Your cheeks when rouged with Tangee are radiant with delicate color. In Creme or Compact form,

World's Most Famous Lipstick  
**TANGEE**  
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

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## Trained Nurse Offers Remedy for Grey Hair

Recommend Simple Home-Made Mixture That Quickly Darkens It.

Miss Mary J. Hayes, a well-known nurse, makes the following statement about grey hair: "The use of the following remedy, which you can make at home, is the best thing I know of for streaked, faded or grey hair, which turns black, brown or light brown as you desire. Of course you should do the mixing yourself to save unnecessary expense."

"Just get a small box of Oriflex Compound from your chemist and mix up with 1 ounce of Ray-Bum, 1 ounce Glycerine and 1 half-pint of water. This only costs a little. Comb the liquid through the hair every other day until the mixture is used up. It is absolutely harmless; free from grease or rum, is not sticky and does not rub off. Itchy dandruff, if you have any, quickly leaves your scalp, and your hair is left beautifully soft and glossy. Just try this if you would look years and years more youthful."

## Her Finger Tips Lift out Corns

Advice of chemist who knows how to whither up corns so they come out easily and painlessly.

"Yes, she was bothered with hard, throbbing, burning corns—but they didn't last long," said the chemist. "If you are suffering from corns—take my advice and put a drop of Procto-Ice on them. Pain will go quickly—and the corn will wither up and then you can lift it out with your finger tip. Go get a small bottle of Procto-Ice today from your chemist and get rid of corns. It's guaranteed."

## TREATS CAUSE OF INDIGESTION

A new discovery by a Sydney chemist speedily clears up all stomach complaints. It is called TWIN BODA and its double action first neutralises excess stomach acid, and then stimulates peristalsis from the digestive tract by a gentle laxative action. Permanent relief is assured. Pure TWIN BODA is sold by all chemists at 1/6 a packet.



# Real Life Stories

## Great Earth Tremor Scared School Class

£1/1/- Prize Story

**D**URING the Murchison (N.Z.) earthquake, in February, 1928, I shared the tensest moment of my life with thirty-three schoolchildren.

I was then teaching in a country district of the Nelson Province, New Zealand.

Almost imperceptibly at first the building started to swing from left to right. With absolute regularity, these movements increased in momentum until they reached their climax in great lurches of many feet from side to side!

The terrifying, unspoken thought, "Is this the end of the world?" caused every one of those child faces to go the color of parchment.

Their eyes were positively glued on me, while I stood dumb with fright.

I knew I was expected to say something.

All I could do was to breathe a three-syllabled prayer of help.

Enough of my voice returned to allow me to say quite brightly: "Why, this is exactly like a ship in a storm."

That feeble little remark eased the tension and stopped any panic.

A faint whisper of a laugh echoed round the class, and as the quake eased off some color came back into those faces pinched with fright. I never felt more necessary in my life.

As soon as the big shake had quite spent itself I dismissed every boy and girl and let them all tear their way home to the safest shelter they knew—their mummies' arms!

For a whole week minor quakes continued, as the earth was settling.

At the actual seismographic centre two huge hills were flattened right out.

Although this earthquake was more intense than the Napier one, the sparseness of the population in the actual area meant that less damage was done.

Had the motion been an up-and-down one, I tremble to think of the result.

£1/1/- to Miss L. F. Bade, 9 Oaks St., North Sydney, N.S.W.

### Handcuffed Herself

**O**NE day a few weeks ago I went into the bedroom of our policeman lodger to tidy up.

On lifting the things off the dressing-table I picked up a pair of handcuffs. Being interested, I turned them about in my hands, trying to see if I could fit them on, when I heard a click and found they had locked themselves on my wrists.

I knew the policeman would not be home till late, and that he had the key with him. Imagine my feelings. I was caught, I could do no work, and could not get the dinner ready.

I just had to wander from room to room till my husband returned home. How he laughed! I felt more like crying. You can guess what a laugh our "bobby" had when he came home, and how thankful I was to be free.

£1/- to Mrs. James Jack, Denmark, WA.

### The Thunderbolt

**I**T was a sultry day in late summer. The sky was cloudy but there had been no thunder and no rain. My father, coming home from the farm, called to us, "Come out and listen to this."

As we ran outside we heard a curious humming sound, which seemed to come from the clouds. It sounded like an aeroplane, but there were few planes in those days, and none ever passed over our lonely farm. For some minutes we stood gazing up at the sky, asking each other what it could be.

"There may be a storm coming," I said. "I will go and close the dairy windows."

The dairy stood about fifty yards away from the house. I closed the windows carefully and stood in the doorway for a moment wondering whether I ought to cover the cars of cream which stood on benches in the dairy.

I decided that I wouldn't and ran down the steps. Less than three

yards from the foot of the steps there was a bare patch of earth.

I had just reached this when it came—a thunderbolt from the clouds above—

If a hundred cannon had been fired at a given signal the report could not have been louder. Behind me a cloud of dust rose from the shattered dairy. For at least a chain on either side of the building the posts of the fence that adjoined it were split and every wooden rail was splintered.

And on that patch of bare ground I stood unharmed.

If I had stopped long enough to cover the cream in the dairy I should have assuredly been killed.

As it was I do not know how I escaped. Perhaps it was that bare patch of earth. I do not know.

Next day we found that every blade of grass and every weed for yards around the dairy was brown and dead and the leaves of a tree which stood beside the walls were withered and drooping. In a few days the tree was quite dead.

£1/- to Mrs. G. A. V. Duke, c/o R. E. Hunter, Trawanin, Qld.

### Not Time for Laughter

**D**URING the construction of the Airship R36 at Inchinnan Aerodrome (Glasgow), the time arrived for the gasbag valve test.

While the controls which opened the valves were being operated from the gondola below, we lay on the walking-way above.

This was only 18 inches wide and ran the full length of the ship, the only handrail being a rope (clamped on to the "way" at intervals) which you allowed to run through your hand while walking along in a stooping position.

There was one man to each valve, and we kept our heads turned away to avoid the outrush of gas.

Lieut. B—, of the Royal Navy, was in charge of operations on top. He started from the after end of the ship and walked forward, receiving a verbal report from each man, and with a casual "opening all right?" or "smells all right, anyhow!" continued on.

By the time he had reached my section, he had inhaled more gas than was good for him.

He suddenly stood erect and throwing back his head burst into peals of laughter and started to rock to and fro on the 18-inch walking-way.

With the assistance of a couple of mates, I grabbed him and dragged him to the gun-pit, and from there lowered him to land, over 100 feet below.

Someone had arrived with a bottle of brandy for the lieutenant, but we didn't think spirits would be any good for a person with a stomach full of hydrogen gas, so we drank it ourselves, after arranging for the lieutenant to be otherwise cared for.

£1/- to Andrew Watson, 17 North Terrace, Bankstown, N.S.W.

### Child in Danger

**A**BOUT nine years ago my husband, our three children, and I were holidaying at Yamba, a seaside resort. Some friends had come for the day, and they wanted to go for a swim, but I was loath to go, as the sea was very rough.

My husband went, taking with him our eldest child, Betty, aged five.

I felt something urging me to go also, so with my baby of three months and a little toddler I followed.

As I stood in the shed I saw a great wave come, lift Betty, and carry her out with great force towards the rocks.

My husband and friends were in difficulties in the undertow, but all I saw was my tiny child being swept to those cruel rocks!

In I rushed, carrying with me my baby. The water surged round me up to my waist.

Sometimes I saw my child's white head bobbing in the water! Closer to those cruel rocks Betty was swept, but somehow I at last got to her, gripped her, and regained the beach.

My small daughter was unconscious. Not one of my friends had missed her, but with God's help I had saved our child.

£1/- to Mrs. G. R. Olive, Camira Creek, N.S.W.

## Now—Tell Your Best Story

**M**EMORABLE incidents in the lives of readers are told on this page every week.

All are invited to contribute. Simply set down, in a letter of about 300 words, the most outstanding event in which you have been concerned—it may have been about your childhood, schooldays, work or home life.

A prize of £1/1/- is awarded for the best letter each week, and 5/- for others published.

Address letters: Real Life Stories, The Australian Women's Weekly. Full address is at top of page 3.

### Saved by a Dog

**M**y friend and I decided one Sunday afternoon to cycle to a beach near Freshwater, Qld.

On arriving there we left our bikes against a tree and went for a walk along the beach. We proceeded a little way along and then climbed over a barbed-wire fence into the bush to look for ferns.

My friend was going to pull up a



TRY THIS if you want to be agile. An amusing scene during an obstacle race at an English schoolgirls' sports gathering.

fern when she saw a snake coiled on the ground. We picked up sticks and quickly disposed of one horror.

About fifteen minutes later we heard an angry bellow, and looked up to see a large bull charging towards us.

We dropped the ferns and ran for our lives for the safety of the beach, but, catching my foot in a root, I fell to the ground.

My friend was a few yards ahead of me and so did not notice my plight.

I closed my eyes and fully expected to be tossed into the air at any moment.

Then I heard a furious yapping and opened my eyes to see a little black dog snapping and snarling at the bull, diverting its attention from me.

I scrambled to my feet and made for the safety of the beach and barbed-wire fence. That little dog is now my trusted pet.

Miss M. Brischke, Buchan St., Cairns, Qld.

### Almost Drowned

**M**y most terrifying experience occurred when I was a young woman in the gulf country of North Queensland. Like most girls, I was a good swimmer and good horsewoman.

It was very hot one day and a swim was called for. I had to go on urgent business to the township, five miles from my home. A river lay between.

As everybody knows, storms in Queensland come down very suddenly; so did this one.

On my return I found the river was a banker, and the water was still coming down from the hills. Trusting to my beautiful horse, I thought we could get across.

When almost through I felt my horse going with the current. I managed to get off the saddle and fight for dear life. I succeeded in reaching the bank, and scrambled to safety, more dead than alive.

My horse and saddle were never seen again.

£1/- to Mrs. M. McDonald, 6 Broughton St., Sans Souci, Sydney.

You call it **NERVES-**  
but the Doctor calls it  
**Faulty Elimination**

Beware of faulty elimination! It is insidious and a menace! Mere constipation is easy enough to recognize and correct, but faulty elimination causes unsuspected poisons to be absorbed, which liver and kidneys—those vital cleansing organs—are unable to remove from the blood stream. Thus the child becomes slightly poisoned, and the nervous system is upset—nerves, temper and sleep are dangerously affected. These hidden poisons are a constant danger to a child—causing nervousness, bad temper, crankiness, etc. Immediately you observe any such warnings, give genuine Laxettes—the cleansers which promote complete bowel action and relieve the overworked liver and kidneys. A course of genuine Laxettes is the only treatment that will thoroughly rectify faulty elimination. Children love the delicious taste. Laxettes are equally effective for adults. All chemists and storekeepers stock genuine Laxettes—6d. the sample tin and 1/6 the large tin. **WARNING:** unless they're in a tin they are not genuine Laxettes.

# LAXETTES

Rectify Faulty Elimination







*Special!*

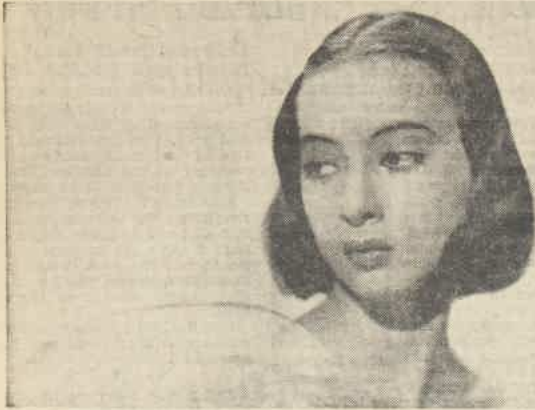
ARDATH SPECIALS VIRGINIA CIGARETTES — 20 : 1/6. 10 : 9d.







# SEARCH for PAVLOVA'S SUCCESSOR



SONO OSATO, American-Japanese dancer, is looked upon by some experts as competent to fill Pavlova's dancing shoes. Although only eighteen years old, she has been dancing for four years.

## Here's a Chance For Australian Dancers

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Correspondent in London

A British dancer worthy to step into the little toe-shoes of Pavlova is the dream of Colonel de Basil, director of the famous Ballets Russe, one of whose companies returned from Australia recently after a very successful tour.

In his search for a great British ballerina, Col. de Basil is willing to see any dancer who applies for an interview, and hopes that Australian dancers will give him the opportunity to judge their capabilities.

"It has been said that the British temperament lacks the qualities that make a great dancer. I don't think that is so."

Colonel de Basil told me.

"The dancer is an individual. She

may have the

special gifts that make a brilliant ballerina whether she be

Russian, English, Spanish, or any other nationality.

"We have five British dancers in the

ballet at Covent Garden this year,"

he explained, "but none of them is a premiere danseuse."

"The nationalities in our company

include Russian, American, Japanese and Canadian, which proves my point."

"We interview hundreds of applicants for a chance in the ballet, and

are willing to see them all. Many of them are good dancers, but few have

that element of greatness."

"Yes, I know Australia produces many good dancers, but so far none

has come to us for interviews. Perhaps they are too modest. We would

gladly see them."

I asked M. Sebastian Tiano, secretary to Colonel de Basil, the qualifications of the great ballerina.

"First of all there is that mysterious gift which we cannot describe, but



IRINA BARONOVA, whom Pavlova's widow regards as his late wife's successor.

can whose name is Patricia Tall in her home town) is 16, and little Sono Osato, of flower-like exotic beauty, half-American and half-Japanese, is 18 and has been dancing with the ballet for four years.

M. Tiano left till the last one of the greatest factors that go to the making of a great ballerina—hard work.

At Covent Garden the ballet practices about eight hours daily.

Throughout the day Colonel de Basil, the producer, and stage hands

see a group of young girls doing a day's hard work. In the evening the

crowded theatre sees a pageant of youth, butterfly swiftness, and fairy-like lightness.

## WAR ON DENTAL DISEASE

### "Dental Disease a Serious National Menace"

Sir Harry Moxham (Extract from Sydney "Sun")

### Shocking Facts Revealed By Recent Australian Dental Congress

82.98% of the 7,527 city children examined recently were dentally diseased!

92.72% of the 7,564 country children examined had diseased mouths!

These facts, long known to dentists and health authorities, are shocking—but true.

And do you know that 90% of all Australians under 40 years of age have dental caries?

#### Your Enemy—

##### Lack of Calcium.

The recent Australian Dental Congress threw some light on the important subject of calcium. A number of the speakers expressed the importance of calcium in our diet. "Australians must be taught to include more calcium-bearing foods in their diet," was the general verdict. Calcium is necessary to build strong bones and sound teeth—and the average Australian does not get enough calcium in his diet.

Here are 7 rules for the care of the teeth which have been scientifically planned to help you. If you follow these 7 rules you will add plenty of calcium-bearing foods to your diet and you will help stamp out this serious dental decay scourge.

#### 7 Vital Rules for the Care of Your Teeth.

1. Prenatal diet should include wholesome bread, milk (particularly rich in calcium), butter, eggs, salads, green vegetables, fresh fruits. (Teeth begin to form seven months before a child is born.)

2. Teeth-strengthening foods for children: Milk, butter, eggs, salads, vegetables and fruits.

3. Teeth-strengthening foods for adults: Milk, fish, eggs, salads, fruits, cheese, greens and vegetables. All are rich in calcium and phosphorus.

4. Exercise for teeth and jaws is essential. Choose foods which provoke much chewing.

5. Obtain Vitamin D from Cod Liver Oil, Halibut, wholemeal, milk, egg yolk and greens; also by sun-bathing. (Vitamin D enables the body to deliver lime and phosphorus to your bones.)

6. Visit your dentist every six months for dental inspection. This is essential.

7. Clean your teeth at least twice a day with Euthymol—the Germicidal Tooth Paste.

Be Sure You Use A Germicidal Paste. Euthymol Destroys Germs in Thirty Seconds.

The countless tiny crevices between your teeth and gums, and the moisture and warmth of your mouth, provide an ideal breeding place for bacteria. In following the 7 rules for the care of your teeth remember to brush them frequently. Use Euthymol and you will make that brushing doubly effective. Euthymol foams through into the most inaccessible crevices between the teeth. It causes a germicidal action to take place, that destroys germs in less than thirty seconds' contact.

#### The Rideal-Walker Test Proves Greater Value of Euthymol.

This is no idle claim. The Rideal-Walker Test is a standard method used in the evaluation of germicides and antiseptics. In this method the antiseptic properties of Euthymol Tooth Paste against the Bacillus typhosus are compared with those of pure phenol. The minimum standard required is a phenol coefficient of 0.14, which implies that the tooth paste has a germicidal action equivalent to that of a theoretical 14% solution of phenol.

#### Teeth Really Clean and Sparkling.

If you've never tried Euthymol, then buy a tube right away. You'll notice how much whiter and brighter your teeth become. How clean they feel. After you've cleaned your teeth with Euthymol, just run your tongue over the back and front of your teeth. What a pleasant sensation! You can feel that they are really clean. And you have the satisfaction of knowing that your mouth is clean and healthy.

You can buy Euthymol at all chemists. There are two sizes of tubes—1/3 and 2/3. Begin to-day. Make a habit of Euthymol. Remember these seven vital rules—and you'll do your part in helping to stamp out this dental decay scourge.

#### Reward for Heroine ... 22 Years After

By Air Mail from our London Office.

A FRENCHWOMAN, who at the age of seventeen was a heroine of the Battle of Loos, has been awarded the Legion of Honor.

Emilienne Mercu saved a number of French and British soldiers who were wounded in the attacks and counter-attacks raging round Loos. To prevent the village children from running about under the hail of shells, she organised a class of forty-two children in a cellar.

When the Scottish regiments recaptured the village in 1916, Emilienne gave them valuable information. She and her mother also treated 400 wounded Scots.

recognise when we see it. Then there is personality, acting ability, sensitivity—but not necessarily imagination—and, if possible—but not necessarily—unusual facial beauty.

"Most important of all we want youth. The average age of the ballet is 22, but most of the dancers are eighteen or nineteen."

Pavlova's widow, M. Dandré, believes that Irina Baronova is Pavlova's successor.

Fair, with ethereal face, swallow's wing eyebrows above her long, dark eyes, inspired with exquisite grace in a supple body, Baronova is only 18.

There is impulsive fire in her temperament, too. When the company was in Arizona she flew to New York, married M. Tiano, and flew back to Arizona to dance in the next performance of the ballet.

Then there is Tatiana Riabouchinskaya, of sensitive face and humorous mouth, greatest of the soubrette type of ballerina, who is only nineteen.

Olga Morosova is 20; Lebov Rostova is 19, and has been dancing since she was four. Kyra Strakhova (an Ameri-

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A SCIENTIFIC FUTURE FORECAST Covering finance, travel, health, occupation, lotteries, lucky dates, marriage, children, speculation, etc.

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MOTHER TALKS OF

# MYSTERY OF Son's Death at LITHGOW

## Seven Tragic Minutes During Which Lad Was Shot

Mysterious death of nine-year-old Donald Bunyan, of Lithgow, who was found shot in the garage at his home on August 18, has provided a poignant human drama which has stirred extraordinary public interest.

In an interview with a representative of the Australian Women's Weekly, Mrs. Bunyan, mother of the dead lad, relates the pathetic circumstances of how she found her son dying in the garage.

**WHAT** happened in the seven minutes between the time Donald was last seen by neighbors and his discovery by his mother is a mystery on which the Coroner's inquiry may throw light.

Did Donald accidentally shoot himself or was he murdered?

His mother, in this interview, states that she thinks that it was an accident.

Slight of build, with blue eyes and corn-colored hair, she made a pathetic figure as she told, in halting sentences, of the tragedy of her son's death.

### Heard a Sound

"I HAD been to see the funeral of a Lithgow friend's little son," she said. "As I came along our street I was thinking of that sad small coffin, and it brought back memories of my own little daughter's death—she was only 18 months old when she died.

"It made me realise how precious, too, were my two living children, Don, and his little brother, who is now six.

"I unlocked my house, for whenever I go out I lock up. I have always had a terror of the children getting in and setting themselves alight with matches.

"As I threw open a window I looked out to see if Don was about, and it was then that I noticed my washing on the line and saw that a big quilt had come unpegged and was dragging on the ground.

"A minute later I went outside to fix it, and it was while I was at the line that I heard a sound coming from the garage. It sounded like a groan. I knew that Donnie often played in the garage and I thought he might be having a game with me.

### "If Only..."

"I CALLED to him, but he did not answer. I had no premonition that anything was wrong, but went to the garage to see what he was up to.

"When I looked in he was lying on the ground, and I spoke again, but he did not move.

"I hurried towards him, calling, but he did not speak. A moment later I realised that he could not speak—that he was unconscious.

"I was alone in the house. My first thought was that Don had been hit on the head by a stone thrown by a playmate.

"I grew terrified and ran across to a neighbor, Mr. Russell, and asked him to help me. I have a sister who is at the Lithgow Hospital, and Mr. Russell carried Donnie round there for me.

"Until that time I had not seen that Don was shot. It was at the hospital that they told me he was dead.

"The police say that it must have happened just as I came in the gate.

"Had I been just two minutes earlier he would have heard me come home and would have come to meet me.



DONALD BUNYAN, whose death proved a poignant, tragic mystery.

"The police and doctors told me that Donnie would not have suffered. He would not feel anything, they said. I am glad to know that.

"If only I had not gone to see that funeral Don would have still been alive.

"If when he called to the neighbor and asked for the comics..."

FOR a moment Mrs. Bunyan could not go on, but in a few seconds she explained.

"You see, I was not home and the house was locked. Donnie had nothing to do. First I supposed he looked for me and then called out for some comics from his friend next door. He was told that the lad was not quite finished with them and then I suppose he went to see his gun.

"It was the first thing he had ever kept back from me. He never told me about the gun. He had always told me things. Whenever he was punished at school or whenever he got into any sort of trouble he came to me.

### Brave Lad

"DON was a big boy, but I still used to bath and dress him. He was such a happy boy. He had had everything he wanted except a bicycle.

"He asked me for one but seemed to understand when I told him I was frightened he might hurt himself.

"I suppose that is why he didn't tell me about the gun. When I found him unconscious in the garage it never occurred to me for a second that he was shot. And when I learned that this was so I immediately thought that someone had murdered him.

"If only the little lad had told me about it.

"He was a brave, rather dar-

### As the Clock

#### Ticked on...

AT 3.30 p.m. on August 18, Donald Bunyan, aged 9, returned from school to his home in Bent Street, Lithgow.

At 3.40 p.m. he was seen playing in the backyard alone.

At 3.50 p.m. he asked a neighbor for some "comics."

At 3.57 p.m. his mother returned home to find him dying, a bullet in his heart, on the floor of a combination lumber shed and garage at the foot of the premises.

Was it murder or misadventure?

## Outstanding New Spring Suggestions from

# BRASCH'S OXFORD STREET.

No. 189 — A GAY LITTLE DO'BOY BACKWARD TAM. Fine quality Swiss Straw, attractive and comfy to wear. Note new Velvet Ribbon trim. Season's Newest colours. PRICE 12/11



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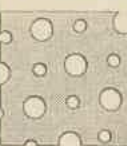
**3 inches in 10 days**

with the New Wonder Latex Girdle

**OR IT WON'T COST YOU A PENNY!**



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THE MESSAGE-LIKE ACTION  
REDUCES QUICKLY

The perforated Latex Girdle is constructed so that the large perforations form minute suction cups which work constantly while you walk, work, or sit. Its massage-like action gently and surely eliminates fat with every move you make.

WE HAVE SUCH CONFIDENCE IN OUR GIRDLES THAT WE SEND THEM ON 10-DAYS FREE TRIAL. POSTAGE PAID  
WE TAKE ALL THE RISK. YOU DO NOT RISK ONE PENNY

The new Latex wonder Girdle banishes figure faults and imparts a charming appearance as soon as it is worn. After having massaged away the superfluous fat, it leaves your figure shapely and more supple, your health improved. The girdle can then be worn as a foundation garment which clings to your figure as a second skin giving a most graceful appearance.

**Don't Delay! Reduce the Way Doctors Recommend.** Prove without cost to yourself, quickly and definitely in 10 days, that our very efficient girdle will do all we say. Try it for 10 days. You will be the sole judge.

### MAIL THIS COUPON

Below are my measurements. It is distinctly understood the girdle is not to cost me one penny unless I am thoroughly satisfied.

Waist \_\_\_\_\_ Hips \_\_\_\_\_ Bust \_\_\_\_\_ Height \_\_\_\_\_

Slimform Girdle Co., Ltd., Dept. B, 228 Pitt St., Sydney

## Smooth Line-Free Skin QUICKLY



—by rousing that faulty UNDER SKIN

A PRETTY skin always wins friendly glances! But lines, blackheads, blemishes draw criticism! When they come—It's a sign that under your skin glands and cells and fibres are losing vigor. You can rouse them—by faithful use of Pond's invigorating deep-skin treatment.

Every night, put in Pond's Cold Cream to bring out all the dirt, make-up, skin secretions. . . . Wipe it off! Now put in more cream thickly. Rouse that faulty under-skin. Color livens. Skin is smoother. Blemish blackheads are fewer. Lines soften. Your skin is firm, young.

Every morning, and during the day, repeat. Powder goes on beautifully.



Where skin age begins  
Tiny glands, cells, fibres underneath make outer skin young or old. When they fail—skin dries, gets lined!

**TRIAL OFFER:** Mail coupon to-day, with four 10c stamps in a sealed envelope, to cover postage, packing, etc., for free tubes of Pond's two Creams, also a sample of Pond's New Face Powder. Check shade wanted: Brunette (Rachet) [ ] Light Cream [ ] Rose Cream (Natural) [ ] Natural (Light Natural) [ ] Dark Brunette (Suntan) [ ]

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

Boxes to Redeem to Beauty, 3CH, 40K-AK, 41X-WB, every Monday at 5 p.m.; 40K-BK every Monday at 8 p.m.; 44K-MU-PI every Wednesday at 8.30 p.m.

# THE Cherry ORCHARD

"SWEET

good, Sam?" That was McNitt, another camper. "Might let you in on a deal that'll net you six."

"Sam?" Basher, this, on the telephone. "My Chicago broker's wiring about hard blacks. Might go six and a quarter."

See Villers, he told them. Ask Villers, the administrator.

"But, look!" said Sam to Villers, the administrator. "Look! Every terminal growth's getting aphid!" he said in dismay. By to-morrow you'll find 'em going down the stems to the fruit to sting and dwarf 'em! His voice was tight. "And their honey-dew'll be smearing everything to make the stock something no buyer'll look at!"

He hadn't told Amy that. He hadn't told Amy how the sticky excretion will make cherries nauseous to sight and touch.

"Sam, you're excitable!" — so suavely. "Nobody in this section has ever lost a crop from them."

"Nobody ever had 'em like this! Nobody ever neglected 'em before they curried the leaves the way we did!"

Villers shrugged and cleared his throat. Gesture and sound were both triumphant. "Triumphant, I tell you, but Sam missed it!"

"Perhaps we'd better spray again."

"But liquid won't touch 'em with the leaves curled! It won't get ten per cent. of 'em!" — desperately. "They'll be as bad as ever again in just a few hours. We've got to dust to clean 'em up!"

"I'd expected that, Sam!" — accusingly. "I've been waiting for that. Your dust cost is prohibitive and you need such perfect conditions to make it effective. Some dust salesman offering you a rake-off, Sam? No, don't ask me to spend any of this estate's little money on dust!"

"Well . . . why . . . why, Judas priest! Well, how come?"

"Spray to-morrow!" said Villers with a grin in his voice which ended that and left Sam straining with outrage.

Sam sprayed with a nicotine solution. The aphids venturing outside the protection of tightly curled leaves disappeared. The next day their replacements were crawling down the stems of cherries in the outermost clusters, forerunners of ultimate ruin.

Two buyers came, alert for hard black sweets, but they only shook their heads and clicked their tongues. The aphids certainly were going to mutton that crop, they said. In just another day or two, now, it would be all over with that crop.

Sam couldn't draw a deep breath for the pain in his heart. He couldn't figure it out yet, even. He couldn't, despite Amy's white face and the queer, driven look in her eyes.

Why, he couldn't even figure it out when Mrs. Larsen talked sale. That's how dumb he was about everything but cherry growing. He couldn't even get it after Mrs. Larsen said the stranger with Villers that day wanted to buy the place.

"They'll give it away," said Mrs. Larsen. "Who'll pay decent money for orchards these times? And with the mortgage and all, what'll be left for that dearie? She won't eat a mouthful of supper!"

Neither did Sam. He couldn't eat. He sat at the old desk, going over bulletins. There was nothing he didn't know. Not a line. Not a word. He searched until his eyes blurred, then shut off the light and lay down on the davenport to ease them for further searching, though he knew there was nothing to learn. He was lying there holding his heart tenderly when Villers drove in with Amy. Voices carried clearly in the quiet night.

"It's terrible, dearest!" Paul said. "But we must face it. If Graham will buy, it's the way out. Isn't that so, my sweet?"

"I suppose." It wasn't Amy's voice. It wasn't that husky-sweet voice. It was weebegone, hopeless, without resonance or spirit.

"But you'll never want for a thing, dear heart! You weren't made for the thing you call a 'place.' You were made for love, Amy!"

Sam Ball began to wish crazy things. He began to wish he could talk that way. He sat up, clenching his fists, wishing he could talk to a girl that way. He sat up, holding his

Continued from Page 12

breath, waiting for Amy to say no. Waiting for her to say she wouldn't take what Villers was offering. . . . But she didn't say it, and when she went upstairs her light feet sounded like weights. . . .

Even Sam Ball knew what was up then. He had to be smacked between the eyes to know what was up, but he'd been smacked. The sounds of Amy's feet on the stairs were like blows between his eyes. Or on his heart.

At breakfast, Sam looked like something the cat dragged in, but Amy didn't notice. She didn't seem to notice anything. He knew something about girls then. He could detect hopelessness, resignation, in a girl's face when he saw it—then! But what could he do, what could he say, without letting those barriers he'd built up inside him go smashing down? He was just a cherry grower, and a girl like Amy would never give him a second look, and he couldn't afford to let the fix she was in set him hoping for the impossible.

Villers came again with Graham, the Chicago man. Sam heard Paul pointing out the view, suggesting how the house might be remodelled. He heard Villers ask the Chicago man inside for a look at former production records, saying:

" . . . so when things do come back you can see what an investment this will be!"

Sam bit his lip. No fooling about that! If anybody could stick it out another year or two that orchard would return a flood of profit to wash out obligations forever. If you could stick it out, if you could ride it through!

Well, there's a way, isn't there? There's a way out of most fixes, isn't there?

Alec, sent to town after dust, didn't see through it any more than Sam had seen things. He wasn't sent to Villers for a cheque. He carried Sam's own cheque. He stared at it and back at Sam and gawped.

"Never mind. On your way," said Sam, wincing at the pain. "And keep your mouth shut." said Sam. "This is plain scheming!"

Somehow the day dragged out and it brings us down to the night of Sam Ball's worst ordeal.

HE walked up and down in the orchard, waiting for the wind to stop blowing. It was light and stifling, but persistent. Sometimes it only touched the tree-tops like a caress. Sometimes you couldn't feel it at all unless you wet a finger. But it kept blowing. It kept blowing, and so long as it blew Sam Ball was helpless to execute that scheme of his own.

Tractor and duster were in the orchard. Alec on the driver's seat, chewing and spitting as if behind in the habit and bound to catch up. Alec knew only half of what was up. All Alec knew was that cherries hung in the balance. Another day would finish them. Anybody who knew anything about black aphids would agree to that. Alec knew that and he knew how Sam walked, all doubled over, and he could guess at a good many things.

When the wind stopped, Alec stopped chewing. He straightened slowly on the driver's seat, head cocked, listening, eyes on the tops against the July stars.

"Y goh!" said Alec, as if amazed. "Has it stopped?"

"Let's go!" said Sam, and Alec fell upon his motor crank.

You'll have to know about a duster and dusting. A duster is a machine with a motor - driven fan which shoots a blast of air through a flexible, four-inch spout, the dust being fed from a hopper into the air channel.

You don't dust in the daytime, because not once in a thousand summer days will you find one that's quiet enough. And when you're dusting to kill pests by contact, like aphids, you must have a warm night, so the gases latent in the material will be liberated, and a humid night, so the dust will stay where you put it and do its stuff thoroughly instead of blowing up towards the clouds.

Sam had that kind of night.

Please turn to Page 32

## These 80-year-old fingers . . .



Age doesn't necessarily mean ill-health, failing eye-sight, trembling hands. Age can be healthy, vigorous, clear-eyed, alert.

The infirmities of age are so very often merely the result of uneliminated waste matter pouring from disordered kidneys and liver—clogging and poisoning the system.

For sixty years, three generations, old folk and young, have found Warner's Safe Cure the surest guardian of kidney and liver health.

## WARNER'S SAFE CURE

Original Form Concentrated  
5/- 2/9

To ensure one free movement of the bowels daily, take Warner's Safe Pills, 1/- per pill.

## DESTROYS GERMS and DIRT



Because it is powerfully antiseptic, Scrubb's Cloudy Ammonia destroys dirt and invisible germs that are a menace to health. Kitchen utensils of enamelware, glass, iron, or aluminium are preserved and protected, kept healthfully clean and bright with Scrubb's Cloudy Ammonia. It is so economical, too, because heavy dilution is always necessary, and though always in use, one bottle lasts for many weeks. Reject all imitations. Ask only for

## SCRUBB'S CLOUDY AMMONIA

## KEEPING FIT AT SEVENTY

### After Being Crippled by Rheumatism

This old man's life had been made miserable by rheumatism, but since he tried Kruschen Salts several years ago, he has been perfectly free. His daughter and her husband have profited by his experience. Read how the whole family keep themselves clear of rheumatism—

"My husband and I have only taken Kruschen Salts for a few months, just for those nasty rheumatic twinges one gets out here. But my father has taken them for quite a few years and would not be without them for the world. Before taking them he was absolutely crippled with rheumatism and tried everything he was told, without any benefit at all. I can safely say Kruschen Salts made a new man of him. He is nearly 70 years old."—(Mrs.) F.G.

Kruschen Salts are a blend of six mineral salts, each of which has a direct or indirect action in the treatment of rheumatic complaints. A single bottle of Kruschen will convince you that rheumatism simply cannot exist in the system that gets its "little daily dose."

### ACID STOMACH

Excess stomach acid is always responsible for complaints such as indigestion, heartburn, wind, and dyspepsia. This is remedied when the remedy is so simple and economical. For quick, safe, and effective relief take a small teaspoonful of pure TWIN SODA in water or milk. Your chemist sells TWIN SODA for 1/6 or 2/6 per extra large packet.



# Mandrake the Magician



**MANDRAKE:** Master magician, and

**LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, have gone to the South Pole in search of

**MOLLY BRUNSWICK:** Missing airwoman. At the Pole they find a wall of steam, walk through, and discover they are in a prehistoric world of a million years ago—tropical jungle, prehistoric animals and Neanderthal men. They find Molly, rescue her from a pursuing pre-

**THE STORY SO FAR:**

historic man, and she tells them the story of her adventures. Flying through the wall of steam, her plane fell into a swamp. After hairbreadth escapes from a giant turtle, an archelon, a giant lizard, and a mosasaurus, she made her way to a primitive village where she now has a cave. As she is telling Mandrake of a strange place known to the primitive people as the Terrible Place, they find that Lothar is missing. NOW READ ON.



MOLLY, DID YOU FIND OUT ANYTHING FROM THEM ABOUT LOTHAR?

MANDRAKE, THERE WAS A FIGHT! THEY ALL SET ON LOTHAR AND ANDY AND CARRIED THEM INTO THE TERRIBLE PLACE!



TERRIBLE PLACE? YOU MEAN--?

I TOLD YOU, IT CONTAINS THE TERRIBLE THING--PROBABLY SOME HORRIBLE ANIMAL WORSE THAN ANYTHING WE'VE SEEN HERE. MANDRAKE--WE MUST DO SOMETHING!



I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS, FROM WHAT I CAN LEARN--IT'S NEW, SOMETHING THAT EVEN THEY HAD NEVER SEEN BEFORE! LOOK OUT!



MOLLY'S WARNING COMES TOO LATE. MANDRAKE FALLS, STRUCK BY A LARGE ROCK DROPPED FROM ABOVE!



NO, DON'T! SAVE HIM! DON'T TAKE HIM TO THE TERRIBLE PLACE!

HE MUST DIE--WITH THE OTHERS.

MOLLY SCREAMS OUT IN THE SIMPLE TONGUE OF THE NEANDERTHALS!



THE TERRIBLE THING NEEDS FOOD! THIS STRANGER MUST DIE WITH THE OTHERS IN THE TERRIBLE PLACE!



UNCONSCIOUS, MANDRAKE IS TOSSED INTO THE FORBIDDEN CAVE!



AND THE ENTRANCE IS HURRIEDLY SEALED UP!



UH--MY HEAD. THEY MUST HAVE DROPPED A ROCK ON ME FROM ABOVE, AND JUDGING FROM THE SIZE OF THIS BUMP, IT MUST HAVE BEEN A GOOD-SIZED ROCK!



YOW!

WHAT THE--IT'S YOU, LOTHAR! THIS IS THE DARKEST PLACE I'VE EVER BEEN IN. IT'S ABSOLUTELY BLACK!



OH--ME THOUGHT YOU WAS TERRIBLE THING! DARK MAKE ME SCARED.

YOU'RE TIED UP, EH? SO THAT'S WHERE WE ARE, THE TERRIBLE PLACE, OF COURSE, I--SH-SH--DO YOU HEAR SOMETHING?



SOFT SHUFFLE--COME CLOSER! MASTER! DO SOMETHING!

I HAVE NO POWER IN THE DARK, LOTHAR! I CAN'T SEE AN INCH AHEAD, I NEED LIGHT, AND IT'S COMING CLOSER!



IT'S COMING CLOSER, THE TERRIBLE THING OF THE NEANDERTHALS! IT MUST BE A HORRIBLE MONSTER TO FRIGHTEN THEM! MOLLY SAID IT WAS SOMETHING NEW THAT THEY HAD NEVER SEEN BEFORE!



IT'S HARDLY MAKING A SOUND, MAYBE IT'S A GIANT WORMFORM OR SOME TYPE OF JELLY-LIKE LAND BEAST! IF ONLY I HAD SOME LIGHT, LOTHAR!



HOW STUPID OF ME TO FORGET! THIS FLASHLIGHT IN YOUR BELT, AT LEAST, WE'LL HAVE A CHANCE TO SEE WHAT IT IS!



WELL--I'LL BE--!



AND THE TERRIBLE THING TURNS OUT TO BE NONE OTHER THAN PENNY, THE PENGUIN!

PENNY!



HO--LITTLE BIRD SCARE THEM DUMB.

HE MUST HAVE FOLLOWED US THROUGH THE STEAM WALL. MOLLY SAID THE NEANDERTHALS HAD NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE THIS TERRIBLE THING BEFORE!



YOU SEE, LOTHAR, GIANT MONSTERS WOULDN'T SCARE THEM. THEY'RE COMMON AS CATS AROUND HERE, BUT PENNY WAS SOMETHING STRANGE--DIFFERENT!

TO BE CONTINUED





## How I mastered my Rheumatism

Attacks of rheumatism are quickly "nipped in the bud" with 'Bayer' A.P.C. Powders. A few minutes after taking a powder you notice the pain grow easier and it soon dies away entirely. It is the exceptional purity of the 'Bayer' ingredients which accounts for the wonderful efficacy of 'Bayer' A.P.C. Powders in relieving pain. Doctors and chemists the world over regard the name 'Bayer' as any remedy as the Hall Mark of curative efficacy. It is your best guarantee of quick relief from rheumatic pain.

Box of 12 powders, 1/6. Box of 24 powders, 2/6. Of all Chemists.

**BAYER**  
**A.P.C.**  
**QUICK-SURE-SAFE**

# THE Cherry ORCHARD

**T**HE tractor doesn't stop. It keeps going. As you come abreast the tree you open the feed lever and the spout belches grey dust. You give the spout a lift and a dip and a swing with your other hand and then shut off. The cloud of dust, being light and having no momentum, stops dead. It stops as if brakes had been set on it. It stops and hangs there and there isn't any tree. Just a blob of fog in the night. That's what Sam did.

To operate a duster in an orchard heavy with fruit, you work on your knees. It's not easy work. It's fast work. You get every tree as you go because you're not going back. You're not going back because if you did you'd have to drive through that dust, and driving through nicotine dust isn't pleasant.

Sam got every tree. When you get to the end of the row you turn around and go back on the next. You look ahead into the black shadowed trees to see if you can make them out. If you can make out that next row and can't see anything but a strip of fog where the first row is, swell. If you can see the row you've dusted, it's not so good. It means the dust has drifted off the job.

Continued from Page 30

If you can't see the row you're going to cover next it means it may be all right for the orchard but tough for you. It means the dust is still in the orchard doing business, but it's moved in and you'll have to go through it.

Sam didn't have to go through it. Not then. The fog he'd laid down stayed where put. He started on his second row, blotting out trees, one at a time.

There are pleasanter things to do than dust. You have two motor exhausts roaring at you and you have to breathe those gases while you work. Besides, that high-speed fan makes a terrific whining which screws a man's nerves up. Queer, but it does. Besides, sometimes the fan clutch throws grease and the grease is hot and burns your skin when it hits.

Sam's fan clutch threw hot grease. And the whine of the fan was like scratching your nail on plaster. And he breathed exhaust gases. But that was all right with Sam. You can't grow cherries sitting in a rocker and eating ice cream.

Maybe ground will look level as a floor, but try it on your knees on a duster platform. You bounce plenty. Sam did. And, with a crop like that, branches almost touch and the hopper drags through them and green cherries are knocked off and drop on the platform. Try kneeling on big beans once. Just once. Sam didn't have to. He had green cherries to kneel on.

But that was all right. You have things like that to do.

When the dust began to drift on him it wasn't all right, though. I don't mean Sam complained because it constricted his throat and made him cough and gag, or because he couldn't get his breath for so long his heart pumped fit to knock his tonsils out. I mean, it slowed him up. That's why it wasn't all right. You never can tell when you're going to have conditions like that. Sam knew it was his last chance. He had to finish before things changed.

The dust drifted in on him. Just sort of filtered in. It wasn't blowing away, understand: it wasn't quitting the job. Just sprawled out, enfolding Sam and Alec, stifling them. That wouldn't have been so bad either, if Sam hadn't had to breathe motor gases along with the dust.

You can protect your eyes with goggles. Sam did. But you can't protect your breathing apparatus without a mask, and Sam figured he'd never be able to breathe well enough in one to keep going as hard as he must. To keep going was all Sam thought about.

**Y**OU keep going, understand, as long as you can take it. Ringing in your ears mustn't stop you. Sparks dancing before your eyes mustn't stop you. Treetops going round and round when there's no wind mustn't stop you. You keep going until you haven't the strength left in your right arm to swing the spout, or in your left hand to open the feed lever, and then you fall off.

Sam fell off at the end of the row in dew-drenched alfalfa and gulped for air and gagged a little, and told Alec not to be a darn fool when Alec helped him sit up and said they'd better wait a while. Sam waited, only for a few good, but wherry, breaths.

After a couple of hours Sam's knees were pretty raw from kneeling on green cherries, but he didn't mind that. He was used to pain.

He minded when a branch whacked him, though. The branch caught on the hopper and bent double and let go and caught Sam on the ear fit to knock his head off. That made Sam mad, because it

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People who want to reduce swollen or varicose veins should get a bottle of Moone's Emerald Oil at once. Applying night and morning as directed they will quickly notice an improvement which will continue until the veins and lumps are reduced to normal. The leading chemists sell lots of it, and gladly refund your money in the rare event that you don't gain relief.



Military  
But  
Rakish

JOAN CRAWFORD selects this Marina-blue wool angora suit for between-seasons wear. Huge blue buttons and twisted fabric give the jacket a military air. A rakish stitched hat tops the outfit.

made him dizzy and he had to spend as much strength hanging on for a while as he did blowing those aphids to kingdom come.

He was blowing them to kingdom come, too! He'd have bet there wasn't an aphid-infested wrinkle on

the inside of a curled-up leaf that his dust hadn't penetrated with its death warrant for pests! But he had to get them all, every row, every tree.

Please turn to Page 59

She thought her washing was white . . .



... till a Persil user came next door!

When you put ordinary washing against Persil washing the difference almost hits you in the face! This is why. An ordinary washer just takes the dirt off the surface of the fabric. It can't do more. But Persil does *much* more. Persil's oxygen-charged bubbles go right to the very heart of the fabric. They push out the ingrained, rubbed-in dirt—the dirt that ordinary soap leaves behind. So Persil is *bound* to make things cleaner and whiter. And because it works so gently it makes clothes last longer, too. Use Persil alone.

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# Intimate Jottings

by Caroline.

## Did You Know—

That Major and Mrs. Ellsworth, of Yamatree station, Bethunga, flew to Sydney last week on the new Adelaide-Sydney air service? The journey took only one-and-a-half hours.

## Much Feted

NEVER was a girl more feted and farewelled than Anne Gordon. She left on Saturday in the Strathaird for her trip to England, long mooted and much looked forward to.

Mrs. T. H. Kelly had a luncheon-party in her honor; Anne's mother, Lady Gordon, invited many of her friends to cocktails; and another hostess was Mrs. Lennox Bode, who also entertained at the five-to-seven hour. The party did not end there as Anne, with her hostess and several congenial spirits, went on to the movies at the Mayfair.

Mrs. Jack Beachen, of Auckland, has spent most of the winter in Sydney, where she has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Lindley Evans. She is returning in the Wanganella to her home this week.

## Quickly Hushed

THERE was a big crowd of children at the matinee given by the Comedy Harmonists on Wednesday. One small girl began a song in a piping little voice just as the singers were about to begin their famous interpretation of "The Barber of Seville." However, she was quickly hushed.

Sir Henry Braddon was among the audience, and I saw him chatting to Marie Bremner. Mrs. W. J. Cleary wore mink with her attractive burgundy ensemble; Noel Marr, in grey tweeds with canary accessories, and Lawrence Godfrey Smith were also present.

Most successful was the bridge party held at Retford Hall on Thursday afternoon in aid of the Pastel Ball funds. The organising honors go to Mrs. Harry Meeks and Mrs. Alan McGregor.

## Off to the Bush

MAYBE you saw a new cream car with deep red leather upholstery making for the south early on Friday morning. Well, ten to one Mrs. Dan Thompson was at the wheel, and her passengers were Mr. and Mrs. John Charley and their son, Jock, who were off to The Mill, Bowral, for the holidays.

Mrs. Thompson and young daughter, Lyndall, were motoring further afield to Goulburn to spend the week-end at Cardross Station, and they will return with Dr. Thompson, who has been enjoying a country holiday in the district.

## Extremely Smart

LOOKING extremely smart in a black angora frock with white wool rings embroidered on the corsage and a small black hat, Mrs. Bruce Watchorn spent a busy day in town last week. After meeting a number of her Sydney friends, chatting with relatives, and coping with a spot of spring-time shopping, she went home to Newcastle on the night train.

We will be seeing Mrs. Watchorn, formerly Gwen Rofe, again in the near future, as her husband, Captain Watchorn, will be in camp round about our city.

## Seventeen Copies

MR. AND MRS. McMORRAN and their young daughter, Norma, had a fascinating tour of China and Japan, before the outbreak of hostilities, en route to Canada. The travellers will return to Sydney in November.

No fewer than seventeen copies of a paragraph I wrote about Mrs. McMorran, just after she left for her trip to Canada, were sent on to her, and she was highly amused when she found them awaiting her on the other side.

The paragraph referred to an occasion when Mrs. McMorran dressed with more haste than care, and spent an entire day dashing round town shod with one brown and one navy shoe.

## Bank Managers' Dance

THE bank managers of Sydney had their annual cheery dance on Saturday night in aid of the Industrial Blind Institution. The attractive ballroom at Tattersall's Club was chosen for the party.

Among the dancers were Mrs. A. C. Davidson, who wore a lovely frock of powder-blue satin with a draped corsage; her niece, Helen Davidson, wearing a chiffon frock of lipstick-red; Jessie McMaster, Agnes Duncan, Marjorie Shann, Nancy Suttor, Royce Shannon, Stanley James, Jo Andrew, Fenton Braund, Haddon Braund and Douglas Dennis.

## Good Old Days

IN the good old days Thanksgiving Day was celebrated by the American colony in Sydney in no uncertain fashion. Blazing plum puddings and turkeys complete with cranberry sauce were included in the usual bill of fare as a prelude to a night of dancing. For some time now these festivities have been in abeyance, but are coming to light again this year.

## Women Artists

A LARGE throng of art devotees filled the Education Galleries on Saturday afternoon for the opening of the Society of Artists' Exhibition by the Federal Attorney-General (Mr. R. G. Menzies). Adelaide Perry, Mary Edwards, Maud Sherwood, and Jocelyn Brown were among the women artists whose pictures were hung.



## Reception for Rubinstein

MRS. WALTER SWINSON, wearing a graceful cocktail frock composed of a black satin skirt and grey-and-white tunic and a ballbunt hat trimmed with a chou of yellow and white flowers, received one hundred and fifty guests at the reception given in honor of Arthur Rubinstein on Monday afternoon at the Queen's Club.

Mr. Rubinstein proved a genial guest and chatted in an animated fashion with almost everyone present.

Lady Jordan, Sir Claude and Lady Reading, Mrs. George Macarthur Onslow, Mrs. G. Beresford Grant, Lady Gordon, Mrs. A. J. Warry, and Sir Mark and Lady Sheldon were just a few of the guests present.

Fair hair and blue eyes are just some of the charms of the new baby daughter in Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Stewart's household. The babe and her mother have just returned from Charlemount Hospital to their home, Coppins, Strathfield.

## Wedding of the Week

THE wedding of last week had for principals Norma Carpenter and John Brain. Occurring as it did on spring's first official day it was just too bad that a rainstorm deluged the streets. However, that did not in any way dampen the proceedings, and the bride, wearing a ripple satin gown threaded in silver, and a bevy of charming bridesmaids, Joyce Carpenter, Nancy Blundell, Jean Kennedy and Bettina Dowley Smith, looked radiant.

The bride's lovely pendant earrings of pearls and diamonds were the gift of her mother and the only ornaments worn.

Marjorie Matthews, of Melbourne, has been enjoying a grand tour. After a stay in Queensland, she is en route to Sydney for a short visit to Helen Goldfinch, and then she will continue her trip by boat to the south.

## Visitor From Colombo

QUITE one of the smartest members of the audience at the new programme of the Marcus Show was Mrs. John Martin, of Colombo, who saw the programme from the left-hand box. Her lovely smooth coiffure, swathed and waved close to her head, is an achievement. She wore a frock of stiffened black lace with a jade-green sash and jade-green and black beads as accessories.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Dickens entertained a party in the dress-circle, Mrs. Dickens wearing a lovely amethyst brooch of antique design with her frock of shot taffeta in blue and mauve shades. The T. H. Kellys I noticed deserted their front row in the dress-circle in favor of stall seats.

## Have You Seen—

The perfectly-matched gloves and scarf of burgundy velvet worn by Dulcie Holland, brilliant young Sydney composer, with her French-grey coat and skirt? Miss Holland leaves this Saturday by the Otranto for further study in London.



A SMILING STUDY of Miss Edith Powell, only daughter of Mr. M. L. Powell and the late Mrs. Powell, of Nanango, Queensland, whose engagement to Mr. Reginald Atwell, of Southport, has recently been announced. Miss Powell is well known in Sydney and is a granddaughter of Mrs. F. A. H. Cork, of Chatswood.



(ADVERTISEMENT)

# CAN AUSTRALIANS recognise a really FINE CHEESE?

**yes!** Comments of overseas epicures now disproved by rush on new tasty cheese!

WE'RE accustomed to hearing unflattering remarks from various bon vivants and gourmets who visit our sunny shores. Australia has no resources for entertaining travellers, no night life, they say. Australians' cooking is terrible. Australians have no understanding of the subtler points of fine fare. Australians this, that, and the other.

In one respect, however, we can show the world that we have reached a happy state of gastronomic maturity. We do appreciate good cheese. We've proved this by the open-mouthed way we've welcomed the new kind of tasty cheese produced recently by a famous Australian Cheese Company. All over Australia a heavy demand for this new cheese has been reported.

Cheese, of course, has an ancient and significant association with the delight and nourishment of mankind. To serve a good cheese is the high water mark of sophisticated entertainment. To know and appreciate good cheese has come to be indicative of an educated palate. This new tasty cheese that's becoming so popular throughout Australia fulfils all the finest traditions of hospitality.

In flavour and quality Old English equals the proudest and most historic English matured cheeses. Its tingling sharpness and full-bodied heartiness make it perfect as an accompaniment for fruit in a summer dessert, or an exquisite complement to a fine repast. It adds a

wealth of zest and richness to cooked cheese dishes. It transforms the humble bread and cheese into a right royal feast.

## Manufacturing Triumph

By thus producing really tasty, thoroughly matured cheese in creamy foil-wrapped blocks, this manufacturing company has performed a veritable cheesemaking miracle, worthy of a special chapter to itself in the fascinating history of cheese. It took years to perfect this new type of cheese!

## IN CONVENIENT PACKETS, TOO!

Welcome as it is for fine flavour and smooth texture, housewives are discovering every day further conveniences of getting this tasty cheese in packets that never vary in flavour, texture, or freshness. Old English is economical to buy, hasn't any rind to cut away, doesn't waste through crumbling, cooks splendidly. In fact, it's very rapidly winning for itself an indispensable place on every well-planned pantry shelf in Australia.

## Bad Teeth due to Faulty Diet

Recent Dental Conference Stresses Importance of Calcium.

Sir Harry Moxham Speaks Out.

"To give a good calcium supply to a growing child was to do much towards endowing that child with good teeth," said Sir Harry Moxham in his presidential address to the Dental Conference held in Sydney recently.

"Diseases of the teeth are not a mere chance disability of the day," he continued, "but the most urgent and gravest disease of our time—a more serious national scourge than cancer or consumption."

"Yet dental disease is so insidious in its onset that we more or less take it for granted. It does not attack people quickly; it never disfigures or cripples people in a few days; but in its ultimate results it is just as disfiguring, just as crippling, and just as destructive, as infantile paralysis, cholera, diphtheria, or any other diseases which have been terrors to humanity throughout history."

Every speaker at the Dental Conference agreed about this most urgent need of preventive dentistry, the inclusion of more calcium in everyday diet—in the form of fresh milk or cheese.

## SAFEGUARD FOR HEALTH

When children do not drink the daily quart of milk necessary to provide sufficient calcium for the development and maintenance of strong teeth and bones, parents can remedy the deficiency by including cheese sandwiches for lunches, and by serving cooked cheese dishes two or three times a week.

Cheese includes the essential milk minerals, calcium and phosphorus, in a concentrated form as digestible as milk itself.

Modern cheeses in hygienic packets are safe to include daily in every child's diet. They're pasteurized for purity and foil wrapped for absolute freshness. They have a smooth creaminess that's very palatable in sandwiches and a mellow flavour relished as much by children as adults.

\*Extract from the Daily "Sun," Aug. 16, 1937.

# SHOCK FOR MRS. WATTS OF "THE GUMS"

She thought this was the only way to get a TASTY cheese

NORA DARLING, HERE'S A PLEASANT SHOCK FOR YOU. TRY THIS 'OLD ENGLISH,' ONE OF THE TASTIEST CHEESES I'VE EVER FOUND!

PACKET CHEESE? WELL, I'LL TRY IT SUE, BUT—

WASN'T I RIGHT?

YOU WERE! IT'S GOT THAT WELL-MATURED CHEESE FLAVOUR I'M ALWAYS LOOKING FOR! DELICIOUS!

## Welcome Spring with Cheese Dishes!

By MARY LEONARD

IT'S Spring again! Time to be packing away our winter woollies, and getting really enthusiastic about new clothes. Time to be putting up fresh muslin curtains and filling the house with sweet-scented flowers. Time to be planning light-hearted, colorful meals that will tempt jaded "change-of-season" appetites. The very time for serving succulent and satisfying cheese dishes!

## Cheese Solves All Spring Menu Problems

Warm days or cold, all the year round, our diet must include certain vital elements to give us energy and keep us in good health, however much we yearn for something light and cool and unsubstantial. That's why cheese deserves a star place in all Spring and Summer menu plans! Cheese is downright delicious and stimulating in flavour. Cheese is light. And all this, it's rich in concentrated food values. As a dietitian would explain, it contains proteins, energy units, Vitamin A and the milk minerals, calcium and phosphorus, so necessary for building strong teeth and bones.

Our favourite Spring salad of lettuce and tomatoes, tossed up light and bright in the twinkling of an eye, takes on a new glory and importance with the simple addition of creamy golden slices of tasty Old English Cheese.

Cheese combines just as brilliantly with other foods, too, adding golden goodness and nutriment with equal success to vegetables or fish, rice or spaghetti. And the new creamy cheeses in packets are a constant joy for cooking, they melt so easily to silky smoothness.

This Spring, then, let's make cheese our faithful kitchen ally in evolving dishes that are as blithe as the first daffodils, as taste teasing as the most sophisticated banquet, as lastingly satisfying as all our far heavier old meals.

We'll be off to a dashing start with any one of these jolly cheese recipes below.

## VEGETABLE AND APPLE SALAD.

One cup grated raw carrot, 1 cup shredded Old English tasty cheese, 1 cup chopped celery, 1 cup thin apple strips, lettuce leaves, mayonnaise.

Mix vegetables and apple with a dash of salt and enough mayonnaise to moisten, and season well. Serve on the tenderest, crispest lettuce leaves. Enough for four portions.

## CHEESE AND RICE CROQUETTES

Half cup raw rice, 1 cup shredded Old English tasty cheese, 1 cup bread-crumbs, 2 egg-yolks, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, salt, pepper, strawberry preserves.

Cook the rice in boiling salted water; drain well. Add shredded cheese, crumbs, beaten egg-yolks and seasonings. Form into croquettes and make a depression in the top of each. Roll in fine dry crumbs, dip in beaten egg, roll in crumbs again, and fry in deep hot fat until golden brown. Place a spoonful of strawberry preserve in the depression of each croquette, and serve at once. For a family of four.

## SPRING CASSEROLE

Eight small new potatoes, 8 baby carrots, 1 small cauliflower, 1 cup fresh peas, 1 lb. Old English tasty cheese, 2 cups medium cream sauce, parsley.

Cook the vegetables (cauliflower broken into florets) and drain well. Place in a casserole. Add sliced Old English cheese to the hot cream sauce, and stir until it is melted. Pour sauce over vegetables, and place the casserole in a moderate oven, until thoroughly heated. Garnish with parsley. Fresh green beans and small onions may be used as a variation. Serves six persons.

## CHEESE AND ANCHOVY CRISPS

Toast, curled anchovies, 1 lb. packet Old English tasty cheese.

Cut thin slices of bread the size of a cracker, slice Old English tasty cheese out from the half-pound package. Toast them on one side; on the uncooked side of each place a thin slice of cheese, with a curled anchovy in the centre of each. Bake under low broiler heat until cheese is melted. Serve hot.

## Hear the HARMONIKUES QUARTET

(The Mills Brothers of Australia)



In a COMEDY MUSICAL MEDLEY

## KRAFT Music PARADE

**NEXT WEEK**  
 Every Tuesday, 8.45 p.m.  
 SUW  
 SIB-LK Every Tuesday, 8.00 p.m.  
 SIB-MU-FL Every Monday, 8.00 p.m.  
 SIB-WD Every Tuesday, 8.00 p.m.  
 SIB-AN Every Tuesday, 8.00 p.m.

ARE you just a little bit like Mrs. Watts?

Then here's the very cheese you've been hoping to find some day—Old English! It's got that fine English cheese flavour... rich, full, and tasty.

It will change all your ideas about cheese because it's not only as tasty as the tastiest ordinary cut cheese, but it's more economical to buy and use. There's no wasteful rind, and it doesn't get dry and crumbly. "Old English" is a smooth, creamy block that cuts cleanly... stays fresh... and holds its tasty tang right to the last slice! Take home a packet of "Old English" to-night! Every packet you buy has the same fine tasty flavour.

Have you tried these other Kraft Cheeses lately?

**Kraft Cheddar:** If you like a delicious MILD creamy Cheddar, then here's the cheese for you! Very "mild" indeed! Try some!



**Kraft Pimento:** A creamy Cheddar backed and flavoured with Spanish Pimento. Gives an interesting Creole dash to cooked cheese dishes.



**Welsh Rarebit:** Here's the miracle meal of a moment—that tastes as though it took hours to prepare! Melt on heat and serve up hot.





# THE MOVIE WORLD

September 11, 1937.

The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement

Page One

## Calling Australia!

### Moviedom News As It Happens

By JOHN B. DAVIES and JUDY BAILEY  
from Hollywood and London

#### New Films

YOU will thrill at the list of scintillating stars to appear in M.-G.-M.'s next great epic, "Ivanhoe," the Sir Walter Scott classic. Robert Taylor will play Ivanhoe, Clark Gable will appear as Richard the Lionhearted, Luise Rainer as Rebecca, Myrna Loy as Rowena, Lionel Barrymore as

#### Groucho Marx Takes to the Guitar

Two of the Marx Brothers are much concerned over Groucho's sudden passion for playing the guitar.

He is studying the instrument seriously, and Harpo and Chico who play the harp and the piano in their every picture fear that Groucho will encroach on their film footage to display his latest accomplishment.

Isaac of York, and Wallace Beery as the Friar.

Nobody who has seen it will ever forget "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" that starred Lon Chaney in the silent days. M.-G.-M. are now planning to revive the movie classic with Paul Muni in the Hunchback role.

Beatrice Lillie will make her first screen appearance under the Paramount banner in Bing Crosby's next, "The Badge of Policeman O'Roon." It is an O. Henry story.

#### Versatile Anna Neagle

ANNA NEAGLE, who has just finished the title-role in "Victoria the Great," is to star in "Nippy," a story of a London waitress. Critics speak highly of Anna's versatility, the truth being that Anna plays as she has lived.

Eileen Carey (Mrs. Sean O'Casey) and Anna were chorus girls in "Rose Marie," and they have few stories of glamorous days to tell, but rather of tired feet chasing after agents.

Eileen Carey chose marriage, devoting her time to Sean O'Casey and their two boys, Brian and Niall, while Anna climbs higher and higher the ladder of fame, keeping one eye on the bottom in case it starts to rock.



#### They're Not What They Seem

NO! These people are not the celebrities they look to be. Doubles of famous players, they appear in Columbia's "Once a Hero." They are: Eugene Verdi, as Chaplin, (top left); James May and Zeffie Tilbury as W. C. Fields and May Robson; Betty Dietrich as Garbo; Virginia Rondell as Mae West, bottom right. Prominent in the group are Mary Miner as Irene Dunne and Charles F. Clarke as Joe E. Brown —both on the right.

#### Colonial Gracie

GRACIE FIELDS' first picture under 20th Century-Fox contract begins in Australia in the 'nineties, and ends in England, via the South African goldfields.

Playing opposite Gracie is Victor McLaglen. Gracie receives £50,000 as her share of the high cost of British films.

Interest will be added to this film because she will be under American direction.

Americans claim that the British take too long in building up a character. Says Sam Hellman, Hollywood's star scenarist: "In our films a man kicks a dog as he goes into a house. Right, he's the villain, and the audience knows it. On the other hand, man pats youngster on the head. He is kind. That's enough. Slick?"

Well, maybe it is, but it is to be hoped they don't Americanise Gracie too much. Her appeal lies in her "Englishness."

#### Optimistic Note

JOHN MAXWELL, chairman of Associated British Pictures, has just announced a record trading profit of £1,265,829 for last year, with a net profit of £369,645, an increase of £229,794 over the previous year.

"I have no fears for the future of British films," he declares. "Last year's boom and the squandering of easily-got money by newcomers in the industry set us back a bit, but I think that is all over and we are now down to sound financing."

"If we stick to realistic business and production methods I think British pictures have their feet set on the road to success."

This is brave news, since recent cables have tended to cast rather a pessimistic gloom over thoughts of England's cinema future.

#### Another Cagney

JAMES CAGNEY has a beautiful little sister, Jeanne, who is soon to make her debut in the movies.

Until a few months ago, she had not the vaguest idea that she would ever be an actress. She has been concerned with her studies at college and with writing poetry. She is the proud possessor of a distinguished poetry award.

So disdainful is Jeanne of publicity of any kind, that when she goes shopping she calls herself "Miss Smith" to avoid attracting attention.

Some people might call this anticipating things a bit, since, so far, Jeanne has not yet proved that the public is at all interested in her, even as Miss Cagney.

On the other hand, she may just be afraid that brother Jim's surname may draw attention.



# NO PRIVACY For THEM

## Stars Can Have No Reticences

By JOAN SEBASTIAN

*I*N other social circles it might seem a bit thick to walk up to a perfect stranger and ask: "How much income tax do you pay?"... "Do you intend to divorce your wife?"... or "Please tell me about your love life." In those other social circles the answer might be a poke in the eye.

*In Hollywood, however, where there are more triangles than circles, it is quite de rigueur to ask anybody anything. Hence such heavyweight queries as the above.*

**T**HOUGH I'm as keen on getting a break as the next newshound, I must confess to feeling a furtive sympathy for those stars who display a little temperament on the subject of giving interviews.

I have often wondered what the movie players think of us who barge in on their work, their rest, their honeymoons and their operating-tables with questions which their best friends would not dare ask them.

Poor celebrities! They cannot even keep to themselves their own heavens and hells. They must turn from their dressing-tables with their make-up half on to discuss their private lives with strangers at any hour of the day.

It is no wonder that Hollywood town is sometimes called "The Goldfish Bowl," because of its inhabitants' sacrifice of any vestige of privacy, in exchange for their position, fame, and fat salaries.

### Protest Sometimes

**E**VERY now and then, some star—some glamor queen or some one of your favorite he-actors—nettled beyond endurance by some interviewer's ultra-personal questions, breaks into a rage and shrieks:

"My private life is my own, and it's none of your so-and-so business."

But even while they say it, they know it isn't so.

They know but too well that, regardless of whether or not it should be, their private life is not their own, by a long shot! As a matter of fact, there isn't any such thing as a movie star's private life. Privacy would mean lack of public interest—and lack of public interest means retirement from the screen.

A goldfish in a bowl leads a sheltered existence compared to that of the movie star who, besides having to face the impertinent inquiries of interviewers, is followed on the street like a circus parade, mobbed in cafes and at theatres by autograph seekers, besieged by admirers at every turn.

### Shopping Is Difficult

**T**HE stars can't shop in person, but send agents because (1) they are mobbed, and (2) unscrupulous shop proprietors boost prices for them. Their automobiles, recognised by unusual color-jobs or monograms or licence cards, are half stripped by souvenir hunters. Their marriages become publicity expeditions, their honeymoons personal appearance tours.

And Hollywood believes the rumor that the nurses of the foremost physicians are paid to tip certain

columnists off to when a star or star's wife expects a blessed event.

Ex-servants, ex-friends and ex-wives babble to reporters the most inviolable secrets of a star's personal life. A chauffeur whom Joan Crawford "fired" for driving recklessly by way of



● MAE WEST. When she issued a general invitation to "Come up and see me some time," she didn't want it taken seriously.

revenge made the circuit of the newspaper offices in Los Angeles with an offer to sell some of the private life of his ex-employer.

Certain of Garbo's ex-admirers told intimate things about her. Clark Gable's ex-wife, Josephine Dillon, a Hollywood voice coach, told in print about her life as Mrs. Gable.

Even in the intimacy of their bedrooms the stars cannot count on being undisturbed. It is impossible for them to keep their telephone numbers a secret, though not one is listed in the phone directory. A group of men have developed a racket of ferreting out private numbers and selling them.

A "telephony" is the name Hollywood has given to a person who by one means or another has learned the private phone numbers of the stars and offers them for sale to curious tourists, love-smitten maidens, insurance salesmen, newspaper editors, or to anyone who wants a star's telephone number and has the money to pay for it.

There is, perhaps, no other town in the world where such a racket could



● GARBO, who found that sunbaking in one's own garden can be unsafe when snoopers are about.

to get statements from stars whose names had come before the public through the divorce courts or some other sensational route. Some bright lad saw the opportunity of making easy money and a new racket was started.

Now, every hotel in Hollywood and Los Angeles is able to tip off a guest where he or she may obtain the number of Ginger Rogers, Robert Taylor, or even Mae West, who invited everybody to "come up some time," and almost tears the telephone from its connection when a half-inebriated man calls up in the middle of the night to tell her he thinks it's a good idea, and won't she tell him the address.

Since the stars frequently change

sunbathing in her own private garden one afternoon, heard a voice calling: "Oh, Miss Garbo!" She looked up startled, and into a camera lens, and there was a click. And a man's face grinning behind the camera.

Into the house fled the naked Garbo, and telephoned. And the studio functioned and eventually located a man who'd come to Hollywood from New York with the determination he'd show Hollywood reporters that Garbo's picture could be had! The picture was never published, but it was taken. M.-G.-M. saw to it that the negative was destroyed.

I could tell you of a million and one other unprivacies of the stars—about the girl who called Robert Taylor at 3 a.m. to tell him she'd read that he had a cold and if he'd spread hot camphor oil on his chest it'd help.

About the matron of Beverly Hills who called up his Press agent and ordered Nils Asther, in evening dress, for a dinner at her home at eight, and how much would it cost?

### Barrymore's Outburst

**O**F how on the day after the papers printed news of Fred Astaire's baby being born at the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital, that hospital's visiting crowd suddenly tripled or more, and every one of them asking to be shown the Astaire baby.

I could tell of how John Barrymore, ill in bed, listened to an argument under his sick-room window between his gardener and two insistent women who'd crashed his gates, until his nerves cracked and he leaped half-naked to the bedroom balcony and screamed colorful oaths at them until they fled in terror—and even of how a photographer actually took pictures of Marlene Dietrich's underwear to settle the question of what she wore under mannish suits.

Oh, I could tell you scores and scores of such things. But they would be repetitions. And probably you'd get sick and tired of reading about them and say:

"Well, what of it? These stars get thousands of dollars a week, don't they? It's because they are so famous that we want to know all about them! So why should they kick...?"

And maybe you're right. And maybe not. But who wants to be a goldfish?



● IN COMMON with all the stars, Ginger Rogers has attempted to keep private her telephone number. But the "telephonies" now make that difficult.

be developed into so lucrative a business. The business of the "telephonies" developed for the same reason that caused the stars to have unlisted telephone numbers; that is, hundreds of people want to call them on the phone.

At first, the operations of the "telephonies" were largely a favor to overworked newspapermen who had

their numbers because of this racket, the "telephonies" are kept on the jump to keep abreast of the changes. How they do it is a mystery many a star would like to solve. But get the numbers they do.

A glamor queen stretches out in her private garden—sunbathing nude—and wonders if ever will happen to her what happened to Greta Garbo who,



# SOME LIVE SIMPLY

## All the Stars Don't Buy Mansions

By MARY OLIVIER

**T**HE popular conception of a Hollywood star is a handsome man or beautiful woman with a contract running into six or seven figures per annum, a bank balance like the National Debt, and a home resembling Windsor Castle or the Taj Mahal.

*So, of course, one of the first things the visitor to the film colony wishes to do is to make a sightseeing tour of the mansions of the stars.*

**S**TORIES of their rambling estates, panoramic views, marble swimming pools, private theatres, ocean frontages and magnificent architecture have encircled the world. Hollywood, the imaginative stranger thinks, must surely be an architect's dream!

But this is where your nasty old disillusionist again throws a spanner into the works. For, taking it by and large (and do please refrain from sighing), the most important stars of moviedom are those who live in the smallest, most modest residences.

I'm sorry to disappoint. By now, however, you should be prepared to hear anything about Hollywood and not be surprised at even the most unexpected things.

### Gable's Diggings

**T**AKE Clark Gable, for instance. Married to Rhea, Clark indulged in a most elaborate home atop one of the famous Beverly mounds. The place more than came up to the standard of other Hollywood dwellings. Separated from Mrs. Gable, however, your favorite he-man's address is a not very exclusive or expensive hotel near the studio.

His suite consists of two rooms, a living-room and a bedroom. He does not indulge in servants, but employs a wardrobe man who goes to the hotel once a week to see that his clothes are in order, that there are no fruit stains on his ties or moths in his underwear.

Clark dines out mostly. A near-by eating-house for a light breakfast, lunch at the studio commissary (cafe to you) and one of the local restaurants for dinner. Having no home he seldom entertains. Nor does he often go to other people's social functions, so he has no need to reciprocate hospitality. When he does wish to play host, he stages a small dinner-party at some popular rendezvous.

No, Clark hasn't even a secretary! Being the screen's number-one-romantic-hero-of-the-moment, you'd imagine Bob Taylor to have established himself as king of a princely mansion in Hollywood's most select locality. Such is not the case. Robert rents a small house in one of the quietest streets in the suburb.

There is nothing about the place, inside or out, to indicate that a famous screen personality lives there. Except perhaps the huge arrays of suits in the closets, and the freshly-laundered shirts which Bob's one servant, a Hungarian named Joe, has a habit of piling up on the beds.

The living-room, with its radio, books, fireplace and tricky miniature bar, is such an ordinary bachelor living alone might have. Bob sleeps in a small bedroom almost austere in its simplicity. There is one guest-room,

a bathroom, a kitchen and a room which is used as a gymnasium. Not a ballroom, a swimming pool, a tennis court, or the slightest hint that Hollywood's famous interior decorators have been meddling around with daddies and bric-a-brac.

All of which means that our Robert seldom indulges in receiving guests, and when he does feel like throwing a party, it's at the Beverly Wilshire Hotel for a dinner-dance.

Merle Oberon and Janet Gaynor, both ranked among Hollywood's most famous stars, live in modest apartments, not much larger than the standard suburban flat, on the outskirts of Hollywood.

Two bedrooms, one for the star and one for her servant, a lounge, a living-room, sun porch, bathroom and kitchen are all they can boast, and each has only the one maid who attends to the house-keeping, the cooking, and is general factotum at all times.

When Bill Powell parted from Carole Lombard he gave up his famous palazzo in the ultraluxury section of the movie colony because he was tired of living like a lone emperor. From a home containing everything that opened and shut he moved into another in a comparatively piebetic section of West Los Angeles, which, although a roomy sort of place, is a far cry from his former residence.

At the most it possesses a tennis court where Bill, who is an accomplished and very keen tennis player, does most of his entertaining.

Bill Powell's old home was one of the show places of Hollywood. His swimming pool was the last word in modernistic construction. His

interior decorating, all in neo-classic design, was an accomplishment even for the well-known set decorator who was responsible for it.

But Bill says, "If ever I build a swimming pool again I'll have a moat dug around my house and swim round and round without the necessity of turning back after a few strokes. I think I'll also have a drawbridge."

### Ordinary Homes

**Y**OU'D imagine that Ginger Rogers would sport a decent-sized shack in which to let herself go, wouldn't you? If you do, you're wrong. A cottage small as what this sprightly and nimble-footed young lady calls home, sweet home. Just a little furnished place with mamma and a personal maid. Ginger has no hankering after pretentiousness.

Miriam Hopkins leases a comfortably-furnished but quite ordinary apartment, and Joan Bennett's bungalow is just large enough to accommodate her two youngsters, two servants, and herself.

James Stewart splits the cost of a small house in Beverly Hills with Joshua Logan and John Swope, two young men who specialise

after his domestic affairs. Now he rents a charming, but not large, house in Brentwood, but employs no servants.

Another young man who has brought his family to Hollywood to look after his home is Michael Whalen, who, unlike the others, has purchased a pretty little place built on Spanish lines in Benedict Canyon. Here he lives with his mother and two sisters.

Just to prove, however, that all Hollywood does not live in two rooms with a bath, there are Claudette Colbert, Jeanette MacDonald, the Joel McCrea, Bing Crosby, Don Ameche, Rochelle Hudson, Dolores Del Rio, Norma Shearer, and hosts of others who have quite a pile of money sunk in their elaborate, sometimes palatial residences, and reasonably large estates.

These are the homes for which Hollywood is renowned, complete with tennis and badminton courts, putting-greens (some even have their own private golf courses), electrically-lighted swimming-pools, private theatres, ballrooms, nurseries, gymnasiums and all modern conveniences.

That's living in Hollywood in true movie fashion.



### GALLERY OF STARS

## Joan Fontaine

Co-starred in R.K.O.'s "Music for Madame" with Nino Martini.

on the production side of picture-making. Henry Fonda was a fourth member of the clique who bached for years together until Henry's marriage. Following this, the remaining trio moved into a smaller place, and as each goes off matrimonially they will move and move again.

Tyrone Power, now riding the crest of a popularity wave, was staying at a second-rate hotel until he brought his mother to Hollywood to look



# EVEN MOVIE STARS MUST EAT

## Nourishing Your Favorites While They Work

By EVELYN FERGUSON

Of all the unscheduled, extra-curricula things that can happen on a motion picture set, there's only one of them that almost never brings costly delay to production.

It's lunching, or any of its happy variants such as sipping coffee or tea, quaffing soft drinks, nibbling a sandwich, or licking an ice-cream cone.

WHY is this? Simply because neither star nor lowly helper, director nor technician, cameraman nor electrician, would dream for a moment of allowing his or her between-meals thirst or appetite interfere in one iota with the brief moments throughout the working day when cameras turn. It would be unthinkable.

But that lunching does occur on the picture sets is undeniable. There's

hardly a star, for instance, who doesn't at some time each day have maid or valet bring some steaming beverage, a chilled confection or an orange juice to him or her for semi-private consumption in portable stage dressing-room, or on a canvas chair removed from the direct glare of light clusters.

Now how do they find all the leisure time for this catering to the inner man (or woman) in all the strenuous hustle and bustle of picture-making, where every passing second counts importantly on the cost sheets?

Simple. No matter what the ten-

sion and however much the importance and complex intricacy of the day's shooting schedule, there's no one person who can be busy constantly throughout the long hours of work, although there are certain individuals—the director, head cameraman, business manager and on occasions the stars themselves—whose responsibilities do cause them more or less continual concern.

Though the camera, lighting and carpenter crews are efficient at this from long practice, it involves long and tedious waits. Despite this, there's remarkably little fidgeting.

It is during these slack times that refreshments appear, even occasionally en masse when a player or director contributes a case or two of bottled soft drinks on warm days. Carole Lombard has been known to do this day after day, and there are others equally generous.

Then, on cold days, huge urns of hot coffee are supplied on the set by the studio itself. It's good business to keep the company happy and comfortable. For many consecutive days when Gary Cooper, Frances Dee and others of Henry Hathaway's "Souls at Sea" company were enduring frequent immersion in chill water there



● JACK OAKIE and ELEANORE WHITNEY caught by the candid camera just as Eleanor is giving Jack a taste of her ice-cream between shots at Paramount studio.

was always hot coffee on tap for the pouring.

There are times, too, when the exigencies of shooting cause postponement of the lunch period from the noon hour until mid-afternoon. Several times this has occurred during the shooting of "Artists and Models," Paramount's lavish new musical spectacle with Jack Benny, Ida Lupino, Gail Patrick and many more.

Several times Director Raoul Walsh found it expedient to continue on after the noon whistle blew, particularly when he had his entire company with many score girls and extras working in a huge ballroom sequence.

Those were times when on-the-set attacks were indulged in by many present. Even the sound technicians, script clerk and Walsh himself sipped or nibbled to stave off starvation.

### Studio Commissaries

OF course, the big eating standby at every studio is the so-called commissary—perhaps so-called because it performs catering service, when needed, to companies on nearby locations, as well as cooking up suitable titbits, banquets or whatnots for use as properties in scenes. Also, it's the company luncheon in contrast to a restaurant open to the general public.

The commissaries, for the most part, lose money. But it's the one red-ink phase in the entire studio operation that no one really frets about. For instance, at one major studio the annual loss is computed in round figures at £1000.

But the mere presence and immediate availability of the commissary saves the same studio well up into the hundreds of thousands of dollars by providing cafe facilities near at hand for players and executives who might otherwise be tempted to go off the lot for two or three hours, and thus delay production.

Bills-of-fare at these studio commissaries are quite as comprehensive as the food is excellent. The same purpose is served. Finicky eaters, gourmets and those with exotic appetites can be pleased quite as readily as those to whom ham and eggs and apple pie à la mode are thoroughly satisfactory.

### Outside Caterers

ON the same extensive menu you will find such delectables as Filet Mignon, Tournedos with hearts of artichokes and sauce terriotte and Shiraz Eggs Meyerbeer with grilled lamb kidneys, as against hamburger sandwiches with onions and no extra charge for toast. They even accept orders for "home-made" pies to take out at fifty cents each—and very toothsome, too.

The commissaries probably could be made to pay except for the fact that they have only a smattering of breakfast trade and none at all at supper time. One commissary does pay, due to the fact that it has a street entrance on an important thoroughfare, with neon signs inviting the passers-by to come in and "Eat With the Stars!"

Eating on location has its variants, too. For instance, when Rouben Mamoulian has Irene Dunne and his "High, Wide and Handsome" company in the rolling hills near Chino, fifty miles from the studio, the lunch call results in an immediate line-up of cast and company at makeshift tables with which an outside catering concern has equipped with steaming steaks for sandwich purposes, great piles of assorted cold sandwiches, pies and cakes.

Coffee and chocolate urns are on nearby stands and an ice-cream merchant peddles his wares. All the other items, however, are furnished free, as is always the case on location.

When Ernst Lubitch takes Marlene Dietrich and the "Angel" company on brief location jaunts to close-in country club or race track, a studio truck brings along the requisite number of box lunches packed the evening before in the studio commissary, with a banana and a wedge of pie for every eater, and a paper cup of salad. The truck also brings cases of half-pints of milk, and a coffee urn.

There are times, as for instance when Dorothy Lamour and Ray Milland will work in "Her Jungle Love" in months to come, when the entire company will live for weeks on end, six days of every week, in the "jungles" of Malibu Mountains far—well, anyway, thirty miles—from such a civilisation as Hollywood represents.

### They Must Feed

A CONTRACT will be let by the studio to a company whose sole and profitable business is to install, equip, and maintain complete camps for studio workers in places where no other facilities are available. They will erect a commodious mess and social hall and dozens of individual tents with such accommodations as smooth wood floors and walls, shower-baths, running water and ice-boxes. The food they'll serve will be substantial, varied, and tasty, even including poultry, ice-cream and other viands designed to keep the homesick picture-makers as contented as possible under the circumstances.

Picture companies that fare forth to Arrowhead, Big Bear or other Southern Californian mountain localities are generally housed in the commodious resorts that are in the region, and fed whenever possible in the resort dining-rooms. Such were the accommodations enjoyed by Edward Everett Horton and other of the "Wild Money" troupe in the weeks they spent in the snow country.

It may be accepted then as a cardinal principle of the cinema that its people must be well and sufficiently fed, whether it's a studio responsibility on location trips or a matter of individual initiative within the studio walls. Nor is there anyone to say to them nay if they partake of refreshment in the frequent interludes between scenes.

Except for one thing—chocolate bars. Principals must not munch them when close-up scenes impend, for they would detract from the pearly whiteness of the teeth.

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# HERE'S Hot News FROM All the STUDIOS!

From JOHN B. DAVIES, New York; BARBARA BOURCHIER, Hollywood; and JUDY BAILEY, London.

**MARY DEES**, the girl who made the completion of "Saratoga" possible by stepping into Jean Harlow's role, scoffs at the idea that a career won't mix with matrimony. For her part she is willing to take the chance and is going to marry the widely-known cameraman, Hyman Fink, very soon.

Only a short time ago, she was nothing but an extra girl, when Harlow's tragic end brought Mary's big opportunity. She has the same slender, rounded figure as the late star and can imitate her voice and mannerisms perfectly. Her success with the Harlow role won her a long-term contract, and now stardom lies ahead.

REMEMBER Barry K. Barnes' performances when he toured Australia with Margaret Rawlings a few years ago? Then you won't be surprised to know he's done a grand job as the elusive nobleman in "Return of the Scarlet Pimpernel," just finished at Denham.

Snatching French aristocrats from the guillotine, Barry says, was child's play compared with the terrors of an eighteenth century cricket match sequence.

Imagine facing bodyline bowling in a ruffled shirt, breeches and stockings, a tall beaver hat—and no pads or gloves.

WE'VE at last discovered the reason for all those dancing lessons Joan Fontaine has been taking. Joan has just been awarded one of the prize roles of the year, one for which Carole Lombard and numerous other stars were considered—she'll be Fred Astaire's leading lady in "Return of the Scarlet Pimpernel," and will have to turn in a few snappy routines.

Comedienne Gracie Allen will also have an important role in the piece, and she, too, will be required to dance with Freddie.

IT begins to look as though those who predicted the entire screen would be technicolor in two years were underestimating. Latest reports from the color front are that Alexander Korda plans six color pictures for London Films, two for Mervyn LeRoy and others for Binnie Barnes and Sabu. Samuel Goldwyn will make all his forthcoming productions in technicolor, including the musical "Golden Poppies."

Walter Wanger will follow the color vogue of '38" with other color films. Paramount now finishing "Ebb Tide" in color will follow it with "Beau Geste" and "Men with Wings," and David Selznick, who has two color films to his credit already—"Garden of Allah" and "A Star Is Born"—will also do "The Adventure of Tom Sawyer" in the new medium, instead of black and white, as originally planned.

Whew! The color vogue is definitely here to stay! And growing by the minute!

ANNABELLA, whose name is Anne Charpentier, tells me she chose her screen name from Edgar Allan Poe's poem, Annabel Lee.

Between "takes" of "Follow the Sun," I asked her how she retained her sylvan-like figure. "You come and see me eat," she answered. I did, thinking I was going to be let into a dietetic secret.

Ice-cold soup, salmon, roast lamb, green peas, potatoes, and mint sauce, followed by a fruit salad and coffee, was her menu.

Then she told me she keeps her figure in neat trim by daily exercising with her dogs, a Cocker Spaniel, a Bedlington, and a Dalmatian.

**UNA SCARLETT**, one of London's best-known ballet dancers, found on leaving hospital after a motor smash that she would never be able to dance in the ballet again.

During her action against the owner of the car responsible, her counsel said: "She has lost the opportunity of a successful film career, because you will notice her remarkable resemblance to Miss Jessie Matthews."

Gaumont-British immediately got into touch with her, and now she is the "stand-in" for the star.

SITTING in the Savoy, holding hands—film star Karen Morley and director husband, Charles Vidor. They've been married five years, and that's a veteran class for Hollywood, so I asked them the secret.

Karen told me a dozen reasons before her husband interrupted. "Honey, it's no use trying to think up reasons. There's nothing to being happily married—except just being in love."

Lionel Barrymore has never met his sister-in-law, Elaine Barrie. He hasn't uttered any actual protests against the match, but, on the other hand, he omitted to congratulate his brother, either at the time of the marriage, or on their reconciliation.

The elder brother's devotion to John has always been deep and sincere, and it would be a pity if anyone came between them.

CAROLE LOMBARD seems to be bearing up nicely under the strain of her beloved Gabe's absence. Most of her time is occupied by work in "Nothing Sacred," with Freddie March—and, judging by the continuous reports of practical jokes she's been pulling on the unfortunate Freddie, we judge her spirits are quite high.

And in her spare time she's furnishing a house. No, not her own again. It's a long story, but it seems she got wind of the fact that her pal, Director Walter Lang, had bought an empty house—and in less time than it takes

## Carole Furnishes a House

to tell, she talked him into agreeing to let her choose all the furnishings, down to the last ashtray!

Oh, yes, and every night Carole stays patiently at home waiting for Clark to phone her long distance from his friend's ranch to tell her he's all right, and how many bears he caught to-day, and how he never even thinks of not changing his socks when he gets them wet.

RUTH CHATTERTON is over in the French capital with the Herbert Wilcox unit which is "shooting" "The Rat" under the direction of Jack Raymond. Rene Ray, who started her film career as a beauty queen at the age of fifteen, has just flown over to join the cast.

Rene won a Surrey beauty competition, and on the strength of it asked a well-known producer for his autograph—and a film test. She got both, and you have seen the result in "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," "His Lordship" and "Please Teacher."

Now she is the girl for whom "The Rat" commits murder in this talkie revival of Ivor Novello's successful "silent."

## DOTS and DASHES

novel for screen purposes. Joan Crawford having her baby niece, Joan Le Scur, as her house guest for the summer months... and giving the little Joan a part in her current "The Bride Wore Red." ● Bob Taylor looking for birthday presents for Barbara Stanwyck ● Clark Gable telegraphing "Hello" and "Everything fine" from the back country of Montana, where he's hunting bears or something. ● Bill Powell wearing a few of his private collection of some twenty berets for scenes in "Double Wedding"

● Bette Davis getting the leading femme role in Dick Powell's new "Hollywood Hotel" ... a musical of all things! ● M-G-M buying the late Jean Harlow's

THE strangest coincidence: The mothers of three Australian celebrities, Mary Maguire, Marjorie Ralston and Orry Kelly, all arrived in America on the same boat to visit Hollywood and their children. They are now lamenting the fact that none was aware of the others' presence on the ship, thereby missing priceless opportunities for exchange of gossip. And, still stranger, all three of the young people are under contract to Warner Brothers.

ERROL FLYNN pulled a nasty one on Hollywood's fair sex. They were all agog when news leaked out that the handsome Errol had purchased a new sailing ship for cruising round the coast, and many a feminine heart fluttered at the thought of being invited to sail the bounding main with Mr. Flynn at the helm.

But what did that gentleman up and do but christen the craft "Bachelor" and issue an ultimatum that no woman would ever set foot aboard her! And he means it, too—thinks women always get scared when a bit of rough weather blows up, so are a nuisance—and the order applies even to his wife!

DON'T know whether we should admit it, with so many editors peeking round corners, but we spent almost an entire day down on the set of "The Bride Wore Red" recently—and having more fun! With Joan Crawford, Franchot Tone, Bob Young, Billie Burke, Reggie Owen, Lynne Currier, and Hollywood's only femme director, Dorothy Arzner, all on the

set at the same time there wasn't a dull moment. It was a glorious set—a resort perched on some Swiss Alp—a lovely garden with little winding paths, a large courtyard, up the steps a wide terrace with dining tables; inside, spacious lounges, and around all an impressive background of other assorted Alps.

In the first scene Franchot had to drive a donkey cart, containing Joan, through a narrow archway into the court. Evidently Franchot isn't very well up on the ways of donkeys, for, rounding a bend, he lost control, and the cart crashed into the stone arch, spilling Joan into the dirt and causing general confusion, and much hilarity.

Later, as they were filming a very dignified scene of the group breakfasting on the terrace, one of the donkeys, not understanding his day's work was over, meandered into the scene, and stood before the camera munching grass. Seven assistant directors shouted simultaneously: "Get that donkey out of here!" and after a few minutes of chaos peace was regained.

## SCREEN ODDITIES

By Captain Fawcett

AND HERE IS A COMPARTMENT TO PARK YOUR GUM.

ALAN HALE INVENTED AND PATENTED A NEW TYPE OF THEATRE-SEAT WHICH HE RECENTLY SOLD TO A CHAIN OF EASTERN THEATRES.

JAMES CAGNEY. A CHORUS BOY BEFORE HE WENT ON THE SCREEN, ENACTS HIS FIRST MUSICAL COMEDY ROLE IN "SOMETHING TO SING ABOUT."

A CURTAIN OF SOLID GLASS, 100 FT. WIDE, 120 FT. HIGH AND WEIGHING 9 TONS, IS USED IN THE GRAND FINALE OF "BROADWAY MELODY OF 1937."

BARBARA STANWYCK is really in a bad way from overwork. She had only a week off between "Stella Dallas" and her present picture, "A Love Like That," and since starting the former, she has lost twenty pounds—and she wasn't very husky then. Barbara believes working in heavy, padded costumes during the hot summer days added to her fatigue, but whatever it was, she's got to be very careful. The doctor has ordered her on a diet to gain fifteen pounds and makes her stay in bed every minute she isn't actually on the set.

This Hollywood business of making half-a-dozen pictures in a row with practically no time off is really bad—and undoubtedly was the factor that weakened little Jean Harlow till she was unable to resist the effects of her last illness.

JUDY KELLY'S gone vampish for Associated British's new picture, "Over She Goes." The flowing locks of glorious Titian are no more. She now brushes her hair well back from the forehead, ending in a bunch of shining curls at the nape of the neck.

On the set the other day she shed Maxie Baer's dress-tie. "A Farr, Farr better thing she has never done," said Max.

Henry Fonda has deserted Hollywood and the screen so that his wife may remain with her family in New York until the arrival of a child, expected in the autumn. Mrs. Fonda is a former New York girl, prominent in Park Avenue society.

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## PRIVATE VIEWS

### DEVIL'S PLAYGROUND

Chester Morris, Dolores del Rio, Richard Dix. (Columbia.)

ALTHOUGH this diving drama makes no claim to be a big picture, it is more confident of entertaining than many so-called "colossal" productions.

Director Erle C. Kenton has directed a diving story with punch, and plenty of suspense.

Underwater scenes have often been seen on the screen before. "Devil's Playground" contrives to give them new thrills.

Kenton gives a fresh treatment, too, to the old eternal triangle theme. The players are Richard Dix, sentimental navy instructor in diving at San Diego; Chester Morris, his pal in a submarine; Dolores del Rio, a dance-hall girl who spins a colorful tale about her former social glory.

Dix, alone on land with his friend at sea, meets and marries Dolores. Morris comes ashore for a week's fun, encounters Dolores at the dance-hall, where she is escaping boredom, and puts in a gay week.

When Dix introduces Morris to "my wife," the sparks fly. Morris, thrown out of the house, goes back to his submarine, which crashes into a derelict—a slashing bit of spectacle.

Dix is, of course, the only man who can save them. "Devil's Playground" departs from convention in making Dix do his duty, and the two men patch up their friendship.

Dolores goes back to the dance-hall to tell other customers how her family lost their money and their vast estates.

Pleanty of brisk humor leavens the sentimental angles of the picture. George McKay, as yet another naval man, provides many laughs.

Altogether, an exciting hour.—Capitol; showing.

### TALENT SCOUT

Donald Woods. (Warner Bros.)

ANOTHER inside story of Hollywood, handled with casual regard for production values, and rather far-fetched in its laughs. "Talent Scout" is barely average comedy.

It sets out to show, through farcical interludes, how new talent is discovered in remote corners of America, and how this talent succeeds.

The plot seems to have borrowed situations from "A Star is Born," and to have filched its humor from that

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★★ Two stars—good films.

★ One star—average films.

No stars... no good.

Interiors, a film test, a Benefit Night, and a rehearsal for a radio presentation. These are, however, very gimmick affairs.

Jeanne Madden herself sings attractively, but has been very shabbily treated by both the cameraman and



DOLORES DEL RIO

the dress-designer. Some of her clothes look extraordinarily old-fashioned.

"Talent Scout" gives the impression of hesitant production, as if the studio were afraid to make it entirely a farce, and yet balked at sincere sentiment.—Capitol; showing.

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NO SIR, NO SIR, WE DON'T FRET,  
WE RUB OURSELVES FROM TOP TO TOE  
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AND WHEN IT'S RAINING CATS AND DOGS  
WE GO AHEAD AND PLAY!

Make YOUR shoes shine black as jet, or brown as a berry, or white as a lily, with "Nugget." "Nugget" them every day and see the difference. "Nugget" comes in ALL the colours—Black, Dark Tan Stain, several shades of Brown, and White.

# NUGGET

Shoe Polish



RICHARD DIX, also in "Devil's Playground."

early satire on Hollywood, "Once in a Lifetime."

Donald Woods has the lead, in a role unusually flippant. As a press-agent, he takes a carload of chorus beauties through the small towns, to advertise Apex Pictures. The bus breaks down, Donald goes to a Amateur Night, and discovers Jeanne Madden singing.

After some complications, which seem quite unreal, Jeanne becomes a Hollywood star, marries a famous actor (played by Brian Lawrence) and goes on singing to a happy ending.

There are glimpses of Hollywood







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**F**LAT broke in King-yan! Five hundred miles from the only friends he had made in China. Adam surveyed the situation grimly. There was only one way to get to Yu-sui—by plane; and the only ship available was the British fighter he had been employed to fly for the Chinese Army!...

Five minutes later Adam MacKay turned the nose of the old crate north towards the Great Wall of China, which marked the border line between Shen-si and Mongolia. Cries of anger from the ground crew far below were drowned by the roar of his racing propeller.

Dawn was breaking in Mongolia when Adam set his plane down in Yu-sui. He landed with his heart in his mouth in a rough field some three hundred yards from the hospital. He had picked it out by his

# THE General's GESTURE

Continued from Page 9

red-crossed roof; a vivid reminder that he was still in the war zone. A few minutes later he was pounding at the gate opening into the hospital quad.

"Take me to Dr. Aldridge," he said crisply to the Chinese gate-keeper. The coolie bowed and signalled him to follow.

If Adam had any doubts as to the nature of his reception he was soon enlightened.

"Really, MacKay, this is too foolhardy altogether," the Englishman muttered, as they sat at breakfast.

"I think Mr. MacKay was perfectly right," Evelyn Warner smiled across the table at Adam. "General Sen deserved to lose his plane for behaving so badly."

"Neither of you young people

seems to consider the consequences," Dr. Aldridge said irritably. "Hasn't it occurred to you that Sen will stop at nothing to place MacKay before a firing-squad? Why, even in the British army he'd be lucky to get off with less."

A sharp intake of breath showed that Evelyn, at least, realised Adam's danger. She turned to the Doctor and laid her hand on his.

"Isn't there something Mr. MacKay can do?" she asked nervously.

Adam studied the girl's sweetly-anxious face, and thought to himself that such concern as she was expressing on his behalf was well worth the risk he had taken.

Dr. Aldridge toyed thoughtfully with his eyeglass.

"There is perhaps a way out, MacKay," he said. "Have you petrol enough to make Shanghai?"

Adam's "No!" was drowned by a crashing report that shook the hos-

we'll need every man we've got." But Adam was running towards the door.

The old fighter raced across the field and leapt into the air. Adam glanced back to see a Japanese plane following up his tail. He jerked hard on the stick and pulled his plane into an impossible climb. The engine spluttered, he side-slipped, viciously, swinging out of his pursuer's range, swept a foot clear of the ground, and started into a swift climb again.

All the way up to 2000 feet the Japs clung to him, firing recklessly. Adam grinned ferociously as he brought the first ship across his sights. He sent a death-dealing fusillade through his propeller and climbed higher. By superior tactics he was now slightly above the enemy, and the breathing spell gave him a chance to count them.

Following close on his tail were two single-seaters, obviously the convoy for the three heavy bombers farther below. He ignored the fighters and dived, hoping to get the bombers on his tail so that he could lead them clear of the hospital. The bombers ignored him; kept on their course heavily, fatalistically.

**J**AP pilots! he thought, and changed his tactics. He brought the pilot of the nearest across his sights and blazed away, letting loose a roar of exultation as he saw a black, smoky cloud break from the big ship. The fighters were beginning to harass him now, so he turned back to give fight.

A tight loop brought him up between the Japs. They swung away on either side. He flattened out, raced after the nearer ship, looped again, and came up under it. He pressed the trigger momentarily and had the satisfaction of seeing the Jap fall out of his course. But he had not counted on the other fighter's ability to follow hard on his tail. He heard the roar of a plane above and behind, too late to make a fresh manoeuvre. Tracer bullets smashed across his instrument panel. He felt a hot searing pain in his shoulder. Hot oil spurted into his face and chest. He pressed himself back in the cockpit, trying to level out before he hit the ground.

Adam MacKay regained consciousness three days later in the hospital at Yu-sui. Evelyn Warner was bending over him when he opened his eyes.

"Feeling better, Adam?" she asked shyly.

Dr. Aldridge strolled into the room, his face wreathed in smiles.

"Well, how's the hero of Yu-sui?" he asked gaily. "You're quite an advertisement for British planes; two Japs with one old crate! But you gave us a worrying time."

"Dr. Aldridge just managed to pull you through, Adam," Evelyn broke in.

"Thanks, Doc—I mean Doctor," he hastily amended, remembering that the British medical profession believe in carrying American family-articles only so far.

"I have a visitor for you," Dr. Aldridge went on, and Adam noted a trace of concern in his voice.

"It's General Sen. He's patrolling the Great Wall since the Japanese attack on Yu-sui. He asked to see you when you recovered consciousness."

"Show him in," Adam replied. He tried to keep the uncertainty he was feeling from showing in his face. It was no pleasant thought to come up, once again, before the authority of General Sen.

Please turn to Page 43

## DEFEND FAMILY'S HEALTH WITH REGULAR USE OF LIFEBOUY SOAP

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BOX OF 12



**B**UT Adam was hardly prepared for the courteous way in which the Chinese approached his bedside.

"It is unfortunate we parted so abruptly at King-yang, Lieutenant," he murmured selflessly.

Adam studied him curiously but did not reply.

"I have brought you grapes and ginger-beer in the Western manner," Sen went on, his emotionless eyes showing no trace of humor, "but I would ask you to accept your 600 dollars pay, with a bonus of 1000 dollars for your splendid work against our enemies, the Japanese."

Adam's eyes opened wide. General Sen was prepared to do the thing handsomely. But the Chinese had not finished.

"It is also my privilege to award you the Medal of the Dragon's Tooth for valor," he said simply.

Adam flushed with pleasure and glanced at Evelyn. The General turned to Dr. Aldridge and bowed.

"I understand Lieutenant MacKay will be fit for removal to-morrow?"

"Oh, yes, MacKay'll be very fit in a few days, General."

"Then, Doctor, I must ask you to consider yourself responsible for him until he can be formally placed under arrest."

"Arresting Mr. MacKay is some sort of technicality, I suppose," Dr. Aldridge grated. His long association with Chinese made him ever suspicious of the workings of the Oriental mind.

"Not exactly a technicality, Doctor. Lieutenant MacKay, while perhaps not guilty of desertion, had illegally removed and wantonly destroyed a plane belonging to the Chinese Government."

The Englishman bridled.

"Your attitude is unheard of, General Sen. May I remind you that Mr. MacKay is no longer an officer in the Chinese army. Such being the case, he may appeal to the British Government for assistance."

The Chinese smiled tolerantly.

"I need hardly argue about the right or wrong of the case with an Englishman and a civilian, Doctor," he replied. "But may I remind you that my Western education has told me somewhere of an admiral in a European fleet who decorated a sailor for bravery, then ordered him shot for the careless act which made that bravery necessary."

"You're not going to have Adam shot, General Sen?" Evelyn broke in, aghast.

"Eve, please . . ." Adam interrupted.

"**A**DAM and Eve, a pretty thought, is it not, Doctor?" General Sen murmured politely. "But, yes, I'm afraid I must order Eve's Adam to be shot."

"It would be distressing for these young people to hear more of this conversation. I suggest we continue it in your office, Doctor."

Evelyn's eyes filled with tears as they left the room. Adam looked up at her and smiled.

"We haven't had much time to know one another really well, have we, Eve?" Adam murmured, gently.

"No, Adam."

"Would you mind, then, telling me what Dr. Aldridge is to you?"

"He's my guardian, Adam."

"Then I suppose I can tell you I love you, Eve."

"Oh, Adam . . ." she cried and her soft young arms were about his neck.

At noon on the following day Adam was dressed, and supported by two Chinese soldiers, marched off to General Sen's H.Q. on the outskirts of Yu-sui. Dr. Aldridge remained at the hospital with Evelyn.

"We'll have him back before long," he said, but in his heart the English-

# THE General's GESTURE

Continued from Page 42

man had almost given up hope. He understood the Eastern mind only too well.

That afternoon Dr. Spencer Aldridge set his monocle firmly in his eye and marched off to Sen's H.Q. to represent his Empire's interests in Mongolia. He was ushered into the General's office with a courtesy that did nothing to mollify his mounting temper.

"The good doctor has come to interfere for my Canadian officer," Sen said pleasantly. "I assure you, sir, it is quite useless."

"Useless be damned," the Englishman growled. "I've come to make you a proposition."

"I am honored, Doctor."

"Briefly, it's this: you release MacKay and I'll place myself and my hospital entirely at the disposal of your army."

"That is a privilege I should value, Doctor. But it is also one which I may commandeer at my convenience . . ."

"Like the devil you can commandeer me," the Englishman broke in. He was throwing far-famed British diplomacy to the winds.

"Let me tell you a few home truths, Sen," he went on harshly. "If I leave this darn country—Mongolia, I mean—you'll have a plague on your hands in no time. That's my contribution to China; what's yours?"

General Sen ignored the question.

**Y**OU interest yourself in China's plagues because you chose to, my dear Doctor. You would sacrifice yourself even more than China if you gave up your work here."

"A sacrifice I'm prepared to make, General."

The Chinese studied his visitor carefully.

"You must love Miss Warner very much, Doctor," he murmured, and seeing the shot had gone home, he went on impulsively. "But, since I have no intention of releasing her Adam, there is no need to give up the only things a man desires, his love and his work."

"General Sen," Dr. Aldridge replied evenly, "you are the biggest liend I've ever had the misfortune to meet in this fiendish country."

General Sen smiled deprecatingly.

"There's just one thing I'd like to tell you before I leave," Aldridge went on.

"When, a few days ago, I asked you for bodies of your dead for use in my laboratories, you were kind enough to supply them. The horribly mutilated condition in which they were delivered was disgusting proof of your loathsome barbarity. It was a discourteous and unworthy gesture on your part to send them to me."

"We are both, in a way, professional men. You are a professional butcher!" And with this parting shot, Dr. Spencer Aldridge stalked out of the General's office.

At daybreak on the morning of Adam's execution, Dr. Aldridge sat with Evelyn Warner watching the sun come up over the Great Wall. Glowing like a giant ball of fire, it gave promise of another warm day in Mongolia. Evelyn sat staring numbly out over the hospital walls.

Suddenly a loud thumping on the quadrangle gate broke in upon the morning silence. The regular beat of marching feet could be heard outside the walls.

The gates were flung open. An unprepossessing crowd of men slouched into the yard, shepherded between two files of infantry. Dr. Aldridge

could make out the Canadian standing erect among the prisoners. Then Evelyn sprang to her feet, and ran down the verandah steps crying: "Adam! Adam!"

The Englishman hurried after her. Was that devil Sen devising some new torture for the poor girl? Was her lover to be shot before her eyes?

A Chinese sergeant detached himself from the crowd and intercepted the doctor. In his hand was a letter.

"With General Sen's compliments," he said and handed it to the Englishman.

Aldridge opened it, raised his eyeglass, and read curiously:

"My dear Dr. Aldridge,—I am

sending herewith twenty prisoners of war, bandits, etc. I regret that you should impute any dishonorable motive to the condition in which you received the last lot of prisoners for your invaluable scientific research. I trust you will deal with these in the manner you choose. The youthful Adam should prove a valuable specimen.

"(Signed),

"SEN (General)."

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## SHE DIDN'T WANT TO FLY THE PACIFIC

or star in the films. All her interest centred round her home. Making jam, feeding chickens, and looking after the children during the holidays kept her busy and contented. Then, for no apparent reason, these things began to pall.



Why are you selling off the fowls Mrs. Ellis? You used to take such pride in them, particularly the Rhode Islands

Oh, they need such a lot of looking after, and I just don't feel up to it any more.

I say, old girl, let's get the car out and run up to town. A bit of dinner and a show would make a break.

That would be nice, but I don't think I'll bother. I'm much too tired. I can't think what I'll do when John and Michael come home for the holidays.

So in the end I had to come to you, doctor. I used to do all the work myself but now—well, I even wake up tired. I feel quite guilty about it.

You see Mrs. Ellis, your trouble is Night-Starvation. You're not replacing the energy you use up during sleep. Here's the way to create the new energy you need—

There's Mrs. Ellis from the Wyona Farm. Wonder what she's got in that parcel. It's not meat, because they get it delivered and it's not library books—they don't wrap them up.

It's round, Maudie. It's a jar or a tin. That's what it is. Now what could Mrs. Ellis be buying?

Every blessed night the Missus has this 'ere Horlick's mixed hot in a cup—she has it before she goes to bed. That's as true as I'm standing 'ere.

I reckon the doctor put her on it. My sister-in-law seen her going to the doctors with her own eyes.

Hurry up, Michael. Come on John, we've miles to go, and it's nearly teatime.

Hang it, Mother, this isn't a steeplechase. Give a chap a breather.

**T**HERE must be hundreds of people all over the country who wake up tired and get more and more tired as the day goes on. It never occurs to them that energy is still used up during sleep, so they do nothing to create new energy in its place. The last thing they suspect is "Night-Starvation."

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**HINDS**

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You can keep your hands smooth in spite of weathering and house work by using Hinds' Honey & Almond Cream. Apply a little of this rich, liquid cream after house work and sleep at bedtime. It gets back the softness that hard working hands lose. . . . keeps dry flaky skin with renewed skin softness. Hinds is a rich, soothing, penetrating cream which soothes painful chapping immediately, and restores smoothness.

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—(Mrs.) M.M.N.

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"My husband works very hard and occasionally feels in need of a tonic to help him to keep on keeping on, as it were. In times like these he finds that Clements Tonic is just what he needs and a large bottle usually sets him up."

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—(Mrs.) H.C.B.

All the family derive benefit

Redbank.

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5th October, 1936.

"I have often thought I would like to let you know how much I think of your wonderful Tonic. For 20 years I have kept it in our home and I am sure we all, my family and self, derive great benefit from it. After an attack of flu I do not think anything is better than a course of Clements Tonic."

—(Mrs.) A.J.C.



Clements brings a new feeling of well being to men and women.

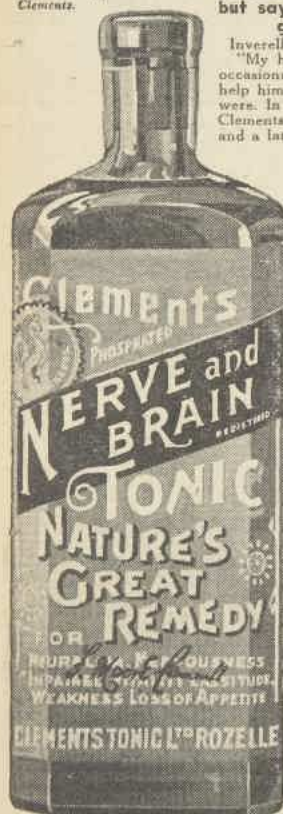
Clements Tonic is the quickest, simplest and safest way to health for those who are run down, nervous, and out-of-sorts. Your own doctor would approve this way, because Clements Tonic is a highly ethical product from the laboratories of a great pharmaceutical organization. Thousands and thousands of men and women have tried "this and that," and at last found Clements Tonic and health! You will be amazed how quickly Clements Tonic brings a new feeling of well-being. And that is merely because Clements Tonic is a blood and nerve FOOD—the only way to bring the body up to "par."



Illustration showing section of nerve system.

## Clements Tonic — the Nerve Cell Builder

Nerves are really composed of myriads of tiny cells that are constantly in the process of being destroyed by the effort of daily mental or physical work. Good sleep helps to repair much of this destruction of nerve cells, but in debility or sickness, particularly in insomnia, there is terrific destruction of nerve cells and weakening of the whole nervous system. That is when the body must have help. That is why phosphates are so essential, and why they form such a valuable part of Clements Tonic, "The Nerve Cell Builder." There are several phosphates in Clements Tonic that are absolutely vital to your nervous system, which requires continuous supplies of these compounds in order to keep the nerves strong and healthy.



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The vital force of your body is the blood in which the red corpuscles are the fountains of health. These red corpuscles are really "transport workers" which absorb oxygen from the lungs and carry this life force to all parts of the body. Every red corpuscle must have an iron ration to enable it to transport oxygen, and when you "lose your punch" it means that your red corpuscles have lost their "punch" through overstrain due to insufficient supply of iron. Medical science shows the way to correct this by feeding the blood with iron ration without delay. The easiest and safest method is to start taking Clements Tonic immediately. Clements Tonic contains iron compound in proper medicinal quantities so that it is easily and quickly absorbed by the blood. After a few doses, the red corpuscles get busy again in full force, and soon your 'punch' is regained.



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Where the Workaday Cinderella Can Transform Herself into a Fairy Princess



CALLING IN on Sydney's new service club for girls, Miss Business Girl asks to be shown the works. Toil over, she wants to relax, eat, and be groomed for a night's gay fling.



LEFT: A few limbering-up exercises to tone up the muscles, then (above) a cup of coffee, a cigarette, and a chat with other club members.



A HAIRSET, TOO! Well, that's a good idea for a girl who wants to look her best. It's part of the club service.



FIRST-AID in make-up is rendered by the club principal, Miss Macleod, at the hour for the dance news.



ALL READY, off she goes, with her favorite Prince Charming, who meets her at the club.

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**"DRUMS"**  
Drums — they are the call to adventure, they beat the music of war, they are the soothsayers of mystifying and exciting escapades, set against the exotic South Seas, in which William Farnum features as Philip Lawrence. Four nights a week at 7.0 p.m. (Monday to Thursday).

**"REVOLUTION IN MEXICO"**

The life story of Pancho Villa — History can boast few figures as romantic as he. Hero to his own country, devil to the outside world; peon, bandit, soldier, and patriot; and above all a man of the people. Written by John Appleton and presented by the B.S.A. Players, six nights a week of 7.30.

**2GB**  
The Favourite Station

## Where Girls May Rest and Groom

AT last someone has hit upon the bright idea of a service club in the city for girls.

Instead of a wild scramble home to the suburbs to dress for an evening's outing, girls can now spend a couple of hours at this newly-opened club, where they will be perfectly groomed and rested before they go out to theatre, dance or other entertainments.

The club enables the workaday Cinderella to transform herself into a fairy princess—with a minimum of rush and inconvenience.

The idea was inspired by many similar clubs in London, America and Europe.

### Many Services

FOR a small yearly subscription, girls can be groomed and advised on all matters pertaining to beauty, dress, and deportment.

This unique club, established by Miss Ann Macleod, at 77 King St., Sydney, is the first to offer advice and service on these matters.

The infinite facilities provided include a tea and coffee buffet, hair-dressing and beauty salon, library, dressmaking department, and ironing room. It is a real service station for beauty.

The spacious clubrooms, furnished in perfect taste, create a restful and luxurious atmosphere.

The color scheme is of primrose, soft green and cherry. The rooms are furnished in very modern design, with numerous lounges and easy chairs especially built to give comfort.

The club is open from early morning for the convenience of the members, but it is perhaps the jaded business girl who will derive the most benefit from its services.

After a weary day, she may relax here, have her beauty treatment, light refreshment, exercise, and then rest before dressing.



I AM A LITTLE ASHAMED OF FREDDIE. I WOULD LIKE HIM TO PLAY LIKE OTHER BOYS. I WONDER WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH HIM.

FREDDIE IS GROWING, YOU KNOW, AND NEEDS SOME SPECIAL NOURISHMENT. MY BOYS WERE NOT VERY ROBUST UNTIL I STARTED THEM ON CORNWELL'S MALT EXTRACT. IT HAS MADE A WONDERFUL DIFFERENCE AS YOU CAN SEE.



The growing child needs strength and energy above all else, and there is no better way to ensure that your children will grow strong and robust with reserve strength to fight sickness than by giving them Cornwell's Malt Extract—the pure tonic food recommended by Doctors and Nurses. Sold by all Grocers and Chemists.

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### Our Radio Sessions From Station 2GB

Featured by Dorothea Vautier

WEDNESDAY, September 8:  
11.45 a.m.: So They Say.  
2.45 p.m.: The Fashion Parade.

THURSDAY, September 9:  
11.45 a.m.: Radio Interview of the Week.

FRIDAY, September 10: 11.45 a.m.: So They Say. 2.45 p.m.: Musical Cocktail

SATURDAY, September 11:  
6.15 p.m.: The Music Box. 9.30 p.m.: Reginald Foort and Tito Rossi.

SUNDAY, September 12: 4.30 p.m.: Celebrity Singer Recital, Kirsten Flagstad.

MONDAY, September 13: 11.45 a.m.: People in the Limelight. 2.45 p.m.: Review of The Australian Women's Weekly.

TUESDAY, September 14:  
11.45 a.m.: Oversea News. 2.45 p.m.: Swing Time.

## RADIO STARS .... and THEIR AMBITIONS

### Novels and Films Appeal

Radio announcers, unlike stage folk who dream of becoming another Irving or Bernhardt, cannot claim an early ambition to go "on the air."

When most of them were very young, radio as a career wasn't seriously considered.

STILL, a chat with the radio staff of 2GB revealed that ambition did enter their lives early, even if it did not relate to radio.

Like most of us they had their dreams—the men wanted to be engine-drivers, and the girls nurses or actresses.

To the engine-driving category belong such personalities as Peter Finch,

E. Mason Wood, Albert Russell, and Harry Dearth, though later Harry decided to change and be a sailor.

When Charles Cousens, of 2GB, first went on the air, he was asked his ambition. He replied: "To retire to an English trout stream, before the age of forty, and there to write a great novel."

To-day, Charles Cousens is still on the right side of forty, and, while the English trout stream is still a long way off, he is steadily progressing with the other part of his ambition.

All his spare time in the studio or while week-ending beside an Australian stream is spent jotting down notes towards the novel of his ambition.

Uncle George, doyen of children's radio entertainers, planned to become a barrister. "The gift of the gab," he explains. "But, having interrupted my legal studies by clearing out to America as a youth, I became a radio announcer instead."

"I suppose it amounts to the same thing in the end. Both talk to earn a living."

Next there is John Appleton, author and producer of many popular radio dramas, including the current "Revolution in Mexico."

John's ambition, so long as he can remember, has been to produce a

### Unusual Exhibition of Leather-work

THE artistic mind finds expression through many mediums. Strikingly handsome, Miss Deetle Andriess, a Dutch girl, well-known socially, finds her expression in leather-work.

Design, craftsmanship, imagination and an eye for the unusual and exotic will be shown in Miss Andriess's exhibition of leather accessories to be opened on September 15.

On Monday, September 13, at 11.45 a.m., listeners will hear Miss Andriess describing some of her designs to Dorothea Vautier during an interview for The Australian Women's Weekly Session.

During her two years' trip abroad she gathered a great deal of useful knowledge for her work from famous museums and art galleries. She was also a student in Paris and spent some time delving into the medieval art of Russia and Poland.

really great Australian film. His experience in the theatre, the films, and especially radio, are all converging towards the achievement of that ambition, he hopes.

Lynn Foster, the talented dramatist, had always wanted to earn her living as a writer. At the age of 16 she submitted her first novel to a publisher, who was astonished to find its author so very young.

He suggested that she should take it away, and after six months re-read and re-write it, when he would consider its publication. At the end of six months, she received a letter, asking her to re-submit it. But a few days previously she had re-read and burnt it.

For a while her determination to become a writer hung in the balance, until radio offered her the fulfilment of her ambition and a means of livelihood.

Reg Morgan confesses to the romantic ambition of running away

### ONE DOSE DAILY DOES IT

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REG. MORGAN, radio entertainer at 2GB, had as his first ambition a desire to see the world.

from home. "I wanted to see the world, and share its thrills, and that seemed to be the traditional way of setting about it."

"I cleared out twice, and was brought back the first time. But the second time, my other ambition, which was a musical career, put me on my feet, and since then, what with music and now radio, I have achieved many of my ambitions."

The moral of it all seems to be that childhood ambitions, like New Year resolutions, are mostly made to be broken. Which, in a way, has been to the profit of radio.

## The BRIDE'S COLUMN

by Mary Sheraton

"BE PREPARED" . . . that is my sincerest advice to all engaged girls. Be sure that you do not let any little hitch steal one iota of joy from your greatest adventure—your wedding.

If you are prepared, you will know exactly what is wanted; you will know the correct etiquette, what to say, and when and how and where. Knowing this you will be justly rewarded and experience to the full the wonderful bliss of your wedding.

### DO YOU KNOW?

What should comprise a complete trousseau?  
How a modern wedding invitation should read?  
The 22 details of wedding duties that the Bride should personally supervise?  
How to plan the celebration?  
How to avoid mistakes when furnishing?



To help engaged girls, I have written the Bride's Book. This book completely covers every little detail of etiquette that the Bride should know. It will be issued free, to engaged girls only, with compliments from Beharfelds Limited.

Present this Coupon: ———  
Miss Mary Sheraton,  
Home Planning Bureau,  
Beharfelds Limited,  
Opposite Town Hall, Sydney.

Please send me the particulars I have marked without charge, without obligation.  
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THE SYDNEY COUNTY COUNCIL ELECTRICITY UNDERTAKING



# GUIDE TO BEAUTY

September 11, 1937.

The AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

First Page

## How to ACQUIRE LOVELINESS and CHARM!

*You may think you could never be really beautiful... that you haven't a winning personality... that it's a waste of time trying to improve yourself...*

**B**UT even if you are convinced you are quite plain, it's certain you have potential beauty. You may have lovely eyes, a delicate, ivory-like skin, luxuriant hair, or a pretty, tip-tilted nose, and any of these features may be emphasised so as to give you an interesting, if not beautiful, appearance.

**Y**OU may have what you consider a feature fault which you are very conscious about, and endeavor to hide. Perhaps that very "fault" may give you a touch of individuality which lifts you out from the crowd.

Beauty is more than having a good skin, bright eyes, and regular features.

You cannot only make yourself fascinating in appearance, but you can immeasurably enhance the charm of your personality into a far more radiant one.

But you must first of all be convinced that you have the possibilities in you for being both beautiful and charming.

If you have never learned the art of make-up; if your hair is dull and lifeless; if your eyebrows are heavy and you wear drab clothes because you feel the more daring or smarter kind would not suit you, then you can never hope to look your very best.

But if you are determined to achieve loveliness and work hard at it consistently you can improve yourself marvellously.

Consider your figure and determine to improve it. Eat correctly. Do proper exercises. You will get your reward in improved health and a general feeling of well-being.

You may discover that a magic touch of henna added to your shampoo will make your hair gleam with lovely lights; that plucking

your eyebrows to a thinner, neater line makes your eyes look bigger; that you can wield an eyebrow pencil and a lipstick with convincing and devastating effect.

You will soon take on a new awareness, a new poise and find a new excitement in life.

You will find yourself discarding your drab clothes and, like the butterfly, emerging from the chrysalis wearing frocks that will give you a new sparkling personality.

### The Right Clothes

**Y**OU will know that the right clothes will accentuate your slender curves, will bring out the color of your hair and eyes, will make your complexion seem lovelier.

Until you have tried all these things you can never know how beautiful you might be.

Of course, beauty isn't a miracle that can happen overnight. You must first become beauty-conscious and then strive earnestly and constantly for what you want. You must learn how to care for your health, your body, and your skin, and how to choose the right clothes.

For beauty depends on these things:

Care of the skin, diet, exercise, and sleep. Personality depends on the acquisition of poise, charm of manner and speech, and vibrant health.

The woman, too, who learns not only how to make the most of herself, but to preserve and

maintain her good looks, is the woman who will not find life passing her by as the years advance.

At twenty-five you are still youthful; you are certainly not middle-aged at thirty-five, while at forty you should be in the prime of life.

But when you reach forty you have reached the top of the hill, so to speak. And how long you remain on the top depends on yourself. If you have carefully guarded your health and beauty up to this age then the task will not be a difficult one, and you need have no fear of the boggy of "old age."

Among beautiful women there is no such thing as growing old these days. When very young, you have gaiety, lots of parties, and dancing partners. At thirty you acquire understanding, greater charm and discrimination. At forty you can wear clothes superbly, appear perfectly groomed and possess infinite good taste and charm. You can be interesting at any age!

In the following pages, our beauty expert has dealt with all the most important phases of beauty. You will find articles on how to care for the skin, how to begin the day, how to end the day, the care of the hair, what to eat for health and beauty, how to exercise for a slender, graceful figure, and how to make the hands, arms, feet, and eyes lovelier. There are also some make-up secrets that will give you glamor. There is advice on harmonising clothes and make-up.



• Ten pages devoted to articles and pictures on beauty culture—how to care for the skin, the hair and the figure—how to make-up and how to cultivate a radiant personality and charm of manner.



## Simple Treatments That Give

## SKIN BEAUTY

How to care for normal, dry and oily skins, and to combat wrinkles and other blemishes.

EVERY woman can have an attractive skin, but not by just wishing for it. Constant care day by day is essential, but excellent results can certainly be obtained.



DESPITE THE CONSTANT USE of heavy make-up, film stars such as the lovely Simone Simon, 20th Century-Fox, pictured here, have lovely skins as the result of proper care and treatment.

YOUR efforts will gradually be rewarded—your skin will take on a finer texture, will be softer and smoother, the color will become more delicate, blemishes will gradually disappear and you will feel that a beautiful complexion is an asset well worth working for.

Good health is the foundation of a lovely skin, and this comes from sufficient outdoor exercise, sound sleep, fresh air, and simple, nutritious foods.

Cleanliness is the next essential, for the skin, being of an excretory nature, constantly throws off body wastes

through the pores. Only by thorough and regular cleansing can you keep the skin free of these accumulating wastes.

For this reason there is nothing to equal pure soap and water for cleansing. However, although the skin is supplied with a certain amount of natural oil, this is not sufficient under the conditions of modern life to keep the skin youthful—hence the necessity of supplementing nature with suitable oils and creams.

Normal Skin.—Bedtime is usually the best time for cleansing the face, which should be washed first with pure olive-oil soap and luke-warm water.

Work the lather into the skin, and then rinse in clear, warm water. Finally rinse many times in clear, cold water—this has a tonic effect. Then dry your face on a clean, soft towel, always remembering to rub upwards and outwards.

Now rub on a little skin food or nourishing-cream, and massage face and neck, again upwards and outwards, for several minutes. Remove the surplus with a soft cloth or tissues leaving a soft film which will be absorbed during the night. In the morning wash the face in tepid water, and then rinse again in cold.

Some women prefer cleansing the

skin with cold cream or using both cold cream and soap and water. You can only find out which suits your face best by experimenting. If you cleanse with cold cream or liquefying cream only, apply the cream twice, wiping the skin thoroughly between applications. After removing the second application, slap the skin with cotton-wool dipped in skin tonic or freshener.

Then apply skin food if you are going to bed, or powder foundation if you are making-up.

Dry Skin.—If you have a dry skin you should watch your diet. Include plenty of butter, cream, cheese, and milk in your daily meals, and take olive oil regularly.

During the day apply cleansing cream or cold cream several times to restore natural oiliness to the skin. Use the mildest of soaps for cleansing and the mildest of skin tonics.

Never go out without applying cold cream or skin food first before you apply your powder-foundation and powder. At night, after you have washed your face, massage with a rich skin food, and leave on overnight.

Oily Skin.—If you have this type of skin you, too, must be careful of your diet. Eat less oils, such as cream, butter, fat meats, nuts and cheese. Cut down on sweets and starches, and eat more fruits and vegetables. Drink plenty of water and fruit drinks, and take outdoor exercise.

### Cleanse Skin

BEFORE you wash your face at night cleanse the skin with cleansing cream to dissolve make-up and soften the skin. Avoid using more cream after washing, but if your skin feels dry apply the merest film, allow to remain on for a few minutes, then wipe off. You will find it best, especially if your skin is coarse, to apply an astringent lotion after washing.

Before you make-up at any time during the day, follow skin-cleansing with the application of an astringent.

Wrinkles.—These tend to appear as the years advance, due to the fact that the fatty layer beneath the skin during girlhood gradually disappears, allowing the skin to fall into creases.

Naturally, a dry skin wrinkles easier than an oily one, so it is obvious that the use of lubricating oils and creams will help to keep wrinkles at bay.

Special attention should be paid to the little lines around the eyes, on the forehead, and at the corners of the mouth. Massage upwards, kneading the muscles deeply with muscle oil and skin food, so that the mouth and cheek muscles are coaxed upwards. Follow thorough massage by patting with skin tonic or astringent.

Blackheads.—These come when the natural oil of the skin hardens to a waxlike substance in the ducts of the skin glands. Dust settles in this waxy substance and blackens the pore opening—thus you have a blackhead. Sometimes the oil gathers in a duct which has no opening on the skin surface, and this forms a whitehead. Sometimes steaming the skin is suf-



SKIN FOOD massaged into the face as shown here by Mary Astor—First National star—will keep the skin soft and youthful.

ficient treatment for blackheads, but usually when the blemishes are longstanding it is necessary to open the clogged pores.

To do this, massage the skin thoroughly with skin food, which helps to loosen the blackheads, then wash the face with soap and water, rinse in warm water, and dry. Now cover your finger-tips with clean lint and gently press out the blackheads one by one. Be careful not to bruise or pinch the skin. Whiteheads can only be treated by opening the skin with a sterilised needle.

After this treatment, touch the open pores with an astringent antiseptic that will heal and contract the pores.

A skin that is cleansed thoroughly night and morning, and one that is healthy as the result of proper eating, usually remains free from blackheads and other blemishes.

If your skin, however, is prone to these blemishes, avoid heavy creams and powder-foundation. Use light, liquefying creams for cleansing, and a lotion as a powder base. Use also a light powder.

Acne and Pimples.—For these troubles you must build up your health. Drink plenty of water and orange and lemon juice. Eat plenty of fruits and vegetables, and avoid starchy foods, sweets, fats, tea, coffee, alcohol, and condiments.

Take plenty of outdoor exercise, and go in for sun-tanning—this helps to clear the skin. Never omit your daily bath, and follow it by a hard rub-down with a coarse towel. Cleanse the skin thoroughly night and morning, and avoid face creams and powder if you have pimples. Apply antiseptic ointment to these blemishes at night and during the day. If the trouble is acute you should consult your doctor.

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A38

NAME	COMPLEXION	EYES	HAIR	SKIN
	Fair <input type="checkbox"/>	Blue <input type="checkbox"/>	BLONDE <input type="checkbox"/>	Dry <input type="checkbox"/>
	Gray <input type="checkbox"/>	Gray <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Oily <input type="checkbox"/>
	Creasy <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE <input type="checkbox"/>	Normal <input type="checkbox"/>
	Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	
	Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE <input type="checkbox"/>	LIPS
	Oliva <input type="checkbox"/>	LACHES <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Moss <input type="checkbox"/>
		Light <input type="checkbox"/>	REDHEAD <input type="checkbox"/>	Day <input type="checkbox"/>
	Sun Tan <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	AGE



# GROW LOVELIER DAY By DAY...

Simple regimes for morning and night that will keep you on the road to beauty

**E**STABLISH a simple but effective daily routine that will not only care for the looks you have already, but will improve your appearance as the years go on, and help to keep your youth, too. It's only a matter of spending a little time night and morning.

**T**HE foundation of beauty is cleanliness—external and internal. Correct eating for health and common-sense rules of hygiene will attend to internal cleanliness.

External cleanliness is a matter of daily bathing—preferably night and morning. It should not take a great deal of time, and will soon become an easy routine if you follow a set procedure.

Make an effort to be out of bed every morning twenty minutes to half an hour before the rest of the household.

You can then have this time completely to yourself to follow a regime that will help to give you beauty.

First go to the window of your bathroom or bedroom, open it wide, and, standing as close as possible to the window (if you have a balcony or verandah for this so much the better, but see you are warmly clad), deep breathe about 20 times.

## Breathing Exercises

**W**ITH every breath rise up on your toes and raise your arms over your head. As you exhale bring your arms down and your feet to standing position again.

Now for your daily bath or shower. It is a matter of preference whether you prefer a warm or cold shower or a tepid bath. Do not take a hot bath in the morning—leave this for night-time when you are going to bed.

The most effective bathing ritual of all, however, is to take a warm bath for cleansing at night and in the morning have a cold rub down, which has a tonic and rejuvenating effect.

To do this, step into the empty bath after you have done your deep breathing exercises. Now turn on the cold water tap, and, with a large coarse Turkish towel, a washer or a sponge, give the body a cold sponge all over.

Do it quickly, and rub hard, and you will not notice any feeling of cold. In fact, by the time you have given yourself a brisk rub down with a dry towel you will feel glowing with warmth and life.

After a few mornings of this treatment you will actually see an improvement in your skin. It will be softer, smoother and clearer. Finish off the morning sponge with a brisk rub with some good toilet water. If you prefer powder, dust the whole body from the shoulders to the toes. Usually, however, you will find it better to use the powder at night after your bath.

## Brush Vigorously

**N**OW for your teeth. Use your tooth brush vigorously with a good tooth-cleaning preparation, and finish off with an antiseptic and deodorising mouth-wash.

The eyes should be cleansed too. Use an eye-cup and a weak solution of boracic acid and tepid water, or a good eye lotion, which you can purchase from a chemist.

You should be ready now for your making-up. Dip a pad of cotton-wool in cold water, squeeze out and dip in skin tonic, or astringent if your skin is very oily. Slap this all over the face and neck, and at the same time use it to remove any skin food or oil left on the skin the night before.

Pat the face dry, and then apply your powder foundation. Use very little, and smooth over evenly. Pat off any surplus with face tissues. Next your rouge, and then your powder. Use the latter generously, not forgetting your neck. Pat in with a soft puff, and remove the surplus with another puff or a soft brush.

Finally lipstick, and, if you desire, a little touch of eye shadow and



ABOVE—Use the eye-bath daily to wash out the eyes, as Heather Angel, another Fox player, shows you here.



AFTER USING cleansing cream, Florence Rice, of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, applies skin tonic with a piece of cotton wool.



ANOTHER film player, Midge Evans, uses a soft cloth for removing cold cream from her face.

member that the skin is entirely covered with pores which must be cleansed if they are to function properly.

Use a good bath soap and bath salts. Better still, use pure olive oil soap, and add a little pine needle oil to the bath and a dessertspoon of bicarbonate of soda. Step into the bath, make a generous lather, and soap yourself thoroughly all over, rubbing briskly. Now lie down in the bath, rinse off all the soap, and relax for several minutes. This relaxation is really splendid for fatigue of mind and body.

Finish off with a tepid shower so that all traces of soap will be removed from the body, and rub yourself dry with a coarse Turkish towel.

## For Your Face

**N**OW slip into your night attire and your dressing gown, and devote a few minutes to your face. If possible, have all your beauty things in the bathroom, with a chair and mirror arranged so that you can sit down. This will not only save you messing up your dressing-table, but will give you more privacy.

First of all you must use your cleansing cream. Use this generously—two applications are better than one. Wipe off thoroughly with clean towel or tissues. Next apply skin refresher to remove any traces of cream. Or if you prefer you may add a few drops of tincture of benzoin to some cold water and go all over the face with this. This has a cleansing and firming action.

Nourishing the skin comes next. Use a good skin food or a little lanoline combined with sweet almond oil. Pat the lanoline all over the face first, and then apply the almond oil, which will mix with the lanoline and soften it. A few minutes' massage is the next step, with either the skin food or the lanoline and oil.

Use the finger-tips and massage upwards and outwards, gently mould-



A WARM BATH at night and a cold sponge in the morning with a brisk rub-down with toilet water is part of the daily beauty ritual followed by Helen Wood, 20th Century-Fox player.

ing and kneading, the idea being to lift the face and firm it. Finish by patting with the finger-tips. You can do this quite vigorously, starting from the chin and working up and out.

You will find after five minutes or so of this massaging and patting that most of the cream has been absorbed. If your skin is a very dry one, leave this surplus on all night. If it is normal, wipe it off; if it is very oily, remove entirely with an astringent lotion.

Combine these simple regimes with sensible eating and in a few months you won't know yourself. Include

an abundance of fruit and vegetables in your diet, with eggs, cheese, milk and plenty of water. Eat sparingly of meat—once a day is sufficient—and go easy on starches—bread, sugar, pastries, cakes, etc. This kind of diet will keep you in good health.

If you want to keep your weight down, eat less starchy foods and fats, have a moderate amount of protein, and eat more vegetables and fruits, cooked and raw, and drink milk.

Those who want to gain weight can eat more freely of starches and fats together with plenty of fruit, vegetables and milk. Olive oil taken internally is a splendid flesh builder.



## 6 WOMEN OUT OF 10

Use the Wrong Face Cream and Powder

### Creams and Powders must blend

Many women look from 5 to 15 years older than they need because of unfortunate selection of face cream and powder. By means of the Coupon below, I offer to PROVE to you how much more attractive you can look by a change in even the two fundamentals of make-up!

### How to make a perfect choice

The choice of a perfect instant-action face cream is not difficult. You have simply to be able to answer "Yes" to the following queries in regard to it:

- Does it disappear into the skin evenly, swiftly, without rubbing into "rolls"?
- Does it go on to the skin, even when irritated by wind or sun, without smarting?
- Will it stay on all night without reddening the skin?
- Will it hold powder for 6 hours without loss of "mat" bloom?
- Has it, as well as beautifying properties, the power to act as a rejuvenant?

You can answer "Yes" to these questions, and several others, as important but more scientific, if you choose my 'Facial Youth' Beauty Cream. This Cream does more than swiftly beautify—it is a marvellous help for the ageing or troubled skin.

### Face Powder More Difficult

The choice of a face powder is not so easy. The powder may be perfect, and yet rob you of your charm through wrong shade selection. To blend perfectly with 'Facial Youth' Cream, I recommend 'Velvet Skin Powder'. There are five shades: Rachel, Peach-Rachel, Natural, Pearl-Glow and Sun-tan. All are Grit-free! If in doubt please allow me to suggest your shades. Simply complete the coupon below and post to me.

Kathleen Court

### COUPON

Kathleen Court, Dept. C.W.1, 499 Pitt Street, Sydney, N.S.W. Please send me my Personal Make-up Diagnosis Chart.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

Hair..... Eyes..... Lashes.....

Complexion: Fair ☐, Medium ☐, Dark ☐, Sallow ☐, Olive ☐

Age..... Skin: Dry ☐, Greasy ☐, Normal ☐, Freckles? .....



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**G**REAT HOLLYWOOD Cinema stars have voted "thumbs down" on face powder that shows—that gives you a "made-up" look. No matter what colour face powder you use, it may be the wrong colour for you. A certain blonde may look far better by using a brunet powder, and a brunet by using a blonde powder. The only way to know is by trying one colour on one side of your face and another colour on the other side, and see what a difference it makes. Poudre Tokalon Mousse of Cream powder is made in new and strikingly beautiful colours to suit every complexion. It is air-floated, invisible and waterproof. Daily newspapers said that two American girls in the Olympic swimming contest, who used waterproof "make up" had immaculate complexions even after immersion. Poudre Tokalon is made by a patented process. (Patent No. 218,154). It was purchased by Tokalon at an enormous price. Send 4d. in stamps to cover costs of postage, packing and other expenses, and we will send you free a special box of Poudre Tokalon Mousse of Cream face powder and six packages of different colours, and you can test them alone or with a few of your friends and have a real face powder party. We will also send you two tubes of Tokalon Crème for both day and night use. Crème Tokalon (Vanishing) is the only cream which should be used with Mousse of Cream powder. State colour of powder you usually use. Address: Commonwealth & Dominion Agencies Ltd. (Dept. 2481), 168/172, Day Street, Sydney, N.S.W. Poudre Tokalon Mousse of Cream powder and Crème Tokalon are both obtainable at all Chemists and Stores.



**MAKE THIS  
FREE TEST**  
and see how  
much fresher and  
younger you will  
look. Full in-  
structions in  
article at left.

## ON YOUR FEET ALL DAY? If So You Need Zam-Buk

**W**HATEVER your daily task; whether you serve in a busy store or restaurant, work in a factory, or are occupied from morn to night with household duties—think of the strain you put on your feet. If you neglect your feet, no wonder they swell, ache and feel tired, and you're weary and irritable.

Here is an easy nightly treatment that brings untold relief and maintains your feet in health and comfort. After bathing the feet in warm water and drying thoroughly, gently massage Zam-Buk Ointment into ankles, insteps, soles, and between the toes. The refined herbal oils in Zam-Buk are readily absorbed into the skin. **THIS**

**Pain, Swelling and Inflammation** are quickly allayed. Hard growths, corns, and bunions are softened, blisters are healed; joints, ankles, toes and feet are made easy, and you can again walk and wear shoes in comfort.

1/6 or 2/6 a box. Of all chemists & stores



"Constant standing at work caused blistered, tender feet. Sometimes I couldn't put my shoes on for the swelling. Zam-Buk is delightfully soothing and keeps my feet perfectly sound." —Miss P.S.

"When I was lame with a swollen instep, I soon relieved the swelling and pain by gently rubbing Zam-Buk over the sore spot. I am continuously recommending Zam-Buk." —Nurse V.S.

**Rub ZAM-BUK In Every Night**

## SCULPTURE Your Face WITH MAKE-UP

*How to accentuate  
good features....  
subdue faults....  
and make the most  
of lips and eyes*

In America, beauty specialists have made a study of face sculpture with make-up—that is, using cosmetics to actually alter the apparent contour of the face and to make some features appear more prominent than others.

By **DOROTHY COCKS**, an  
American Beauty Writer

**M**OST rules of make-up are based on the fact that different colors seem to alter the shape and size of things. A black skirt makes your hips look surprisingly more slender, while a bright-colored skirt makes you look much broader.

Similarly, if you want to make heavy jowls look thinner, use a darker powder there. If you want to "fill out" sunken cheeks or give greater width to pointed jaws, use a lighter powder shade on the lower half of your face.

If you want to subdue bulging or puffy eyes, use a dark eye shadow and darker face powder around them. If your eyes are sunken, bring them out by lightening the surrounding skin tone.

If your nose is big and prominent, tone it down with a darker powder. If your chin recedes, bring it out with lighter powder.

Thus you will be using two powders, one darker than the other, to subdue or bring out the contours of your face. Both powders should be in the same color-key as your skin tone. Thus, if you have a pink-and-white complexion, both your powders should be pinkish—the lighter one a flesh shade, perhaps; the darker one a warmer, ruddy rose.

### Should Overlap

**I**F you are the rachel type, your lighter powder should be a creamy rachel, the darker one a deep tan or tawny or olive shade.

No line of demarcation should show where your lighter powder leaves off and darker powder begins; they should overlap and blend imperceptibly. To accomplish this, apply whichever shade most closely matches your skin tone all over your face, then use the other shade to coat the part of your face you want to modify.

Keep both applications of powder thin and fluffy, for it is neither youthful nor smart to look heavily powdered in hot weather. Indeed, you should look as though you weren't powdered at all, just gifted with an exquisitely smooth skin.

In applying the two powders, don't concentrate so hard that you screw your face up. If you powder over furrowed wrinkles, they will show horribly when your face relaxes. Smooth out every line as you powder, to level all the ridges and hollows of your wrinkles.

If necessary, hold the skin taut with the fingers of your other hand, while you smooth on powder with your puff.

A make-up brush, such as theatrical folk use, is grand to fluff off excess powder (instead of rubbing it in), to remove powder from the depths of wrinkles, and to keep the effect light.

Now for rouge. If you let it spread



*CLEVERLY applied make-up will emphasise your good features, and subdue faults such as sunken cheeks, heavy jowls, small eyes, or a too prominent nose.*

to the outer edges of your cheeks, it will define the full width of your face. For a face that is thin and long, this is a good idea; but if you have wide cheek bones keep rouge in towards the nose.

It is the mouth, however, and the lower half of your cheeks that are most apt to betray your years. They seem to sink in, to give way to softness where they should be firmly and sharply defined.

### Build Up Curve

**T**HAT little hollow just under your cheek bones, for example. It is a first faint sign of flabbiness in your cheek muscles. Keep rouge out of that hollow, lest you make your cheeks look even more sunken and old. Instead, build the curve out by highlighting it with lighter powder.

A pinched mouth is another bad sign of advancing years. Be ever so careful to smooth out all the lines about your mouth while you powder. And don't be afraid to use lipstick to make your mouth both wider and fuller than it is.

If the corners don't reach to a point directly below the pupil of each eye, use lipstick to carry them out. Pencil the upper lip more heavily than the lower, and give the outline of the lips an upward tilt at the corners.

Both these tricks counteract the effect of sagging muscles and a droopy, tired-looking mouth. Full lips are the fashion. A generous mouth is youthful, ardent-looking. The tiny rosebud mouth of romantic fiction is likely to look prissy in real life.

### Excellent Exercise

**T**HERE is one constructive beauty habit that I must urge you to carry on—or to take up. Fortunately you can do it without driving yourself, for it is fun at the same time. It's chewing gum. Chewing gum gives excellent exercise to the muscles of your mouth and jaw. It will help build out that hollow under the cheek bones, will round out the curves of your lips. Chew gum while you loiter about in sun clothes, so that your face muscles will hold their hard, elastic firmness. That firmness is the best preventive of wrinkles and of pinched or drooping mouth.

And you should surely continue at least two other important habits during the summer. Don't fail to keep your skin tissues refreshed and deeply cleansed. No matter how tired you are at night, wash your face with soap and water to remove all this painstaking make-up I've described. And use at least one softening and smoothing face cream on the most careless carefree days. Your face especially needs it in the summer days ahead.

## LENTHERIC PARIS FOR LIPSTICKS



### THE TOUCH OF GENIUS

A lipstick that will last through busy days—glamorous evenings. Cocktail-proof—gloriously flattering. Six shades to make you lovely.

3/9—REFILLS, 2/6

FACE POWDER - EAU-DE-COLOGNE

## LENTHERIC PERFUMES - ROUGES

### ASTROLOGY

What are my future prospects? When will my luck improve? Will I realize my ambitions? What is my lottery? Look! Marriage? Travel? Finance? All Questions answered and full Reading for 3/6. Send P.N. birth-date, stamped addressed envelope. A. Myers, Box 3678, C.P.O., Sydney.

### WARNING

The public is to be warned against the use of ordinary bicarb or cooking soda for medicinal purposes. The safe and simple remedy for Indigestion, Acidity, Wind, Heartburn and Stomach Ailments is Pure TWIN SODA. It gives instant relief. Obtainable from all chemists at 1/6 or 2/9 per extra large packet.\*



# Highlights on BEAUTY CULTURE on the CONTINENT

A European Specialist  
Discusses Overseas Methods and  
Discloses Some Beauty Secrets

THE writer of this article, a beauty culturist from Europe, who has recently arrived in Australia, gives you some sound, common-sense rules for preserving youth and beauty. He has studied in famous salons on the Continent and has treated many of the world's best-known and most beautiful women.

By HENRY HUDEPOHL

IN Brussels, I had the pleasure of treating Queen Elizabeth of Belgium and her daughter, Princess Mary Jose, twice a week at their Chateau de Laken.

Queen Elizabeth, although simple in appearance, is very fascinating. She uses little make-up and has her hair dressed very simply in large waves over her ears.

Princess Mary Jose is one of the most striking of the Royal princesses. She is very dark, with unruly curly hair, and lovely, expressive brown eyes, very tall, and well developed.

In Monte Carlo I treated Lady Mountbatten, Mrs. Rich-

ard Norton, Lady Hugo de Bath, Marahadja of Indore and Princess of Monaco.

Australian girls, I think, are among the prettiest I have seen anywhere in the world, but they could use less make-up on their naturally good complexions.

After spending many years in the study of aesthetical psychology, I am convinced that beauty is within the reach of every woman, and that she may keep her beauty, providing she observes a few rules of hygiene of mind and body.

## Dust is Detrimental

THE first essential is the cleansing of the face before retiring for the night. Always remove all make-up and dust collected during the day. Dust is most detrimental to the epidermis. It not only obstructs the pores but can cause skin infections. After using cleansing cream and wiping the face with a smooth cloth, the skin should be cleaned by a wet process, using cotton wool soaked in a mixture of the delicacy of the skin (skin freshener, tonic or astringent).

The cotton wool must be soft, without threads or knots, so as not to irritate the skin. Young girls under 20 should use rose, bran or lettuce water which, after being used, leaves the pores free to dry naturally.

Women over twenty should apply a nourishing liquid to maintain the elasticity of the skin and prevent the appearance of wrinkles.

For every age the tonic should differ. Some may find cucumber, benzoin or almond milk, or a solution of camphor and various plants, most suitable to the texture of the skin. Sometimes it is advisable to vary the treatment by applying a greasy neutral or medicinal cream round the eyes, where the skin has a tendency to become blotchy and wrinkled.

Latin people do not consider a woman beautiful if she has any adipose tissue around her chin or the oval of her face. Skin should adhere to lower jawbone. Formation of adipose tissue depends upon the greater or lesser activity of the sebaceous functions which varies with age and sometimes slackens in its action, causing the epidermis to become flabby and dull.

In such cases the blood circulation must be quickened with a brush, rubbing or massage (Swedish hand massage, not electric). This should be done by a professional who understands the working of every muscle.

MUSCLES which give expression to the face are thin, flat and adherent to the skin, so that their contractions displace it, making creases and wrinkles.

Good health and peace of mind give to the physiognomy an expression of satisfaction. When one is fit



A CONTINENTAL BEAUTY.  
Annabella, the fascinating French actress with Gaumont-British Dominions Films.

muscles of the face have a permanent suppleness.

Women given to melancholy have more wrinkles than those who are generally cheerful, as more muscles are used to express sorrow than joy. So if you want to avoid wrinkles be gay. Joy brings grace, youth and freshness. In fact, if a woman's skin reveals her health, the muscles of her face disclose her age.

To remain young, your face must reflect serenity of mind and your eyes must express uprightness. Keep noble and pure thoughts in mind, wish for harmony everywhere and do not believe that evil is strongest. Resist fits of anger. Do not let sadness invade your soul. It is bad to exaggerate anxiety. Little cares of life which look dreadful one day will make you smile the next.

A face with irregular features can sometimes be pleasant to look at if it reflects a noble charm.

## Match Your Lipstick With Your Frock

THE beautiful frocks posed by Miss Elaine Hamill for Page 3 of the special Beauty Section, "Match your lipstick, etc.," are by courtesy of Hordern Bros.

Our readers will recall that Miss Hamill won The Australian Women's Weekly film quest. She has since become a featured player with Cinesound. She will be seen shortly in their forthcoming production, "Lovers and Loggers."

Miss Hamill is leaving shortly for England to gain added experience in stage and film work.

ing except a little energy, and to be energetic is still the best way to remain young.

Make sure that the preparations you are using really have a regenerating effect.

I advise the use of the juice of plants, flowers or fruits for the face, as these are the basis of many of the best preparations. Accept only those lotions, creams and powders which are prepared from the best ingredients and have the guarantee of many years' use.

## Some Beauty Secrets

AND here are some precious pieces of advice. To rejuvenate the skin, crush a very ripe strawberry and put it on the face. Leave on for eight to ten minutes, then wash off with distilled water, rose water or rain water. Do this in the morning before applying cleansing cream and make-up in the usual way.

Another morning treatment is to rub the face with a very ripe peach, leave on for an hour, and then wash off with distilled water.

The yolk of an egg feeds the skin and gives it a satin appearance. Leave on till it dries, and wash off.

An apple boiled with sufficient milk to cover is an invaluable preventive of wrinkles. Use it at night and leave on.

Milk and lemon juice mixed together cleanse wonderfully, but are slightly irritating, so do not use too often.

Fresh butter feeds the epidermis. It can be used at night as a skin food.

# BEAUTY BY MAIL ORDER

Rough unhealthy looking skin; ugly grey hairs; sallow, colourless complexion; all can be put right with reliable Beauty Aids. Send Postal Note or stamps to the value of what you desire to Dept. C.P., Dearborn (Aust.) Ltd., 24 Jamieson Street, Sydney, and secure new beauty without delay.

SATISFACTION ASSURED OR MONEY REFUNDED.

## IDEAL COMPLEXION CREAM

Pure Mercolized Wax makes the ideal complexion cream. It is also a splendid cleansing cream, and harmlessly removes freckles, moth patches, surface skin imperfections. Also genuine skin protective.

2/6

## FOR WRINKLES

To correct and control fine wrinkles especially round the eyes you should use Paridum Astingent Jelly.

1/9

## FOR HAIR DRESSING

Use Hollywood Hair Dressing. It keeps the hair in perfect setting, stops dandruff and falling hair.

2/9

## CONTROLLING GREY HAIRS

To restore grey hairs harmlessly to their natural colour you should use Tanninlite. It is not a dye and does not change the natural colour of the hair.

4/3

## LASH COLOURING

It is essential to keep the lashes looking luxuriant and of good colour. Dearborn Lash Colour is obtainable in Brown or Black.

2/3

## EYESHADOW

Correctly applied eyeshadow makes a wonderful improvement to the eyes. Dearborn Eyeshadow is obtainable in grey, blue, olive, mauve, brown.

2/3

## FACE POWDER IS IMPORTANT

Dearborn Face Powder is specially prepared to definitely improve and beautify. Soft, clinging, does not clog. Obtainable in Naturelle (flesh), peach, suntan, light, medium and dark rachelite.

2/6

## LOVELY ROUGE

The Dearborn Rouge is obtainable in Brill-Blond, Mandarin, Vermil, Strawberry, Bruns and Mauve.

2/3

## MODERN LIPSTICK

The Dearborn Lipstick is obtainable in Brill-Blond, Mandarin, Vermil, Tangelo, Bruns.

2/3

## NOW . . . A NEW TYPE

## "Invisible" ACCESSORY

... without belts, "pads" or pins!

Now—for the first time—you can enjoy comfort and freedom such as you've never dreamed of, on those "difficult" days. TAMPAX, the marvellous new protective accessory, puts you completely at ease—helps you enjoy a wider field of social activity, confident and unembarrassed!

TAMPAX is safer, more hygienic, easier to use—a dainty, compressed tampon of highly absorbent surgical cotton, designed by a doctor for internal use. Thousands of women are amazed at the marvellous feeling of comfort and complete protection this "invisible" accessory brings.

Ask your chemist about TAMPAX. It is approved by the Good Housekeeping Institute of America. It's sold by all chemists and department stores at 1/6 packet of 5, and 2/9 packet of 10.

A FREE folder that explains all the advantages of TAMPAX is available from Nurse E. Simpson, Hillcastle Pty. Ltd., 345 Kent Street, Sydney. Write for your copy TO-DAY.

**Tampax**  
The Modern ACCESSORY  
Worn Internally

TOTALLY  
INVISIBLE

## Attractive Middle Age

The best period of a woman's life—providing that the stomach and liver are functioning properly.

At this period the system is apt to slacken in its activities. Biliousness, sluggish liver, constipation, stomach and other ailments—all a menace to attractiveness—take a toll. They are Nature's SOS signals for help to rid the system of poisons.

The best help is an occasional dose of Chamberlain's Tablets—in retain good health and attractiveness in middle age.



**LUX**  
Supercreamed  
TOILET SOAP

Now only 4d cake  
AT ALL CITY AND  
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## Kill Kidney Trouble Quick

Thousands of sufferers from Kidney Trouble and Bladder weakness have stopped Getting Up Nights, Leg Pains, Clavies Under Feet, Swollen Ankles, Nervousness, Stiffness, Rheumatism, Dizziness, Lumbago, Burning, Itching, Smarting, Acidity and Loss of Vigor by a Doctor's Safe discovery called Cystex (Milk). Gently soothes, tones, cleans and heals raw, sore kidneys. In 14 minutes Cystex starts refreshing your blood. Brings new health, youth and vitality in 48 hours. Guaranteed to end your troubles in 3 days or money back. Get Cystex at all chemists.



Spreads smooth,  
invisible...



true skin tones  
of special beauty

Powder shades for every type—carefully blended to give a clear, soft look even in the brightest light! Pond's Powder is so fine and even, it spreads smooth and invisible—never shows up harsh, "powdery". Each shade is carefully worked out to lend special beauty to a different type of skin. Find the one that gives enchantment to your skin. Pond's Powder clings smooth and fresh looking for hours.

### POND'S Face Powder

**FREE OFFER:** Please send me a free sample of each of the six shades of Pond's new Powder. I enclose two 10c stamps in sealed envelope to cover postage and packing. Pond's Dept. 228, Box 1231 J, G.P.O., Melbourne.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

## DISCRIMINATE IN the USE OF PERFUME

Almost all women use scent these days; most of them indiscriminately

*They find a perfume they like and go on using it morning and evening, until they cease to be able to smell it themselves and other people are sick of smelling it.*

IT'S not enough to pick out a scent you like and consider that settled. You must make sure of several things first.

For instance, that it suits you. Not only in the more obvious ways of appearance and personality (sweet, light flower scents for fragile blondes; more subtle, clinging perfume for glamorous brunettes).

It should also go with the clothes you wear and the life you lead. In summer, when you are wearing thin frocks and tailored suits, choose a light, floral scent; in winter, with velvets and furs, warm, spicy scents; in the country with sports clothes a heathery tweedy scent.

It's a mistake to think that to stick to one scent is to associate it with your personality, make it yours; too many other women will have the same idea.



A CABINET for holding a number of different perfumes—flower scents for day and more exotic blends for night—is a cherished possession of Una Merkel, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer player.

No, when you set out to buy scent, choose at least two different ones; one for the mornings out of doors, in the country; a more powerful, mellow one for evenings and dressing up.

Whichever scent you choose, match it up if you can with your soap, bath essence, powder, setting lotion. If you can't, keep everything but your perfume scentless; a clash of several scents spoils them all.

**HAVING** bought your scent, here's how to use it. First, use it sparingly (a lot of women should pin this up above their dressing-tables).

The loveliest of perfumes loses its charm when it hangs about a woman in a cloying cloud. It should be a background, a suggestion, an undertone—nothing aggressive.

A lot depends on the occasion. If you're dressing up for an evening out—theatre and dancing—the correct scent will underline the glamorous effect of your new evening frock, your freshly-set hair, your well-planned make-up. Or for a cocktail party, in a hot, smoky room filled with other women's scents, you want a distinctive, rather permeating perfume of your own, or you will feel colorless.

But when you are in the country, wearing riding clothes or dressed for



Her lips said "Darling"  
but her breath said  
"FISH"

FOR many hours after eating certain foods your breath carries the smell of the food. Imagine talking tenderly to someone while all the time your breath keeps on saying "Fish," or "Cheese," or "Stale Tobacco." ... Clear your breath when you are going to see anyone. Clear it in a minute with a "May Breath" tablet. In time that take up no more space than a coin or two. Antiseptic. Good for you. Carry a tin in your handbag always.



**MAY BREATH**  
CLEARS YOUR BREATH  
1/- a tin at all Chemists

MISTE 9



Cradle Cap appears first in small dark patches on baby's head—if you don't check this irritating rash at once, it spreads so quickly that the whole scalp is soon completely covered.

Rexona Ointment is the best treatment for this distressing complaint. Its special medications destroy the germs immediately, and thoroughly cleanse the scalp of the disfiguring rash.

**TREATMENT.** Wash baby's head with fairly warm water. Dry, and rub in Rexona Ointment. Continue this treatment daily until the cradle cap has disappeared.

Shampoo baby's hair regularly with Rexona Medicated Soap. This Soap contains the same soothing, healing properties as Rexona Ointment. Its special lather keeps the scalp clean and healthy—and protects against cradle cap in the future.

**Scalp kept free from CRADLE CAP**  
"My baby has beautiful hair. I always use Rexona Ointment, rubbing it well into the head. It keeps the scalp completely free from any sign of cradle cap."

Mrs. S—, Harlton Park

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OINTMENT 1/6 per tin - SOAP 9d. per tablet (City and Suburbs)

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LASTS  
THREE  
MONTHS



All Chemists  
and Stores

# Dampette



Wave-sets your hair  
in three minutes... 2/-

### Don't Put It On Your Clothes...

... the easy way of spraying scent on the lapels of your coat, on your gloves, your furs, is wrong. After a week or two it will get stale and linger, past its best, until you next have the clothes cleaned. Avoid putting it on furs particularly; it rots the fine silky hairs. Put it on your skin, your lingerie, your hankie, where it will be washed off before it gets stale.

playing games, a noticeable scent is right out of the picture. Better to wear none at all.

**BESIDES** being almost the most powerful memory-bringers, reminding you suddenly, vividly, of times you met them before, scents have different effects on their wearers. Flower perfumes are soothing; spicy aromatic scents will stimulate you if you are tired.

Much the best way of putting it on is with a fine spray; that distributes it evenly and lightly. Don't wait till you are just going out to put it on; spray it on your neck, shoulders, behind your ears, on your wrists, after your bath. Then it will blend in with your whole person.

And once on, don't renew it with constant dabs during the evening. Always remember that when you have been wearing a scent for five or ten minutes you cease to notice it; other people don't.

—LUCY MILNER.



# "DAILY DOZEN"

Simple exercises that will help to keep you fit, slim, and supple

FOR beauty of figure you must be neither too thin nor too plump. You must have slender curves with a graceful carriage and poise that come from firm, supple muscles and radiant health. Exercise will help you not only to keep your figure slender, but will make it more graceful.

TEN minutes in the morning and ten minutes at night are all that is necessary to keep your body supple, and to give you that glorious feeling of exaltation that comes from perfect physical condition.

This regular daily habit will do you far more good than, say, three hours of exercises once a week. Don't go in for violent exercises unless you know you are specially fitted for them. And no matter what your age don't do exercises too strenuously or they may do you more harm than good.

Remember also—to get the best out of your exercises, do them joyfully, and not in the light of a penance.

Begin your exercises with deep breathing. These will not only develop your chest, but keep you free



DEEP-BREATHING exercises are included in every film star's "daily dozen" for keeping fit

from head colds and give you a lovely resonant voice.

First thing every morning go to an open window. Stand erect, and with your chest out and hands on hips inhale deeply. Rise and fall on your toes as you breathe and press your elbows back. Hold your breath for about half a second, then exhale and relax. Repeat up to twenty times.

For Your Arms: Swing your arms backwards from the shoulders. Work each side separately at first, then the two together. Repeat about 12 times. This exercise will help to make your arms slimmer.

To develop your arms and bust: Stand with your shoulders held back and feet separated by about three inches. Stretch your right hand straight out in front of you. Clench your fist tightly, and rotate it to the right, then to the left. Do this for about five minutes and repeat the process with your left hand.

The Waistline: Stand erect and with your arms outstretched rotate the body as far as you can from side to side. Another exercise is to lie on the floor with your arms at your sides. Keep your knees straight, raise your legs and then lower them.

Also, very simple, but effective, is leg-swinging. To do this, rest the right hand on the back of a chair or table, stand firmly on the right leg and swing the left leg backwards and forwards quickly as far as it will go.



TO KEEP her hips slender, Conchita Montenegro, Fox player, does this knee-and-arm-raising exercise.

Repeat 12 to 20 times, then repeat swinging exercise with the other leg.

For your chin and neck: Rotate your head from side to side about 20 times. This is excellent for the neck muscles. For a double chin nothing is better than clenching your fist and pressing under the offending part as you eat. Do this in the privacy of your home, of course. Also effective is opening and shutting your mouth widely so you feel the jawbones work.

Your Feet: This will correct ugly ankles and strengthen your stomach muscles. Stand against a wall with your feet separated and elbows bent. Slide down, but keep your balance by stretching your arms out straight. Keep that position for a few minutes, then get up slowly with your back still against the wall and get on to your toes.

For the arches of your feet, practice walking round the room on tip-toes.

To reduce the hips: Lie on the floor with your knees in the air, your feet close together, and your arms lying loosely at your sides. Indent your stomach, and raise your hips and thighs. Then, with your feet still together, roll the knees over to your left side and let the outer one touch the floor. Lift up and then roll to the right side. Repeat about five times at first, then increase. Be careful not to let your stomach bulge, and see that your shoulders are flat on the floor.

## For the Back

To reduce the back and shoulder blades: Sit on the floor, draw your knees up to your chin and clasp them tightly. Roll back, raising your feet off the floor until you are lying on your back. Do this about a dozen times daily.

Another simple means of removing unwanted flesh from the hips is to lie flat on the floor and roll the lower part of your body as far as you can first to the right, then to the left. Work this up until you can do it twenty times each way.

To reduce the thighs: Kneel on the floor, with the palms touching the floor. Slowly raise the left hand and the right leg and kick the leg up as high as you can. Kick twice, then do the same with your right arm and left leg.



IF POSSIBLE, do your "daily dozen" in your swimming suit or a pair of shorts and sun-top. Then have a few minutes' sunbathing before dressing for the day.



## The Comfort of JOY O' LIFE SHOES makes Strain & Fatigue vanish like Magic

The illustration above shows the new

**CURLA** a court shoe model judiciously trimmed—in navy or black kid—fitted with medium high heel.



**VICEY** Here is a new fit model embodying a new motif of fitting and cushioning—fitted with baby Louis heel—in black or navy kidskin.



**KISDON** A court shoe model with the ever popular baby Louis heel featuring a new front ornament. In black, brown or navy kidskin.

The average woman takes at least 12,000 steps a day! How important it is to protect the feet with perfectly fitting shoes so that strain and fatigue will not make you tired and feel out of sorts.

Joy o' Life Shoes are made by Bedgood for smart women who know how much comfortably fitting shoes add to the poise and grace of the figure.

Joy o' Life Shoes have a 5-way fitting in length, width, waist, instep, and heel. They never pinch or cramp your toes. Never bulge at the heel or instep. They hug the arches. Support your foot at every point. They give you foot comfort... trim smartness... and a new youthful spring to your step.

Bedgood Joy o' Life Shoes are obtainable at all good shoe stores. They are reasonably priced at 35/-.

**Joy O'Life**  
SHOES  
Designed by  
**BEDGOOD**



# MAKE-UP Magic!

These sketches show you how to achieve night-time glamor with the subtle use of cosmetics

HERE Petrov has sketched six entirely different types, and for making up the faces and for the blobs of color showing the correct tints you should apply he has used the actual cosmetics—lipstick, eye-shadow, and nail-polish.

- A.—SUN-TANNED GIRL, an average summer type. Summer-tan foundation and powder. Rouge and lipstick, flame (a vivid orange-red). Blue eye-shadow and suntan nail-polish.
- B.—ASH BLONDE. Flesh foundation and rachel powder. Rouge and lipstick, nasturtium (a delicate pale orange.) Blue eye-shadow and light rust nail-polish.
- C.—BRUNETTE WITH FAIR SKIN. Flesh foundation and brunette powder. Rouge and lipstick, raspberry (a rich red with blue tones). Brown eye-shadow and burgundy nail-polish.
- D.—THE TITIAN-HAIRED. Flesh foundation, brunette powder. Rouge and lipstick, rust (brick-red). Green eye-shadow and robin-red nail-polish.
- E.—THE OLDER WOMAN WITH GREY HAIR. Natural foundation and olive powder. Rouge and lipstick, cardinal (a soft medium red). Green eye-shadow and mauve nail-polish.
- F.—GOLDEN BLONDE. Flesh foundation and rachel powder. Rouge and lipstick, vermillion (a bright red). Blue eye-shadow and old rose nail-polish.



## STUDY the shape of your mouth when you apply lipstick.

If your lips are too long, make them appear shorter by applying lipstick only in the centre.

If your lips are too thin, you can make them look fuller by blending the lipstick beyond the edge of the lips.

When the lips are too thick, the mouth will look smaller if you keep the lipstick well within the outline of the lips.

As a guide—your mouth will appear the correct size for your face if imaginary lines dropped from the centre of the pupil of each eye touch the corner of your mouth. Apply your lipstick to make your mouth look just that size.



● SHOWING correct size for the mouth. Imaginary lines dropped from centre of each eye should touch corner of mouth.



● SHOWING where to place rouge in order to make a face that is too broad appear narrower.



● SHOWING where to place rouge on a face that is too thin so that it will seem fuller in appearance.

## WHEN you apply rouge study the shape of your face.

For a face that is fairly symmetrical place the rouge on the cheek-bones and blend it out from this centre about the same distance toward the temples and toward the nose.

When the face is too broad for its length, it will appear narrower if you place the rouge on the inner curve of the cheek-bones, and blend it in more toward the nose than outward toward the temple.

If your face is long and thin, make it look rounder and fuller by applying your rouge on the outer curve of each cheek-bone and blend it more toward the temples than toward the nose.



# MATCH LIPSTICK *With* YOUR FROCK

**F**ABRICS which are red require lipstick in matching tints. Rust, yellow, and green need orange tonings. Blue, navy, and black are best with deeper reds. White and cream combine with bright reds.



- **TOP LEFT:** Evening gown in black net made in redingote style. The white lace flower border is appliqued on.
- **TOP RIGHT:** Canadian model ensemble. Coat made of satin in new animal print. Dress is navy with short sleeves.
- **LOWER LEFT:** Tailored slim-fitting frock in heavy navy delustrated crepe, worn with one of the new bolero coats in vivid Mexican colorings.
- **LOWER RIGHT:** Frock of linen weave silk splashed with profusion of printed flowers. All the pictures reproduced here were posed by Elaine Hamill, by courtesy of Cinesound.



# MAKE YOUR *Hair* A SHINING HALO



THE ATTRACTIVE CURLY HAIR of Beverley Roberts, Warner Bros. player, is kept in good condition by regular shampooing and nightly brushing with a good stiff brush.

*Proper care and treatment will turn dull, lifeless hair into a true "Crowning Glory"*

BEAUTIFUL hair, soft and shining as the result of good health and thorough grooming, is the hall-mark of lovely women. The hair is the frame that sets off the face. Lovely hair gives you distinction and is amazingly attractive.

The condition of your hair reveals the condition of your health. When your hair is dull, dry, and stiff, or lank with excess oil, check up on your general health. You may be in a very run-down state either as a result of some physical debility or from over-tensed nerves, due to domestic worries or work.



TO APPLY warm olive oil to the scalp, make numerous partings in the hair and rub in the oil with cotton-wool.

to rest your elbows on the table, let your head drop forward and, as it rests in your hands, massage the scalp with the finger-tips.

## WOMAN HATER?

THAT'S WHAT MEN THOUGHT  
—BUT GIRLS KNEW BETTER!...

WHAT A MAN! BY THE WAY, HE, WHAT'S THE LOW-DOWN ON HIM? IS HE A WOMAN-HATER, OR—

WOMAN-HATER? NOTHING! GUY LIKES THE GIRLS, BUT THE GIRLS DON'T LIKE HIS BREATH!

HER BROTHER TAKES A HINT

THIS IS A GREAT GUY... KISSY ABOUT THINGS LIKE BAD BREATH, OF COURSE. SHE SAYS HER DENTIST TOLD HER—

IS THAT A HINT FOR ME?

GUY TAKES THE HINT

YES, MOST BAD BREATH IS CAUSED BY FOOD PARTICLES THAT COLLECT AND DECAY BETWEEN IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE'S DENTAL CREAM BECAUSE ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES ODOR-BLEEDING DEPOSITS.

THANK YOU, DOCTOR, I'LL GET COLGATE'S TODAY!

SEVERAL WEEKS LATER

JUST HEARD THE GOOD NEWS ABOUT YOU AND SIS, GUY. GOOD LUCK!

THANKS! I OWE ALL MY GOOD LUCK TO YOU... AND TO COLGATE!

NO OTHER TOOTH PASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH SO BRIGHT AND CLEAN!

### Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth

WHY let bad breath interfere with happiness? It's easy to be safe when you realize the most common cause... *improperly cleaned teeth!*

Authorities say decaying food and acid deposits in hidden crevices between teeth, are the source of most unpleasant mouth odours—of dull dingy teeth—and of much tooth decay.

Use Colgate's Dental Cream. Its special penetrating foam removes these odour-breeding deposits that ordinary cleaning methods fail to reach—while a soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens enamel. So brush teeth, gums, and tongue with Colgate's at least twice daily. Get a tube to-day!

LARGE SIZE 1 1/3  
GIANT SIZE TWICE THE QUANTITY 2/-

COLGATE'S RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

IF YOU PREFER POWDER—  
Colgate's Prophylactic Dental Powder gives the same results. Its oxygen content prevents inflamed gums and pyorrhea.

HAIR that is vitally alive—sparkling with natural sheen—comes from perfect health. So it is obvious that if your hair is unattractive you must first attend to your health.

Exercise, sufficient sleep and correct eating all help to improve your general condition.

Hair, whether curly or straight, is lovely when it is healthy and clean. But it is a veritable trap for dust and dirt which soon make it dull and grimy looking. In addition, perspiration and oil from the scalp glands gather on the scalp—all of which encourages such annoyances as dandruff and other troubles.

The hair should be washed regularly. Usually every ten days to two weeks is sufficient for normal hair. Hair that is exceptionally oily should be washed once a week and very dry hair every two or three weeks.

Both normal and dry hair benefit enormously from hot oil treatments before shampooing. These should be given the night before you wash your hair.

Brush the hair thoroughly first with a good stiff brush. Then pour some olive oil which you have warmed slightly into a saucer, take a piece of cotton wool, dip in the oil and literally saturate the hair and scalp.

Make numerous partings in the hair and rub the cotton wool pad along the scalp so you will get the oil all over it.

Then give the head a thorough massage. You will find that a certain amount of dead hair will come away after this treatment, but don't worry—it is good to get rid of dead hair, and so make room for new hairs.

Allow the oil to remain on all night (you can protect your pillow by either covering your head or the pillow), and shampoo next day.

### Use Soft Water

FOR shampooing use soft water and have it warm—not hot. Use a liquid shampoo or one made by shaving pure olive oil cake soap and dissolving it in hot water.

Wet the hair all over before applying the shampoo. Then work up a good lather and massage into the scalp with both hands. Rinse in clear water. Make a fresh lather and massage and rotate the scalp again. Rinse again in several waters until the hair is entirely free from soap. Lemon juice in the final rinsing water helps to cut the soap and leave the hair clean and soft.

Dry the hair in the sun if possible or with warm towels. And don't forget to wash your hair-brushes and combs.

And now a word about brushing. Yes, you've heard it before—your own mother used to say something about "a hundred strokes every night."

Nevertheless it is still the best formula for attaining lovely hair. Not only does brushing keep the hair clean, but it stimulates the scalp. This invigorates the hair roots, which in turn gives the hair life and lustre.

Many of you are no doubt afraid to brush your hair for fear of brushing out the waves. Actually this is a

wrong idea. The more alive and healthy your hair is, the more easily waves stay in place. In fact, you will find that regular brushing and massage will make your hair so much alive that it will take on a natural wave.

Massage is splendid for your hair, too, for like any other part of your body, the scalp needs exercise.

You should make it a habit to give your head a few minutes' massage every morning after your bath, or two or three times a week at night. Press the lower part of the palm of each hand against the scalp and rotate vigorously. Then with the finger-tips go all over the scalp, moving and rotating until the scalp moves freely. The idea of this is to encourage circulation, which nourishes the hair roots and gives the hair that "alive" look.

It is a good idea, especially when you are home at night reading a book,

## Evalastic<sup>REG</sup>

### Permanent WAISTBAND

Lingerie created by LUCAS

GUARANTEED TO LAST THE LIFE OF THE GARMENT



# BOILED HANKIES Turned to ASHES

## Housekeeping Mishap for Two Australian Girl Cricketers

As housekeepers, two Australian girls in London proved that they are much, much better cricketers.

Members of the Australian women's cricket team that has just returned from a successful tour of England, the girls, Pat Holmes and Alicia Walsh, boiled some handkerchiefs to ashes in their London flat.

THE incident was related by Mrs. Margaret Peden, captain of the team, when the girls returned to Perth. It gave the team a jolly good laugh abroad.

Mrs. Peden spoke warmly of the happy team spirit that prevailed while

the girls were on tour. Their success on the playing field could be attributed to this.

"The spirit of co-operation between our girls, and the way they gave of their very best efforts throughout, prevents me from being partial to any one player," Mrs. Peden said. "I could not have wished for a better crowd to work or play with."

Two Sydney girls, Pat Holmes and Alicia Walsh, remained in London, and are flattening together whilst studying art photography.

Their forte is apparently not house-keeping, as they boiled some handkerchiefs to ashes one day while I was there, but they were comforted by the thought that they still had the ashes."

Mrs. Peden's sister, Barbara, has a position in an architect's office and will remain in London for some time. Melbourne's Peggy Antonio and Perth's Marie Jegan are still in London also.

Four Sydney players returned on the Largs Bay. One, Mollie Flaherty, was unfortunate in injuring her knee on the day of the first Test match, and it was some time before she could resume play. When she did she showed good bowling form and took a number of important wickets.

### Amazed Men

AMY HUDSON amazed men cricketers with her powerful throw-ins from the boundary fence into the wicket-keeper's hands.

Alice Wessenden's wicket-keeping was greatly praised by the wicket-keeper of the 1934 English Test team.

Another member of the team, Hazel Pritchard, is to be married to Mr. Leslie Scanlan next January and besides piling up some valuable runs for her side she was busy getting together her trousseau in London.

"English spectators were very appreciative of good cricket," remarked Mrs. Peden, "and I am confident that when the next women's Test team comes to Australia in 1940 they will be accorded the same interest and warmth of welcome that befell our lot on this very happy trip."

Out of 21 matches played, 14 were won by the Australians, six drawn, and only one lost.

MRS. O. PEATFIELD, the team manager, presented the following report to The Australian Women's Weekly on arrival at Perth.

"Splendid organisation on the part of the Women's Cricket Association of England left nothing to chance—everything was prepared and ready for us on arrival."

"The programme covered every day from the time we landed on May 3 until we left on July 31."

"Nothing was forgotten—dates, times, places, hostesses, secretaries, addresses, meals en route, hotels, directions, mileage, arrangements for practice, also laundry, entertainments, receptions and dinners."

### Many Entertainments

"THE W.C.A. committee should justly feel proud of the programme planned. It was carried out without a hitch."

"We had very good accommodation at nine hotels, one school and private hospitality on five occasions."

"A 32-passenger bus, with front and back seats removed, solved the transport problem for us. Transport could have been a nightmare, as 70 pieces of luggage were carried, to begin with, and added to as we went along."

"It was a very satisfactory way of travelling, for, besides being very comfortable, it enabled us to see much more of the English countryside than by any other method of transport. We covered about 2000 miles."

"We had an exceptionally good man as driver, and never missed our way once, never were late, and only had to turn back once owing to a bridge being too low for the bus to pass underneath."

"The team's entertainments on tour included 16 theatres, numerous pic-

tures, four dances, 13 luncheons, six dinners, and about nine teas other than those provided at matches, a swimming party, garden-party, river picnic, visits to factories and places of interest."

"We saw much more in this way than some folk who have lived in England all their lives," said Mrs. Peatfield.

"English weather on the whole was good, not nearly as cold as we expected, though we had some very cold days, especially at Leeds and Blackpool."

"No match was cancelled through rain, though time was lost on some occasions."

"Morale of team was very good, considering the 16 were a diversity of types and temperaments. Six months



MRS. M. PEDEN, team captain.

is a long while for a large group to live and play together. "The team owes a lot to the wonderful captaincy of Mrs. Peden and her work with the girls is listed as the outstanding thing of the tour."

MRS. O. PEATFIELD, manager of the women's cricket team.

There is no better shirt in all the world than Pelaco



Conrad Veidt



Illustrated in the Metric Shirt, with 2 Pelaco-weld Starchless Collars. Price 18/9.

### A great Character Actor ... and a smart Dresser

Thousands of picture goers have been thrilled by the sterling characterisations of this versatile actor. Thousands, too, have remarked on his immaculate appearance, a reputation which owes not a little to his careful selection of good shirts and collars. The shirts worn by famous British and Hollywood stars are no better in any way than Australia's popular Pelaco.

Pelaco Shirts are now available with the smart Pelaco-weld Starchless Collars

Available in all the latest colours, stripes and fabrics, Pelaco Shirts are priced from as low as 8/11 to 17/6. See the wide range at your local store. Insist on getting Pelaco, for there is nothing "just as good."

Don't ask for just "a shirt"—specify ...

**Pelaco**

SHIRTS  
COLLARS  
AND PYJAMAS

# Warning

To People who like to get what they pay for

When you've set your heart on having the World's Best Cleaner—the HOOVER—then quite naturally you like to be sure that the machine you buy is a genuine HOOVER and nothing else.

The HOOVER is, like every leader in its sphere, particularly subject to imitation and misrepresentation. You are asked to note that the HOOVER is not known or described by any other name, and that every genuine HOOVER has the registered trademark, "The HOOVER," on the dirt bag and the metal nameplate.

LOOK FOR THE REGISTERED TRADEMARK

The HOOVER

HERE



# The HOOVER

IT BEATS ... AS IT SWEEPS ... AS IT CLEANS

The Sole Agent in Australia for the Hoover Cleaner is John S. Drysdale Pty. Ltd., and only from this company may genuine Hoover Cleaners and Hoover spare parts, made and tested by Hoover Limited, Perivale, Middlesex, England, be obtained. The authorised Hoover Service conducted by Drysdale Ltd. is known as HOOVER SALES AND SERVICE.

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MQ3. 29/-  
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MR1. — SPECIAL PURCHASE! LIGHTWEIGHT WOOL COAT at a greatly reduced price. Faultlessly tailored with a finish of pin-tucking. Colours: Tile Green, Burnt Copper, Fawn, Brown, Black and Navy. Sizes: 8SW, SW, W, OS. Usual Value . . . . . 30/-  
SPECIAL PURCHASE PRICE . . . . . 20/-

MQ3. — ATTRACTIVE SAUNTER COAT for everyday wear, fashioned from a good quality All Wool Fancy material of light weight. Smartly treated with stitched pockets and revers. Yoke back with a two-pleat panel adds a most distinctive finish. Colours: Navy, Brown, Black, Beige. Sizes: 8SW, SW, W, OS and OS. SPECIAL VALUE . . . . . 29/11

MR2. — LADY'S WOOL DE CHENE COAT in a specially designed style, suitable for most figures—entirely different from the usual collar and rever treatment. Collar is edged with three rows of stitching and extra smartness is imparted by its peaked cuff. The back has a triangular insert of pin-tucking which gives a wonderful finish. Black, Navy, Brown. Sizes: SW, W, OS. SUPER-SPECIAL BARGAIN . . . . . 25/-

MQ4. — SAUNTER COAT of lightweight OATMEAL MIXTURE. The design is a copy of an overseas model, and is darted on shoulders and front, giving a very smart effect. Colours: Oatmeal and Fawn. In sizes XSSW, SSW, SW, W, SOS, OS. Plain material in shades of Black, Navy, Brown and Beige, and in sizes SSW, SW, W, SOS, OS, POS, EOS. SPECIAL VALUE . . . . . 29/11

## PREFER Husbands to JOBS

### Marriage Boom Causes Shortage of Girl Labor

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE,  
Our Special Correspondent in London.

Marriage in Britain is booming.

With the return of prosperity to trade, many girls are preferring husbands to jobs, and the result is there is a great shortage of well-educated girl workers, particularly clerks and stenographers.

THIS shortage of well-educated girl workers was mentioned in the annual report of the London Headmistresses' Employment Committee.

"The general expansion of employment is one of the reasons for this shortage," a woman official of the committee told me.

"But this does not only mean better trade; it means also that in addition to more posts being available, many more girls are leaving their jobs to get married.

"At all the big banks, insurance company offices, large department stores, and, in fact, anywhere where large staffs of girls are employed, the marriage rate has gone up considerably during the past two years.

"The general improvement in trade means that the young men are now doing fairly well, and are able to marry. The result is this shortage of

### Join This Travel Tour to Europe

GREAT interest has been occasioned by the special concession escorted tour of Europe, offered by The Australian Women's Weekly Travel Bureau. Those contemplating a visit abroad should get in touch early as boat accommodation must be secured without delay.

The date of sailing is February 23, 1938, and the boat the 24,000-ton Orient liner Orion. £210 provides all fares and a wonderful inclusive tour of forty days on the Continent, a fortnight in London, and visits to eight European countries, as well as trips at Colombo and Cairo.

Readers interested should write immediately or call on The Women's Weekly Travel Bureau, St. James Building, Elizabeth St., Sydney.

girl workers, and particularly of stenographers and clerks.

"There is also a shortage of educated girls for such professions as nursing, radiography, horticulture, dairying and saleswomanship.

"As regards saleswomanship, employers in many stores are finding it exceedingly difficult to find a sufficient number of girls with good presence and good brains, to fill jobs with excellent prospects, such as working up to be a buyer."

"An interesting feature of the increase in marriages," said the Superintendent Registrar of a marriage bureau, "is the number of very young couples getting married, especially those under 21 years of age. The number of these youthful marriages has gone up considerably in the last two years.

"I think 24 or 25 a more suitable marrying age, as it gives the young couple more time to know their own minds, but it's no good telling modern boys and girls this. If they have made up their minds to marry before they are 21, they will."

As a result of the marriage boom in Britain, it is hoped in official quarters that the steady decline of the birth-rate since the war will be halted.

**Grace Bros. Pty. Ltd.**  
BROADWAY, SYDNEY. PHONE M6506



# THE Cherry ORCHARD

Continued from Page 32

"YOU all right?" Sam rasped to Alec when they re-joined.

"Oke. How 'bout you? I ain't gettin' them gases."

"Oke," choked Sam.

The wind stayed down. Not a whisper of wind for an hour; two three. Every time Sam shot at the top of a tree he eyed those tips suspiciously, but the leaves hung motionless against the stars. That was great. If it would only stay that way he'd show those damned aphids! He'd show another kind of pest, too!

The roar and the whining blotted out time. The jolting and the choking and the gagging and the trying to spit when his mouth didn't have anything to spit got to be a monotony of things to be endured. He cursed himself in a strange voice for being a slay. He shook his head to clear it and keep going, and then swayed sideways against the hopper as the tractor stopped with a jolt. With a sort of finality.

"Hi!" yelled Alec when Sam straightened up and looked around for the next row. "That's it, Sam!"

Sam kicked out the fan clutch and stood up, pretty stiff, and pulled off his goggles and managed to grin. Sort of. Dawn was coming. Morning breeze kissed the treetops.

Sam was all right in a couple of hours. He couldn't eat any breakfast, but he was all right. He couldn't eat any breakfast because he wanted to go look at the sweets and didn't dare.

When he finally started he tried to walk slowly as a tired kid should, but he couldn't. His legs made him trot. His eyes burned from something besides dust when he took hold of the first cluster of curled leaves.

His fingers shook as he opened it. His fingers shook as if he were in a chill. Black aphids, alive and raising hob with that crackjack crop of sweet cherries, should have glistered in that sunlight. They should have glistered like particles of jet, the size of pinheads.

But they didn't. They were there, the aphids, but they were dull, they were going brown, they were going grey. And the excrecence wasn't so sticky. Drying up. Pests were dead.

"Boy!" said Sam jubilantly. "Boy!" he breathed soberly.

He went on to another tree and another and another. Not a particle of winking, menacing, jet could be found. He climbed to a treetop and found the pests gone from there to kingdom come. He searched another to find only success.

## NASAL AND THROAT HYGIENE NOW A NECESSITY

"An ounce of prevention is worth a ton of cure" is a saying old and true. Nowadays every intelligent citizen realizes the necessity of nasal and throat hygiene. For this purpose there is nothing better than Heenzo for gargling the throat and swabbing the nostrils. Heenzo is antiseptic in action, yet will not injure the most delicate membranes.

It is also famous as an internal and delightful-to-take remedy for the treatment of coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis, and influenza. Being absolutely pure, Heenzo will not upset the digestion of either infants or adults. Everyone, before and after munging in crowds, should reduce the risk of infection by using Heenzo. The economy of Heenzo is well known. A two-shilling bottle of concentrated Heenzo, added to sweetened water, makes a large family supply of remedy ready for instant gargling, swabbing, or taking internally. Order Heenzo immediately from your nearest chemist or store.

## IF YOUR BREATH HAS A SMELL YOU CAN'T FEEL WELL

Unless a pint of bile juice flows from your liver into your bloodstream every day, your movements become difficult and restricted and your body decays unhealthily in your liver. This decay would prevent all over your body every six minutes. It makes you gloomy, grouchy and no good for anything. Your friends would notice this unpleasantness and call it bad breath. Laxatives and mouth washes help a little, but you must get at the source. Take Carter's Little Liver Pills. They are the only pills of their kind. Buy a box of Carter's Little Liver Pills. Look for the name Carter's Little Liver Pills on the red label. Sold in two sizes—regular size 1/3, household size 1/2. Recent a substitute.

"Boy!" jubilantly. "Boy!" ominously, as a car drove in.

Judge Hadley got out, a stooped old man. And Paul Villers got out and the two walked toward the tree where Sam was perched, hidden.

Villers was saying: "... and she's no resources. Not a dime. With sour at the price they are, this is our only way out."

The old probate judge nodded, sorrowfully, Sam thought.

"If they foreclose, which they will, we'll be nothing left. I had to mortgage the crop for needed equipment. I'll take all we realise. I'd hoped for seven or eight thousand dollars out of the sweets, which would have reduced the mortgage and satisfied them and seen us through nicely. But the sweets are doomed."

"Twenty-five hundred is a joke, of course. But Graham assumes all obligations and pays us that. It's that much better than nothing at all. I wanted to have you see for yourself, though, before asking for the formal order to deed."

"THE sweets are completely gone?" The judge stared at the trees with their clusters of curled, thickened leaves on the branch tips.

"It's just a matter of hours," said Villers solemnly. "Young Ball let the aphids get the best of him and—"

Sam hadn't planned to go down from his tree. He hadn't even thought of going down. But he went down right then, so fast that he tore his pants, and faced them red-eyed and hoarse from dust.

"Aphids?" he croaked. "Pests?" he rasped while they stared, astonished. There's no plant pests here, Villers!" he cried. "Just another kind of pest here, Villers!" he shouted.

"What d'you mean, Sam? Have you gone crazy?"

Sam didn't answer that. "Look!" he choked, tearing off afflicted leaves and spreading the under surfaces for the judge to see. "Find a bug!" he challenged hoarsely. "Find

**THEY WALK—**  
They walk with careful tread who know  
How tenderly the grasses grow.  
And though they pass with eyes a-fer,  
Who go by day to find a star,  
The grasses bend in joyous pain,  
And slowly rise to live again.  
But they who walk with clumsy tread,  
Return to find the grasses dead.  
—YVONNE WEBB.

a pest in this orchard! On the trees, I mean!"

He flung the leaf away and glared at Villers.

"Twenty-five hundred?" he asked. "You'd sell her out for that? Why, there's a hundred tons of black sweets hanging here, ten days from ripe! The aphids didn't get 'em! They didn't get one per cent. of 'em! They would have, in one more day, with the help of one more pest—"

"What d'you mean?" Villers' once suave voice was a snarl, then. His voice was choked, as if he, too, had been in poisonous dust for hours, or in poisonous schemes for months.

"Tell you what I mean, Villers: You'll scuttle this place just when it's ready to click, to get what you want! You'd give it away to get what you want! You'd run a conspiracy on the judge and everybody else to get what you want!"

"Want? What can I want except to make the best of a bad—"

"Amy!" cried Sam. "Amy!" he repeated. "And you can't have her so long's she's got hope of standing on her own feet!"

"You'd sell this place down the river to get her!" cried, not knowing Amy had come and stood behind him, hands at her breast. "You'd pile on expense all spring to make your schemes look good! You wouldn't let me scotch these aphids so she'd have a chance. You'd do that to a girl like ... like that!"

The judge stood straighter. The judge looked from Sam to Villers.

The judge waited for Villers to speak, but Villers couldn't.

"Twenty-five hundred berries!" cried Sam. "Why, these sweets a ne will net ten thousand bucks! The aphids didn't get 'em! The Villers aphids nor the black aphids ..."

He didn't know for a while what else he said, but things cleared up for him when he finished crying whatever it was.

Things cleared up, and the judge said sternly:

"I think, Paul, we'd better talk in my office."

Things cleared up still more when the judge said to Amy:

"My dear! I'm so sorry, and so glad. The day," he said, "seem to have been saved however."

He walked away then, with dignity. Villers protesting beside him; protesting as a frightened panicky man will.

Then things fogged up again for Sam because a fly looked at him that way. That ... well, that sort of worshipping fly.

"Sam!" she said in that husky-sweet voice of hers, as nobody ever had spoken his name before, as nobody ever could speak his name again. "Sam ... Why, Sam! I don't know what to say! I don't know where to begin!"

Neither did Sam, if you understand. But he knew he'd have to find out. With Amy looking and talking like that he knew he'd have to learn.

He knew it was up to him to learn as much about girls as he knew about cherries ... And it was going to be easy, sort of, he figured. Pretty easy, all right, because he felt happy and easy all over.

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## Cycle TO HEALTH AND LOVELINESS!

... says Shirley Ann Richards, playing in Cinesound's "Lovers and Luggers."

Nine ladies out of ten ride sweet-running SPEEDWELLS. Speedwell's perfectly-balanced design means effortless pedalling, and makes Speedwell the ideal ladies' cycle. Everlasting Guarantee. Free Insurance. Efficient After Sales Service.

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Shirley Ann Richards says ..

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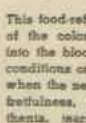
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A LEVER PRODUCT



"GEORGE ELIOT was a dog," said the Duchess. And then: "What became of her, Brief? What became of Rudolf's pet spaniel—that never would let her master out of her sight?"

I shall always remember that moment that held so much, and shall always see the three faces of those concerned. Old Harry's, keen and relentless, seemed cut out of painted stone; the Count's was a mask of wet grey, with lines that gave the impression of having been drawn with blue chalk; and Bertram's was tense and bloodless—the face of a man who is waiting to bear some monstrous suspicion smothered at birth.

Twice the Count tried to answer, and twice he failed.

At the third attempt: "Madam," he croaked, "I have told you that my memory—"

"What became of George Eliot, steward?"

"His lordship shot her, your Grace, because she was going blind."

"Himself? His favorite dog?"

"He would let no one else do it, your Grace. And no one, except his lordship, knows where she lies."

The Duchess returned to the Count.

"Do you remember it now?" Somehow the man made answer.

"I remember—that I shot her—myself."

Old Harry lunged.

"In that case, you can tell me her color."

The silence which succeeded this challenge dragged at the nerves, and

I was really quite thankful when Virgil, in desperation, put in his oar.

"Madam, you are dealing with matters which my uncle has fought to forget."

Old Harry raised her eyebrows.

"That explanation is one which I am not prepared to accept. I'll tell you why. It's too easy. There's something very wrong here—and I'm glad that I came." She turned to survey the oarsman. "Why are you here?"

"Madam," said Virgil, "this is my father's home."

"I know that better than you, I asked why you were here."

"Indeed," said Old Harry. "Where is your father now?"

"My father," said Virgil, "is dead."

"When did he die?"

"At least ten years ago, madam."

"In that case he's been resurrected before his time. I must get into touch with him. I know he was living in London a year ago."

The Count of Brief leaned forward.

"Madam," he gasped, "this is very painful to me."

"Then it shouldn't be," said Old Harry. "Mistakes have been made before now, and I'm not at all certain your brother wasn't an innocent man."

Virgil whipped into the breach, before the Count could reply.

"In that case, madam, there's only one thing to be done. May I have my father's address?"

"I'm afraid," said Old Harry, "your filial affection must wait. I'll deal with this matter myself. And when I have talked with your father, I'll let you know. I expect he, too, has fought to forget the past. But he may have been—less successful. However, we'll very soon know. I'll write to my agent to-night."

She returned to the Count, whose head was shaking a little, as that of a very old man. "He will ask your brother two questions, and send his answers to me. The first will be this—What was George Eliot's color?"

The Count half rose from his chair.

"Madam, I protest."

"Protest and be hanged," said Old Harry. "Whelp is not Whelp for nothing, and I was a friend of your father's before you were born."

"BUT what can that prove?" cried the Count. "If he tells you George Eliot's color, what can that prove?" His voice rose into a scream, and he snatched the cloth. "That can prove nothing, madam—nothing at all, except that he can remember what I have contrived to forget, and with that he sank back, breathing hard, with the air of a man who knows he has made a mistake and yet must needs go on, because he cannot retire."

"Quite so," said the Duchess, "quite so. But the second question will be much harder than that. Where is George Eliot buried?" She set her arm on the table and dropped her chin to her palm. "If he answers that, I think that that will prove something—and prove it up to the hilt." With that, she left the Count and sat back in her chair. "And now let's change the subject. Richard, I beg your pardon for speaking in German till now. Caroline, dear, that's a highly becoming frock. But then you'd distinguish sackcloth. What does John Herrick think?"

"Madam," said Herrick, "she'd get away with tinoleum, if you ask me. I've got a sonnet to her collar-bone half done."

"John," said Caroline firmly, "throws back to the cap and bells."

Old Harry smiled.

"And Richard to some crusader—that's clear as paint—while you, of course, belong to The Golden World. And now let's return to the present. What do you do, Percy Virgil? Or are you just—decorative?"

His eyes like slits:

"Madam," said Virgil, "I make the most of my time."

"That," said the Duchess, "is a very beautiful phrase. And I hope you know what it means, for I'm dashed if I do."

Percy Virgil swallowed.

"I have many interests, madam."

"That sounds very well," said Old Harry. "What may they be? Do you visit the sick at all?"

"I travel," said Virgil, thickly.

"What in?" said Old Harry. "Or don't you earn any bread?"

"I—I can't say I do," said Virgil.

"Well, well," said the Duchess softly, "each to his taste. But I'd rather push button boots than batten upon a bounty that wasn't mine."

She looked across at Herrick. "How's that for alliteration?"

# COUNTERFEIT COIN

Continued from Page 6

"Truly Virgilian, madam. And I'm glad you believe in 'B.' It's a valuable consonant."

Old Harry leaned back and laughed till the tears came into her eyes.

I glanced at the Count.

The man was sitting up straight and was staring directly before him, but not at me. It was plain that his eyes saw nothing that eyes can see.

That apprehension possessed him, body and soul. And this, I think, was natural, for the Duchess had lit very hard. She had publicly forced the cupboard in which his skeleton stood, and had hung the sword of vengeance over his head. And this after twenty-two years.

I glanced at Bertram, the steward.

HE had returned to his place, four paces to the left of his master, from which he could watch the table and intercept the servants who moved to and fro. But he was not watching the table. His eyes were fast on the Count. And that, too, I think, was natural, for his father had been steward before him, and he was the third generation to serve the house; and servants of standing like that are more jealous of seigniorial rights than are the seigniors themselves. And now, after twenty-two years...

As I returned to the Count, he seemed to take hold of himself; a shiver ran through his limbs, and a hand went out to his wine; and then he was glancing about him as though to take up his place. But the look on his face was haunted, and he might have been twenty years older than when he sat down.

Virgil was addressing Caroline, who sat between Herrick and me.

"You seem to know your neighbors remarkably well."

My lady looked right and left.

"I'm glad of that," she said. "I shouldn't like people to think that we weren't on good terms."

"You need have no fear," said Virgil, and fingered his chin. "And yet I remember a time when you found a far longer acquaintance not long enough to warrant the calling of Christian names."

"So do I," said Caroline calmly. "The man was a friend of yours. He was also a rich French Jew—entirely and utterly leprous, body and soul."

"Who invited him here?" said Old Harry.

"Madam," said Virgil, "my cousin is prejudiced."

"It seems with reason. I asked who invited him here?"

"My uncle was good enough, madam, to do as I wished."

"In his daughter's teeth? You might be the son of the house."

"An impression, madam, I hope very soon to correct. If you'd give me my father's address, I would ask

your Grace to excuse me and leave to-night."

"A very natural instinct—to fly to his side. But I fear you might exceed your instructions; whereas I can count on my agent—"

"To do as you say?"

"To the letter," replied Old Harry. "And he's such an efficient man. And now let's return to the guest of whom we were speaking just now. Why did you wish such a charmer invited to Brief?"

"Madam," said Virgil, "he was a friend of mine."

"Does he still enjoy that honor?"

With giggling eyes:

"Where my friends are concerned," said Virgil, "my cousin is hard to please."

"That I can well believe."

"Madam, I will be plain. I do not accept my cousin's estimate. Porus Bureau had his faults, but—"

"So have we all," said the Duchess. "But Porus Bureau doesn't seem to be clean in the house. But that's not the point, which is—that your cousin is the mistress of Brief. When she pronounced him repugnant, why did he stay?"

Virgil swallowed.

"She could have requested my uncle to ask him to leave."

"I did," said Caroline quietly. "I asked you both, the morning after he came. I told you what had occurred—that during the night he had tried to get into my room."

A frightful silence succeeded these moving words, and Herrick told me later that I went white to the lips.

Old Harry looked at the Count.

"Is that within your memory?"

The Count of Brief swallowed.

"We—I thought her mistaken, madam. I said so at once. I explained that one must be quite sure before taking the serious step of asking a guest to leave."

"What made you think she was mistaken?"

"I—I formed that impression, madam."

"So you've said. I want to know why."

The Count of Brief writhed in his chair.

"Her—her tale was incredible, madam. I decided that she had been dreaming. I—I think so still."

Caroline lifted her voice.

"When I tried to shut it, the man put his foot in my door. But he couldn't keep it there, because his slipper was soft, and when he withdrew it he left his slipper behind. I showed it to you the next morning to prove my case. If you wanted further proof, he was lame for three days."

There was another silence—of great intensity.

Then—

Please turn to Page 61



HOW readily the doctor recognises the symptoms... the stabbing pains of indigestion and heartburn, the agonising spasms of flatulence and palpitation, and the dragging, wearying exhaustion of after-meal misery. In two words he diagnoses the cause of all these ailments—stomach acid, and in two words he prescribes the remedy—'Bisurated' Magnesia.

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**'Bisurated' Magnesia**  
For the Stomach

BISMAR



# COUNTERFEIT COIN

Continued from Page 60

"The explanation," said Virgil, "was always perfectly clear. Bureau was strange to the house and mistook his room."

"That—that's right," said the Count, somehow.

The Duchess surveyed them in turn.

Then—

"Quite so," she said grimly. "In fact, what I don't understand is why the Lady Caroline wasn't put into the street. I mean, you were three to one—three swine to one pearl-trode and nephew and nephew's paying guest—and she was only the daughter of this distinguished house."

If the words were savage. Old Harry lent them the harshness of frozen iron. The winter wind whistled in her accents, her tongue was a sharp sword; and I was not surprised to see the Count cower before them and actually put up a hand, as a man who will ward off a blow. And though Virgil sat still as death, for the first time I saw the glint of fear in his eyes. And I did not find that surprising, for the Duchess had made it quite plain that she owed the Count no duty because he was not her host.

Some sweet was served—in a silence which nobody dared to break. Then Old Harry spoke in German.

"John Herrick, relieve the tension. You know how to tell a good tale."

"Madam," said Herrick, "command me." He put a hand to his head. "A few minutes ago the conversation turned upon remembrance—a precious faculty. By that my story shall hang."

(Here I should say that Herrick's story was heard by every soul in that room, for the Duchess had taken her spoon, yet did not begin to eat; and while we sat at table waiting for her to begin, the servants had been doing nothing to do because the course had been served.)

There was once an English vicar, a very forgetful man. Now, all of us sometimes forget. I forgot my pistol on Friday afternoon. But he was much worse than that. He would set forth to keep an engagement and, while he was on his way, forget why he had gone out. He would frequently enter a shop and, ere he was served, forget what he came in to buy. And sometimes in winter, when the heaven was dark and he was rising early, as parsons do, he forgot he was getting up, but supposed he was going to bed, took off the clothes which he had that moment put on and then retired, as though it were night and not day. "But, with it all, he was so gentle and charming and had a nature so sweet that his flock forgave his failing with ready hearts, smiled at his errors, and said it was 'Person's way.'"

"Well, one beautiful summer morning he could not resist the call of the countryside, and, after his early breakfast, he set out afoot to prove the lively beauty he loved so well and draw from it a sermon such as no books could give. For the following day was Sunday. As though upon air he roamed for mile upon mile, and his heart was lifted up, because he had eyes to see and ears to hear. For him, the praise of birds fell down from heaven, the flower-strewn fields were living tapestry, brooks ran with precious magic and the greenwood was a shining chapter out of the Book of Dreams. Of course, he forgot all else; and of such was his communion that he forgot all time. In fact, it was past two o'clock, and he had covered the best part of fifteen miles, when he climbed a stile in a hedgerow, to find



THIS IS a picture of Mrs. Potter, of Brisbane, 85 years of age. Mrs. Potter, as the picture illustrates, takes great pride in her hair, and has never had it bobbed or cut short in any way. Mrs. Potter has very silky wavy hair, and wears it in a bun at the back of her head. She very seldom wears a hat as she thinks the sunshine keeps the bright tints in the hair, and helps to strengthen it. Her hair was very fair when she was young, but now has that creamy shade which comes with old age.

a man in the road, with a watch in his hand. And the man was watching a chauffeur changing a tyre—or, rather, trying to change it, for the car had detachable rims and because of the heat of the day the metal had expanded and the rim had seized on to the wheel.

"At once the Vicar perceived the state of the case. The man, who was wearing full dress, was clearly due at some function, for which he feared to be late; the chauffeur was needing assistance to pull off the rim but the other dared not give it because of his clothes."

"Without so much as a word, the Vicar went down on his knees in the dusty road—not to pray, but to add

his strength to that of a fellow man. And after a moment or two, before their united endeavors, the rim gave way. The rest, of course, was easy, but the Vicar continued to help till the work was done. Then at last he straightened his back, to find the other beside him, silk hat in hand.

"Sir," said the man, "I never can thank you enough. And since you have done me a service which I can never repay, I beg you will do me the honor to be my guest. I am to be married this day at half-past two, and I should not now be happy if you were not there."

"My very good friend," said the Vicar, inspecting his state, "you know very well that I am not fit to appear."

"This was true; he was not even wearing clerical dress."

"Whose fault is that?" said the other, and ushered him into his car.

"Now, though for the moment he did not know where he was, so soon as they moved the Vicar got his bearings, only to find that they were approaching the village of which he was priest. At the sight of the distant spire his memory suddenly stirred."

"Dear, dear," he cried, "I forgot. I shan't be able to come. You must set me down at that village. I've got a wedding myself."

"At that village?" cried the other. But that is where I'm to be married—in ten minutes' time."

The Vicar smiled his rare smile.

"Make it twenty, my friend," he said gently. "You must give me time to change."

"So they brought one another to church—the priest and the groom, for, had they not met as they did, neither the one nor the other could have arrived."

There was a moment's silence. Then the Duchess of Whelp shook her head.

"Too good to be true," she said, "as I'll lay the Count will agree."

"Madam," said the Count, "I am with you. And who ever heard of—"

"Great Scott!" cried Herrick, and started up to his feet.

His eyes were upon the Count, and the Count was staring back, with the eyes of a beast at bay.

So for a long moment—

"What then?" said Old Harry sharply.

Herrick put a hand to his head.

"But he's denied it," he cried, and looked dazedly round. "And I was there—at the wedding. I saw them arrive."

Please turn to Page 62



*Lady Ruth says*

**"this NEW FLAT BUSK positively won't show through your frocks"**



A revolutionary improvement in Lady Ruth "Practical Front" Corsets! New flat busk, with inconspicuous hooks that won't show through the sheerest of frocks. Entirely different in design from old-style busks. This new flat busk doesn't "catch" on lingerie, doesn't rub holes in the clothing. A patented idea, exclusive to Lady Ruth "Practical Fronts." Available to Australian women at no increase in price.

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## COUNTERFEIT COIN

Continued from Page 61

"WHAT of that?" said the Duchess. "He wasn't." His eyes again fast on the Count: "By Heaven," said Herrick. "I don't believe that he was. And yet the bridegroom's name was Rudolf of Brief."

Two hours had gone by and Winter was telling his tale. This in Herrick's room, the middle room of the tower. (This had not been a bedroom the week before, but now it was changed.)

"The first thing I knew, sir, a servant came running in to say his lordship had fainted and his valet was wanted at once. Well, that told me you were off, and very soon after, Bertam the steward comes in, as white as a sheet. He asks the older servants to come to his room, and when he was gone a footman begins to talk. I couldn't get all he said, but I made out her Grace an' Mr. Herrick 'ad put it across the Count. There's a chauffeur there speaks some English and so I got on to him. 'What's the trouble?' I says. 'What's anyone done?' An' then he starts off.

"They've got this much clear, sir—that there was another brother, an' he was a twin; that 'er Grace and Mr. Herrick keeps on referring to him; that his lordship keeps getting caught out, because he don't seem to see that they're mixing him up with his brother in all they say. But they can't understand why his lordship is so much upset. 'Why can't he see?' they keep asking. 'Why don't he tell them they're mixin' him up with his twin?' Of course, the steward's got it—you ought to have seen his face. But, of course, they all know there's something wrong, an' they all think 'er Grace has come here to put it right. It seems she said something like that. And they've got Mr. Herrick's story about the forgetful priest, but they think that when he said, 'Rudolf,' he must have meant 'Ferdinand.'"

"Oh, give me strength," said Herrick, and threw up his hands. "If I may say so, sir, you 'aven't no call to complain. They've got the truth in their hands, but except for the steward they're holding it upside down."

"And what will happen," said Herrick, "if ever they turn it round?" "Shocked to death, sir," said Winter. "If you ask me, I think they'll walk out on him, sir, from bottom to top. They're a very 'buse-proud' lot. An' another thing—in their eyes 'er Grace can't do no wrong."

"There was a little silence. It was clear that we had won the first round, and won it well. It was also clear that Old Harry was going for a knock-out, because the pace she had set could not possibly last—for one thing only, her threat to produce poor Gering was one which she could not fulfil. And, again, it was clear that Old Harry's judgment was good, because a win on points would be useless to us. The Count of Brief had to be floored—or he made to throw in the towel. But if he contrived to stand up for the first few rounds, the man was safe.

Now, had he known it, the man had nothing to fear, because his brother was dead. Old Harry had meant that at once. Only the production of Gering could send him down. But fear of the production of Gering, reinforced by a taste of the exposure which Gering's production must bring, might make the man throw up the sponge. That, then, was Old Harry's line, and it cannot, I think, be denied that she had begun very well indeed.

THE Count was badly rattled. But I could not lose sight of one thing. And that was that he had a second who knew no law.

Indeed, this was now I saw it—that the Duchess of Wheip was fighting the Count of Brief, because the fall of the Count would set Caroline up; but Virgil was fighting his cousin, because if he brought her down, the fall of the Count would not matter because he—Percy Virgil—would then be bound to succeed.

"Well, well!" said Herrick. "And who ever heard of two guests abusing their host at table until he's carried away and then getting down to his brandy and having a rubber of bridge? You know it's blasphemous. I don't believe the Borgias ever did that. And I'll lay ill Percy got earache. 'Three swine to one pearl.'"

I forgot what answer I made, but I know I sent Winter to bed and after two or three minutes, went up to my room. But not to sleep; for the "pearl" was out of my sight. I had seen her into her suite

twenty minutes before. I trusted to see her come out in a little less than eight hours. But I had no faith in Elsa, and—Virgil had his back to the wall. Had there been but one door to her suite I would have slept across it, and let the world believe me another Porus Bureau. But there were four doors to her suite, and one was outside. I could not so much as watch them; Argus himself could have watched but one at a time.

I took off my coat and lighted a cigarette.

As I threw the match out of the window somebody knocked at my door.

I was at the oak in a flash, to find Winter standing without with a key in his hand.

"I forgot to tell you, sir," he entered and shut the door. "You gave me this key and told me to look up the Rolls. Her doors, I mean. But I 'aven't been able to, because this isn't the key."

"Isn't the key?" I said, frowning, and took it out of his hand.

"It isn't, indeed, sir. I tried it again and again."

"But—"

And there I stopped dead—with my eyes on the key I was holding between my finger and thumb. Winter was right. This was not the key of the Rolls. Although she did not know it, Caroline Virgil had the key of the Rolls. I handed it to her on Friday with the rest of her things. It was now, perhaps, under her pillow. But this was her master key—that fitted all five of her locks.

Whilst I changed I gave Winter his orders. These were, in short, to pass the night on the landing watching the door which gave to Caroline's suite.

"If anyone tries to enter, put your torch on his face and hold him up. The door may be opened for him; but I don't like Elsa's face, and he's not to go in. When you've got him, lift up your voice and shout my name, and I'll be with you before

you know where you are. I shall be in the staircase-turret, watching the other door of her ladyship's rooms."

"And if you want me, sir?" said Winter.

"I'll call her ladyship. She'll let you through her suite and on to the stair. I don't think anything will happen, and, but for Elsa, I'd tell you to go to bed. But it's thanks to me that she is inside that suite, so it's up to me to see that she does no harm."

AND there I remembered Elgar, the man for whom Virgil had called when we had escaped from the tower. I had learned from Caroline that he was Virgil's chauffeur, and was as much trusted by his master as he was distrusted by everyone else at Brief.

But when I mentioned his name—"He's away just now," said Winter, "with Mr. Virgil's car. There's a knock in the engine or something they can't get right."

"So much the better," said I, and spoke as I thought. And that, I think, shows how ill equipped I was to deal with a man of Virgil's capacity, for I should at once have suspected the absence of his chauffeur and car. But I am ashamed to say that it did not occur to me that, if there is work of a certain kind to be done, the lugger will take an offing instead of staying in port. Be that as it may, I read the danger signal as being a piece of good news, then I took up my pistol and torch and we left the tower.

To post Winter took but a moment, and then I was treading the steps down which I had knocked the servant six days before. My shoes were rubber-soled and I made no sound, but, as I have said before, the well of the staircase was lit, and the first floor, to which I was going, was very much better illuminated than was the landing above. Still, there were shadows enough, and I kept to them.

Please turn to Page 63

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ANCHOR



# COUNTERFEIT COIN

Continued from Page 62

AS luck would have it, I knew the whole of my way. I was not going down to the hall; I was bound for the picture gallery where we had gathered that evening before dinner was served. This lay upon the first floor—a fine, long room, and its range of windows was broken into three bays by two of the staircase-turrets with which the castle was served. And the first of these, I knew, was Caroline's own—I had seen her come out of its door at a quarter-past eight.

Using the greatest caution, I left the magnificent staircase and stole to the gallery's doors. Happily, these were open, but here the darkness was thick, so I put to the doors behind me and drew my torch. And there my luck went out, for the torch was dead.

Now I could, of course, have gone back; but since Winter needed his torch, it meant going back or sending him back to my room; so I made up my mind to go on, because, though I should have liked it, I could tread upon Virgil's toes without seeing his face.

The gallery seemed broader than I had thought, but at length I was touching the curtains, which had been drawn. At once I turned to the left, for now I had found the windows I had to do no more than follow their line along. And because I had my bearings, perhaps I moved with less care than I should have shown. In any event, I had almost come to the door when I brushed against something unwieldy—and knocked it down.

Now when a man who is trying not to be heard knocks over a chair or a table, it shortens his life. But when he knocks over a harp—

Not only was the crash appalling, but every string of the instrument sounded its liquid note. Indeed, as I stood there, trembling, I thought that the dulcet announcement would never die, and when at last it did I should have been glad to die with it, because in all my life I never felt so much abashed. Discovery was, of course, inevitable. I had not only waked the household; I had declared where I was; for the harp, like that of the giant in "Jack and the Beanstalk," had lifted up an unmistakable voice.

I wiped the sweat from my face and waited for the sound of men running and voices raised. Virgil, no doubt, would come thrusting—to rub my nose in the desperate mess I had made. I began to try to prepare some halting explanation which was not beneath contempt.

I do not know how long I stood still, but as the moments went by, yet nobody came. I began to dare to believe that I was to be spared. The silence which I had shattered was absolute as ever; no faintest indication of movement came to my ears. And at last I knew I was saved. For some extraordinary reason, no one was coming to answer the call of the harp.

Expecting to be discovered and put to shame, I had, of course, relinquished my delicate enterprise; but now there was plainly no reason why I should withdraw, provided that on my way back, when my watch was done, I set up the harp again by the light of the dawn. So I ventured to belf on my course, feeling my way before me and moving, as may be believed, as nicely as any cat.

**B**EFORE I had covered six feet, I touched the door of the turret to which I was trying to come.

Now I had expected the staircase to be in darkness; but the moment I opened the door, I knew that a light was burning beyond the oak. For a moment I found this strange. Then I remembered that I had left lights burning on the staircase within the tower and decided that the practice was natural where dangerous steps were serving a private room.

I took the key from the lock, stepped across the threshold and closed the door.

I was now in a little stone passage which ran through the castle wall and gave directly on to the turret-stair; the wall here four feet

thick, the passage was four feet long, for the turret adjoined the castle, yet was complete in itself. An electric light was burning where passage and staircase met, thus lighting the steps up and down as well as the passage itself.

I leaned against the wall and heaved a sigh of relief. Harp or no harp, I had gained the position. I sought, and Winter and I between us commanded Caroline's suite. If—

And there I heard a girl laugh—a stifled, mischievous laugh—to tell me she knew I was there.

It was Elsa, of course. I knew that. She must have heard the harp fall and have left Caroline's suite to see what the matter might be. And then she had seen the door open and probably me come in. She was just out of sight, up the stair; and she had been waiting there, to see what I would do.

There was only one thing to be done.

"Is that you, Elsa?" I said, and stepped to the curling stair.

Looking up, I saw her standing, point-device as ever, back to the wall.

Then somebody standing behind me laid me out.

The first thing that I remember was Percy Virgil's voice.

**A**S I lifted my head he spoke, and a gag was clapped into my mouth—a pad of sweet-smelling silk. When I tried to sit up, I found that my hands were not free. My wrists were strapped tight together, behind my back.

I was still too dazed to make any useful effort, so I laid my head back on the stone and closed my eyes, determined to stay where I was till my strength and my senses came back, for though I could not think straight, I knew that I needed them both as never before. For a moment, I seemed to be swaying, although I was lying still. Then somebody made me sit up and pushed my head forward and down. Then water was poured on my head and down the back of my neck.

It was that that cleared my brain, and though my head was aching, from that time on I was healthy in body and mind.

I lifted my head and looked round.

I was sitting in the passage, just clear of the turret-stair. Percy Virgil was sitting on the stair, a step or two up. And a man whom I knew must be Elgar was standing in the passage beside me, pitcher in hand.

Percy Virgil picked up my pistol, looked at the safety-catch, weighed the thing on his palm and slipped it into his coat. Then he glanced at his wrist-watch and fingered his chin.

"You are very convenient, Mr. Ekron. I should have got you later, but probably only after an ugly scene. And I do so dislike being crossed. But now you've avoided all that, and what is more, you have made my path very smooth. You see, my cousin is going. The Lady Caroline is leaving the castle tonight. That was always understood—not by you, or that silver-tongued fairy, the Duchess of Whelp. But it was understood by me—as soon as I heard that my cousin was coming back. You see, I don't want her here. I really made that plain about ten days ago. But some people won't take a hint. Well, now she is going for good. She will never come back. Where Max went wrong I don't know; but this time I'm making sure. I was in her bedroom tonight before she came up. Indeed, my arrangements were perfect, as I shall show. And yet, with it all, I had a sort of feeling that when to-morrow arrived and the Lady Caroline Virgil was not in her room, I should be roused from a slumber. I really required and once again charged with abduction and things like that. There would have been no shadow of proof. Elsa would have heard nothing. No car would have left the castle. And the steward himself would have said that if I had gone out by night I could not have come in. You see, for two days now I have had no key. Everyone knows that I lost it on Sunday night. I assure you the castle's been ransacked. To no avail, of course, because—here it is."

(To be Continued)

# DON'T SACRIFICE SAFETY On the ALTAR of RISK

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## SWEET MIRACLE

Continued from Page 5

MARGARITA loved the birds because of the story the Padre had told her of the good St. Francis and she loved them more for their quick ways and soft stirring hearts that beat against her palms when she held them, just as her own heart beat when she caught glimpses of Pedro.

Pedro had said: "You are wasting your money," but Margarita protested that she would eat less. Her abuelita (grandmother) lived on seven cents a day, and for herself there were always the cold tortillas that had not sold.

The sad part of it, Margarita felt, as she counted her pennies again hoping she had been wrong was that Pedro had ceased to watch. He wasn't hanging around any more, even for food.

Little uneasy thoughts that pointed out a connection between her failure in business and her failure in love came to the girl, but she pushed them back into dark corners where they belonged, as unworthy.

Perhaps if she had a picture taken for Pedro so that every time he looked at it he would see the love in her eyes; perhaps then he would have come back to her and say again the sweet things he had said the night the stars chorused in heaven.

Nothing could go wrong with real love. Margarita believed this because the Padre had said more than once from the pulpit in the church across the plaza that love worked miracles.

So Margarita smiled and prayed and counted her pennies. There were twenty-one to-day, over the seven she must take the old grandmother. The photographer wanted twenty-five. And perhaps there was one cent added as on everything else these days.

Just then from across the street

### Modern Swain Tells His Love In Sky-Writing

By Air Mail.

TED AIRHEART has a name that is highly appropriate. While thousands of San Francisco residents craned their necks and gaped, Airheart was aloft in a plane sky-writing "I love you."

The crowds waited for more, but there wasn't any more. Airheart brought his plane to the ground, where he was pressed for an explanation.

"I own a plane," he said. "It was equipped with a sky-writing device, and I got the idea that I wanted to write 'I Love You' above my girl's home."

He didn't say what the result of his unique courtship was.

she heard Pedro's voice rise in song. And the sound of it caught her throat like a hand. She went and stood by the red and yellow ears of corn that hung in her doorway. From this point she could see him, the splendid one, his large white teeth gleaming from between full red lips. And marvel of marvels, suddenly catching sight of her across the space of tables and chairs and cobble stones, he smiled.

There could be no new dress, but now Margarita knew there must be a picture. She had such faith in its potency. It would be something tangible, something stable to tether this drifting marvel to.

She prayed before her shrine, then very carefully she arranged her hair, brushed off her dress and powdered her small nose. In the mirror over the tin wash basin she saw a face that she did not call beautiful, as the artists did, but in her dark eyes she saw what she wanted—oh, so much she wanted—Pedro to see, the feeding flame of love.

Manuel Parra, he of the trident camera, looked steadily at the sixteen pennies and one nickel that Margarita held out to him. Trade had been more than had. It simply wasn't.

TWENTY-ONE cents in the hand was worth more than twenty-five in someone else's pocket. It was more than his tin-ypers were worth. He knew that, too, because his box was cracked and was always letting in light streaks that spoiled his sales. But this Mexican girl wouldn't

complain, one never had trouble with them as one did with the other women. He knew he'd take the money but he kept her waiting. So she offered him tortillas for the other nickel.

He nodded and Margarita waited patiently while he stowed the money in an inner pocket and slipped a piece of tin into the black box.

The sun was at Margarita's back and it threw a dark shadow in front of her and the light entered into the camera's lens, but Manuel was no artist. He pressed a bulb, and her picture was taken in her old world Mexican clothes. He unfasted the latch of the camera, and, drawing out the sheet of tin, thrust it into a chemical solution which stood in a pan at his side.

Scarcely looking at the print which is always something of magic in mechanical devices such as radio or photography, Margarita took the bit of tin wondering at a power that could so quickly transfer her likeness to this piece of metal.

But when she looked, the expression of her face changed from that of curiosity to one of astonishment and awe. "Madre di dios! ... a miracle! It is a miracle!" she cried all unconscious of the attention she was attracting.

She sped back to her shop and threw herself down before the altar of the Madonna, crossing herself and praying ardently.

A crowd had collected and as she rose from her knees some cried out: "Let us see! Margarita, what do you mean, a miracle?" And breathless and starry-eyed she passed them the picture. At first there was scoffing and doubt, questioning and disbelief, but some of the group fell on their knees and prayed.

Awe rippled over the crowd like wind over water.

The young artist stretched out his fingers and caught the picture as it passed from hand to hand. On it he saw a lovely Margarita, in her eyes a love light that was as plain as lettering in a book. That was what Margarita had planned, but there was more. At her feet was a shadow that formed a perfect cross and around her head a soft light like a halo.

When she posed for the picture it wasn't there, but here it was in the picture.

"A miracle!" repeated the crowd. And they came in and talked it over with Margarita and ordered tamales and beer and tortillas until she was so busy there was little time for discussion. And that was not the end of it.

THEY came the next day and the next. If a place be blessed, it is a good thing to be near it. If the good God has shown one of His children special favor surely there is good in that person and he should be noticed—and after all one must eat somewhere; it might as well be with Margarita.

Pedro was one of those who came to listen and later to bathe in reflected glory. He took his place at her side and answered the questions of the curious while Margarita was busy laying the tacos (block of wood) over the charcoal fire.

Pedro was more quiet than was his wont. The sweetness, the goodness that was Margarita radiated above her like a second halo. Its light pierced his ego-crusted heart and lit a warmth there that promised to remain a living coal.

On the next starlit night he sauntered by her side through the narrow streets to her home.

"You are one pretty girl, Margarita," he said, "but you have business sense no more than—a burro. What you need, Margarita, is one strong wise man like me to run your booth."

Her heart pounded and no words came. Margarita could only nod acquiescence.

Then very softly, tenderly it came, "Margarita, I love you."

So the miracle of love of which the Padre had told her had come true! She breathed her gentle, "Verdad, yo to amo, Pedro" (I am your love, Pedro) as he took her into his arms.

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# THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY HOME MAKER

September 11, 1937.

A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers

Page One

## SIMPLICITY, PLUS COLOR, *Equals* BEAUTY

### *Decorating and furnishing a bedroom most attractively at minimum cost*

By OUR HOME DECORATOR

**L**OTS of bright ideas and a desire for beauty and charm in your home, but not much money... What can be done about it?

Amazingly enough, a great deal! In fact, it is surprising just what can be done on a minimum of expenditure.

If you start out on your home furnishing adventure by keeping in mind that simplicity is the basis of modern decoration, and that this is the secret of beauty and charm, you are well on the way to achieving the result you desire.

This applies especially to the modern bedroom, the one room which the young couple furnishing their first home want to make as lovely as possible. The new housewife feels that this room should, at least, express something of herself.

Sometimes over-ardourness in this regard has the opposite result. Quite

Furniture plain in design, simple in line and of a size to suit the room it is used in, fresh colors, absence of unnecessary pieces, few accessories chosen for their practical value or for the color accent they may add and carpeting as good as you can possibly afford are the essentials of an attractive bedroom.

Remember, too, that space is an acquisition in modern decoration, for not only does it give room to move about, but has the effect of showing the furnishings off to advantage and giving a restful appearance.

The two bedrooms illustrated on this page will give you some idea of furnishing on the lines discussed.

The room at the top of the page is decorated in lettuce-green, oyster and beige. It is really exceptionally



*SIMPLE BUT EXQUISITELY charming bedroom decorated in lettuce-green, oyster, and beige. Notice the attractive design of the dressing-table and the plain divan bed.*

The old polish was then removed from the suite and the whole sanded down to reveal the natural color, which is a delightful pink-honey tone.

The divan bed in this room is simply a wire mattress with legs added and the bedspread is plain satin in ice-blue. The all-over plain carpet is

oyster or off-white, and the walls are also off-white.

At the windows there are two long drapes of plain ice-blue satin, and beneath the window (not shown in the picture) is a quaint cane settee lacquered in gold and equipped with cushions in blue satin.



*ROOM DECORATED in off-white and ice-blue. The suite in this room was originally an old-fashioned type with a washstand. It was remodelled and the polish removed to reveal the natural honey color of the wood.*

recently a young couple who saved hard for their future home made the mistake of spending a sum out of all proportion to the amount at their disposal on a bedroom suite. But they were determined that the bedroom should be the best room in the house, and they wanted the best suite they could possibly afford.

The suite they finally bought was very beautiful, but when it was installed in their little bedroom it simply overwhelmed the room. It was too large to begin with, and then the couple found they hadn't sufficient money left for carpeting. So they compromised with cheap linoleum, two little rugs and cheap curtains. Instead of this room being a beautiful one, it is entirely lacking in any attraction whatever and cost a lot of money.

charming yet exquisitely simple.

You will notice first that the carpeting is the plain all-over kind. The walls have been painted in a plain shade, and the furniture has been done in lettuce-green.

You will notice, too, the absence of a conventional bedroom suite. Instead, there is a divan bed with a plain throwover spread, and a dressing-table, very simple but effective in style with separate mirror attached to the wall over it. The gay note in this room is in the curtains, which are in a bold pattern, and in the loose covering on the easy chair.

The bedroom pictured in the centre of the page was furnished very cheaply. The suite was originally a very old-fashioned one, and included a dressing-table with a high mirror

and bracket shelves at either side, a washstand, wardrobe, and chest of drawers.

First the mirror, brackets and ornaments were removed from the dressing-table. The double set of drawers was separated down the centre and a full-length mirror and a glass shelf placed between.

The washstand, with its two cupboards, was also divided into two pieces, and with the aid of a long piece of timber made into the useful fitment you see at the head of the bed. Modern fronts were, by the way, fitted to the bedhead fitment and the dressing table.

The chest of drawers and the wardrobe in this suite needed no structural alterations other than removal of ornamentations.

### Mrs. Grey GETS A SURPRISE



ANNE STEWART is the decorator who lets you in on her professional secrets. Read her book, "The Colorful Home," and learn how you too can have lovely colorful

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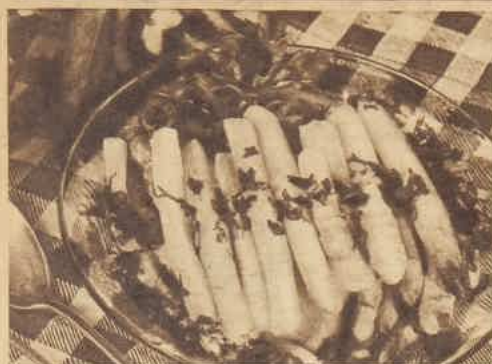
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ALWAYS POPULAR—tinned asparagus, which may be served warmed with melted butter or iced with mayonnaise or sauce.



"Another day started — oh dear, I dread that breakfast struggle! I just can't face another tantrum and yet Tommy must be made to eat."



"Excuse me, Mrs. Page," says the next door neighbour. "We're off to the country and I hate leaving food in the house. Will you take this new packet of Kellogg's Rice Bubbles? I'm sure Tommy likes them — my Peter won't eat anything else! He likes to hear that 'SNAP!' 'CRACKLE!' and 'POP!' when the milk is poured on!"



"Can I have some more Rice Bubbles, Mum?"  
"Can you have more, my angel — you can have as much as you like!" replies Mother, thrilled that all her breakfast worries are over. "I'll bless my neighbour the rest of my life — those Kellogg's Rice Bubbles have made a new boy of Tommy!" No wonder, Mrs. Page — Kellogg's Rice Bubbles are full of nourishment, and they're so deliciously appealing to "cranky" appetites. Ready to serve — order some to-day!



# DINNERS from TINS

Some of the delicious and nourishing meals that can be quickly and easily prepared with tin foods.

TINNED foods are now so scientifically prepared that, provided you obtain reliable brands, you can be sure of arranging not only an appetising meal but one with the vitamin contents of the food fully conserved.

INSTEAD it is a clever housewife who keeps her pantry shelf well stocked with tinned foods of every kind, for she knows that at a moment's notice she can prepare an emergency dinner that is as good as one prepared with fresh food.

She knows, too, that not only is a meal from tins prepared quickly and easily, but the food to-day is nourishing and hygienic.

Some of the foods you can obtain in tins include:

Soups: Tomato, vegetable, mulligatawny, pea.

Vegetables: Asparagus, cauliflower, tomatoes, sweet corn, baked beans, mushrooms, peas.



DELICIOUS SWEETS can be made from tinned fruits. Here is a peach melba made with ice-cream, peaches and nuts.

**CAULIFLOWER AU GRATIN**  
One tin cauliflower, 4oz. cheese, 1 pint white sauce, cayenne, salt, browned breadcrumbs.

Heat cauliflower in tin, open and drain. Lift into a vegetable or entree dish. Mix half the cheese into the sauce, flavor with salt and cayenne. Pour over cauliflower. Sprinkle with remainder of cheese and breadcrumbs. Serve at once very hot.

**GREEN PEAS**  
Stand tin of canned peas in saucepan and boil till heated through. Open tin; drain well. Melt little butter in saucepan, add peas, salt, cayenne and small sprig of mint. Toss over heat for few seconds. Remove mint. Serve in hot vegetable dish.

**FRUIT WHIP**  
Put whatever fruit used through a coarse strainer. Add a little of the juice with sugar to taste. Whip a tin of cream till thick. Gradually add the sieved fruit, stirring in well. Chill, then serve in individual dishes sprinkled with chopped nuts.

**PEACH FRITTERS**  
Procure peaches in halves. Open tin and drain well. Make a fritter batter, dip each half peach in, then fry in deep boiling fat till golden brown. Drain on paper. Serve at once with lemon juice and sugar.

**APRICOT CHARLOTTE**  
Well butter a fire-proof dish. Sprinkle thickly with cake or breadcrumbs, then cover with layer of apricots, then sugar, more crumbs and so on till dish is full, finishing with thick layer of crumbs. Then dot with butter. Bake in hot oven about 1 hour. Serve hot with cream.

**PLUM PUDDING**  
Reheat pudding in tin following directions given. Turn on to hot dish. Pour little brandy round and set alight. Serve with whipped and flavored cream.

If you want a hot dish, it is a good idea to make some curry sauce and have it ready. It can then be warmed up for luncheon or supper, and in it may be heated canned crab, lobster, fish, chicken, corned beef, camp pie (cut into blocks), beans, spaghetti, vegetables.

Note.—When making the soups and coffee follow the directions printed on the tin.

By  
**RUTH FURST**  
Cookery Expert  
to The  
Australian Women's  
Weekly.

TINNED SOUPS are most appetising and easy to prepare. Here is a delicious cream soup all ready for the table.

**Fish:** Crab, salmon, whitebait, oysters, sardines, herrings.  
**Meat:** Tongues, ox or sheep's, chicken, corned beef, camp pie, steak pudding, sausages.

**Fruits:** Prunes, apricots, cherries, fruit salad, gooseberries, peaches, pears, pineapple, quinces, raspberries, loganberries.

**Other foods are:** Powdered milk, coffee au lait, cocoa, condensed milk, cream, plum pudding, salad dressing. In preparing tinned foods it is often possible to dress them up in such a way that nobody would guess they were not fresh.

To heat tinned foods, that is, those that are to be served hot, it is usual to place the tin unopened in a saucepan of boiling water and boil for ten to 20 minutes according to the size of the tin.

Always turn the contents of a tin out on to a plate as soon as it is opened. It is not wise to allow food to stand in a tin for any length of time; neither is it advisable to put tinned food away for the next day.

Tinned foods should always be used as soon as possible after they have been opened.

**MENU 1**  
Tomato Soup  
Fricassee Tongues  
Cauliflower au Gratin  
Peach Fritters  
Coffee au Lait

**MENU 2**  
Oyster Cocktail  
Fish Cakes  
Sweet Corn Pie  
Apricot Charlotte  
Coffee au Lait

**MENU 3**  
Vegetable Soup  
Crumbed Sausages with Green Peas  
Plum Pudding and Cream  
Coffee au Lait

**MENU 4**  
Camp Pie in Batter  
Scallop Mushroom  
Fruit Whip  
Orange Cup

**TOMATO SOUP**  
Empty tin of canned soup into enamel saucepan. Add 1-8th teaspoon carbonate of soda. Bring to boil. Boil milk in separate saucepan. Add to tomatoes and serve at once in hot tureen or plates with fried croutons.

**FRICASSEE TONGUES**  
Open tin of tongues. Remove all jelly and fat. Skin the tongues and remove any small bones. Cut in half lengthwise. Make white sauce. Add to it salt, cayenne and chopped parsley to taste. Put in the tongues and carefully reheat without burning. Serve very hot in entree dish.

**SWEDISH SALAD**  
Any kind of tinned fish, 2 hard-boiled eggs, olives, capers, gherkins, lettuce, mayonnaise, little aspic jelly.

Cut fish into small pieces, mix with chopped eggs, sliced olives, capers and gherkins, sprinkle with salt and cayenne. Mix well. Put spoonful in well-drained lettuce leaves. Pour over a little mayonnaise, garnish with cubes of aspic jelly.







**MARBLED**  
**FELTEX**  
**THE MODERN FLOOR COVERING**



Cool; inviting; comfortable; luxury without ostentation—these are but part of the qualities you receive when you choose Feltex for your floor covering.

For sample cards and beautifully illustrated folder write to  
Dept. 14, Box 3281 P.P., G.P.O., Sydney.

**OBTAINABLE AT ALL GOOD FURNISHING STORES.**

**GUARANTEED MOTHPROOF FOR LIFE**

**"JOHNNIE IS AILING, I WISH I KNEW WHAT TO GIVE HIM, NURSE"**



"California Syrup of Figs" regularly every Saturday night. It will keep him fit and save you a world of sickness and worry.

"I expect he's constipated. Show me your tongue, Johnnie. Yes, I thought so. See how it's coated. Your head aches, too, doesn't it Johnnie; and you feel poorly? Sure signs that he's out of sorts.

That's the trouble, Mrs. Wilson, his system wants a thorough cleansing. Give him a dose of 'California Syrup of Figs'—'Calif'—now and he'll be as happy as a sandboy in a few hours. It's difficult to keep them regular when they're young, they get lazy about it and are soon upset. But you can avoid all that by giving Johnnie a dose of

'California Syrup of Figs' regularly every Saturday night. It will keep him fit and save you a world of sickness and worry.

Safe? You couldn't have anything safer! It's a natural fruit laxative, and acts like fruit on the bowels. That's why so many doctors recommend it, and give it to their own children.

You can't afford to take chances with medicines, particularly with the children. No matter whether it is for myself or a patient, I always insist on 'California Syrup of Figs'—'Calif'.

'California Syrup of Figs' is sold by all chemists and stores, 1/6 or 2/3 times the quantity for 2/10. Be sure to say 'California' and look for 'Calif' on the package.

**'CALIFORNIA SYRUP OF FIGS'**  
**'NATURE'S OWN' LAXATIVE**

Printed and Published by Consolidated Press Limited, 166-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

## FOR Young WIVES and MOTHERS Preparing for Motherhood

By MARY TRUBY KING

*Doctors cannot force knowledge upon mothers-to-be—women must seek it for themselves. As soon as a woman knows she is to become a mother, she should avail herself of the best medical and nursing advice.*

**F**AR too many women put off consulting their family physician till the last three months of pregnancy. Many are so ill-advised that they fail to realise the necessity for seeking advice at all.

Only as the desire for knowledge is stimulated will further progress become possible in the reduction of maternal and infant mortality.

The expectant mother should not regard herself as an invalid. A busy, active life is necessary for her.

On the other hand she should not go to extremes where physical activity is concerned. There are certain things she should not attempt, such as lifting heavy weights, motoring over rough roads, working a treadle sewing machine, or going in for tennis, golf, or other tournaments.

Heavy work should be avoided throughout pregnancy, but light housework is advisable.

### Need for Watching

**P**REGNANCY tests the integrity of every structure of a woman's body," writes an eminent English doctor. "If any part, or any one system, is unhealthy or neglected, it will break down under the strain. In Pre-Natal Clinics a watch is kept for symptoms of any breakdown of the physiological functions of the body."

**"IT IS NOT SO MUCH A MATTER OF TREATMENT AS OF CAREFUL WATCHING."**

"It is only on rare occasions that one needs to treat a woman in pregnancy, so long as she has been carefully supervised."

All mothers who regularly attend their nearest Pre-Natal Centre, and carry out faithfully the advice of both doctor and clinic nurse, can look forward to normal confinements and recovery.

For those who live in the country, with no Pre-Natal or Mothercraft Clinic within reach, there are modern text-books on the subject which can be studied with profit.

For the few who cannot afford to buy these books (though a knowledge of their contents would save pounds in medical expenses), free leaflets can be obtained by merely sending a stamped addressed en-

velope with your letter to the Sister-in-Charge, Australian Mothercraft Society, 233 Elizabeth St., Sydney, who will also answer any personal questions on mothercraft matters which may be a cause of worry to the individual writer.

There are also centres in Melbourne, Adelaide, and Tasmania. In West Australia and Queensland expectant mothers should get in touch with the nearest clinic.

If you wish, a leaflet describing the special exercises to be done during pregnancy will also be sent to you.

In addition to the special exercises, the mother-to-be requires a reasonable amount of active walking in the fresh air. A good three-mile walk will not be too much for you, and you will return home as much refreshed by the change of scenery as by the fresh air.

After exercising, rest with the feet up for half an hour or so.

Early in pregnancy make arrangements for the birth of your child. Your choice should lie between your own home and a maternity hospital.

The views of Dr. J. B. Dawson, Professor of Obstetrics at the Otago University, N.Z., on this subject are interesting. Dr. Dawson says: "There is a danger in conducting births in general hospitals, but that does not disturb the fact that it is much safer to have deliveries in maternity hospitals than in private houses. The total birth mortality for New Zealand over the past five years was 3.28 per 1000 persons; but during the same period the death-rate in Dunedin Maternity Hospital was only 1.5 per 1000 confinements."

### Go into Hospital

**DR. DAWSON** states that the ideal system would probably be the conducting of normal labor in private hospitals under the care of both midwife and doctor. He stresses that all complicated cases, no matter how slightly complicated, should enter a well-equipped maternity hospital, which alone can supply the facilities for dealing with troublesome deliveries.

On the whole, the practice of conducting confinements in a maternity hospital is safer than in the home.

(To be Continued.)

## ...WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME ..BY A DOCTOR..

**PATIENT: How should an infected finger be treated?**

**A**N infection of the hand is a common complaint. This is true because of the universal neglect of a scratch, pin-prick or other simple accident to the hand. Most of these daily injuries are trivial and turn out to be harmless. But too often it happens that infection may follow, and this may prove so serious as to cause the loss of a finger or lead to amputation of the hand.

Formerly such infections were common industrial hazards. But within recent years, I am glad to say, there has been a remarkable decrease in the number of hand infections in industrial labor. This improvement has occurred as a result of the installation of safety devices, but particularly because of the immediate medical attention given.

Workmen are instructed to seek medical care regardless of how trivial the injury may seem. If similar attention were given the victims of household accidents, there would be a marked decrease in the loss of fingers, hands, and arms.

Please do not forget that it is dangerous to be careless about a hand injury. Our hands are of vital importance to us. We should never take chances which may lead to impairment of functions of a hand, loss of

fingers, loss of the whole hand or, as might happen, even loss of life.

Do not ignore a scratch. Bear in mind that it opens a way for dangerous germs to enter the skin. Most persons neglect what they regard as a trifling injury, rarely consulting a physician until there is pain or marked inconvenience. The least you can do is to apply iodine to damaged skin. In every household there should be a glass-corked bottle of iodine tincture.

### Dangerous Practice

**L**ET me warn you against the use of any ointment or lotion, unless it is prescribed by a doctor. Too many attempt to draw pus by stabbing the swelling with a needle, pin, or other object. Have your doctor do this. Carelessness in the procedure may lead to serious blood poisoning.

If operation or incision is necessary, it should only be undertaken by a physician who knows how to prepare the parts for this little operation. The surgeon is well aware of the dangers of these so-called "trivial" infections. He will plan the incisions so as to cause the least possible discomfort and scar formation and, at the same time, provide for immediate drainage of pus.

**Ease that sore spot  
and SLEEP**



"A little Sloan's will soon put an end to that twitching pain."  
"I hope so. I've hardly slept at all all week."

## STIFF JOINTS

**Stop the pain — Sleep**

Don't let pain keep you awake during damp weather. Wipe those stiff sore joints with Sloan's — and you'll sleep soundly. For Sloan's rushes fresh blood to the sore spots, kills the pain, relaxes the stiffness. No rubbing is needed with Sloan's — simply pat it on. Gives the quickest relief in the world . . . and costs only 1/6.

**SLOAN'S  
LINIMENT**

**Before Bedtime  
Start Driving Out  
BRONCHITIS**

**Sleep Sound All Night.**

Enjoy a coughless night—sleep sound and awake refreshed—just be wise enough to take 3 or 4 doses of Buckley's Canadiol Mixture (triple action) before you go to bed—it's safe for the kids, also.

For bronchial coughs—for tough, persistent coughs, take a few doses of Buckley's—by far the largest-selling cough medicine in all of Britain—cold Canada—and feel as good as ever again. It "acts like a charm" and—it's guaranteed.

**AT CHEMISTS - 2/3 BOTTLE**

**W.K.  
Buckley's  
CANADIOL MIXTURE**

Product of W.K. BUCKLEY LTD  
Toronto, Canada — Rochester, N.Y.

**A SINGLE SIP PROVES IT**

**Freckles**

**Tells How to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots and Have a Beautiful Complexion.**

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles. Kinthio—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these unsightly spots. Simply get an ounce of Kinthio from any chemist and apply a little at night and morning and you will soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than an ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful complexion. Be sure to ask for the double-strength Kinthio, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove your freckles.

## No More Piles

**Thousands Bless Dr. Leonhardt, the Specialist Who Discovered This Commonsense Remedy.**

"If you think that the surgeon's knife is the only method of escape from the misery of piles, it's because you haven't heard of the new treatment known as Dr. Leonhardt's Vacuoid."

This doctor's treatment is based on his experimenting for years he discovered the exact cause of piles, and then went further and compounded a remedy that would remove the cause. Dr. Leonhardt wants every sufferer to benefit by his discovery, and so there will be no doubting or delay. Chemists are authorized to sell Vacuoid with guarantee that it will do as stated or money back.

On that honourable basis every sufferer should secure a package of Dr. Leonhardt's Vacuoid to-day.



# THE New CHRYSANTHEMUM

An Exquisite Flower

Called Coronation Gold

Garden-lovers will be amazed with the beauty of this new chrysanthemum, the finest yet grown in Australia.

—Says the Old Gardener.

**CHRYSANTHEMUMS** are firm favorites with everybody, especially as they come into bloom when flowers in the garden are scarce.

To-day I want to introduce to you the most beautiful chrysanthemum that has yet been grown in Australia. I promise you that this new bloom will startle the gardening fraternity once they see it in bloom.

Coronation Gold is the name of this new chrysanthemum, which should prove a money-spinner for commercial cut-flower growers, and a prize-winner for exhibitors.

Those garden-lovers and commercial growers who have previously grown the variety Ruby Jones will find in Coronation Gold a vastly improved chrysanthemum.

The flowers of this newcomer are extremely large when disbudded rigorously for exhibition purposes. Even when twenty or more flowers are retained on each plant, the blooms are quite large, and, with their lovely coloring, create amazing interest in gardens, as indoor decorations, and

when displayed in florists' windows.

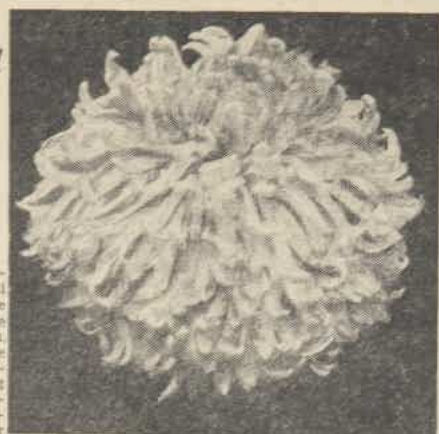
The name Coronation Gold will convey to those who saw the flower in bloom, about the time of the Coronation of King George, the recollection of its magnificent flower heads, composed of white petals which incurred ninety to form a glorious top, while the lower petals,

on the sides and underneath the blooms, reflexed and curled in graceful manner to display the broad bands of "molten gold" to which the color can be likened.

Coronation Gold is a vigorous, disease-resistant grower; and it blooms freely at a time when flowers are scarce and bring good prices.

The plants grow short and stocky if topped occasionally, while the blooms are borne on exceedingly long, wiry, clean stems in a manner not usual with the yellow varieties.

Readers must not confuse the N.W. Coronation Gold with a Victorian variety of similar name. The latter is an old-gold shade, and blooms early—it comes in in April. Remember those details, and you will avoid confusion.



THE LOVELY CHRYSANTHEMUM, which is a favorite with everybody. See story on this page for details about a glorious new chrysanthemum, Coronation Gold.

If such is the case do not hesitate to remove it, as the imperfect bud will never develop a show bloom. The next best should be kept and allowed to develop in its stead.

When the buds are beginning to break, regular applications of liquid manure made to the strength of weak tea or sulphate of ammonia in liquid form (1 ounce to the gallon) every ten days will show amazing results. Never apply liquid manure or sulphate of ammonia unless the plants have been copiously watered subsequent to the applications.



EASY TO USE—  
SPARKLING COLOURS  
WASHABLE GLOSS!

"QUICK" ENAMEL DRIES IN FOUR HOURS!

Manufactured at Rhodes, N.S.W., by

Lewis Berger & Sons (Aust.) Pty., Limited,  
Sherwin-Williams Company (Aust.) Pty., Ltd.,  
Rogers Paint & Varnish Company.

**SLIM Fast**  
OR  
PAY  
NOTHING

Have a lovely SLIM figure instead of a fat ugly one. Wear SLIM! slim, eat heartily, enjoy life, and live good. It's easy if you employ the amazing ENJOIA-ORANGE TREATMENT. Slip on the scales to-day.

**REDUCE**  
Waist, Bust, & Hips  
3 ins. IN 12 Days

new system—it's really amazing! No throat, just Enjoia in Orange Juice, and the fat melts away. Patient, take slim first, and now new slimmer results. Chemists sell Enjoia, 4/6 per bottle, 7/6 from Dept. E.A. Enjoia, 405 Pitt Street, Sydney. You can rely on Enjoia for safe, beneficial results. Doctors recommend Enjoia.

**Enjoia**  
Slims FAST but SAFE!

**ACID STOMACH  
IS DANGEROUS**

Sufferers from Indigestion  
READ THIS

"Stomach trouble, dyspepsia, indigestion, sourness, gas, heartburn, food fermentation, etc., are caused nine times in ten by chronic acid stomach," says a well-known authority.

During hydrochloric acid develops in the stomach at an alarming rate. The acid irritates and inflames the delicate stomach lining and often leads to gastritis or stomach ulcers. Don't lose an acid stomach, with peptic or artificial digestants that only give temporary relief from pain by driving the acid, fermenting food out of the stomach into the intestines.

Instead, neutralise or sweeten your acid stomach after meals with a little Salix Magnesia and not only will the pain vanish, but your meals will digest naturally. There is nothing better than Salix Magnesia to sweeten and settle an acid stomach. Your stomach and bowels feel free in just a few minutes. Salix Magnesia can be obtained from any reliable chemist. It is safe, reliable, easy and pleasant to use, is not a laxative, and is not at all expensive.

Here is Taken No. 28 for The Australian Women's Weekly "Peoples of the World in Pictures."

**PW  
28**

Here is Taken No. 67 for The Australian Women's Weekly "Australians Home Gardener."

**G  
67**

Here is Taken No. 43 for The Australian Women's Weekly "Man's Book."

**WB  
43**

Obtainable for 2/6 and 4/6.

## Situation and Soil

**SELECT** a position well out in the open, if possible, with a substantial wind break on the south and west. Such a position is ideal, as all the necessary sunlight is gained and your plants are protected from destructive southerly and westerly winds.

The most suitable soil is a strong loamy soil into which a heavy dressing of well-rotted animal manure has been thoroughly incorporated. If possible the preparation of the soil should be completed a few weeks before planting time. In the interval the bed may be lightly cultivated and light dressings of bonedust worked in.

Chrysanthemums are very brittle throughout the whole season of their growth and stakes are needed to support them. During their growth surface cultivation of the bed is very beneficial. This keeps the soil in a light friable condition and free of weeds. These plants are very susceptible to aphids, so watch out and destroy them on sight. Spray the plants with black leaf 40, one part to 20 parts of water, and you will not be troubled with them again.

## Show Blooms

**THESE** may be attained where patience and persistent methods are employed. Generous culture on one hand and severe restriction on the other, together with a fair knowledge of what the plant is capable of, are necessary to produce show blooms.

Many varieties shoot naturally, so select three or four shoots as even in strength as possible and pinch off any others. The shoots retained will soon make good progress under generous treatment. This is preliminary to making the crown bud. To force this crown bud pinch out all side growth and try to make your plants keep their leaves. A plant severely bereft of its leaves rarely flowers as well as it might. Another active period of growth results, and so we reach the most important stage of all, the second crown, from which most show blooms are developed.

The last bud to appear is termed the terminal bud. The blooms from this bud lack diameter and depth, both of which are essential in the ideal flower. The color of these blooms is excellent, however, and makes up for what is lost in diameter and depth.

Having restricted the energies of the plant to perfect the development of the shoot retained, select a most promising bud in the centre of the cluster of buds on each growth, and discard all others.

Never thin out to the one bud until they have all made some progress. Sometimes the terminal bud is de-

Unbearable

# BACKACHE

You dare not neglect  
that Warning of

# KIDNEY TROUBLE

People who have passed the prime of youth are particularly prone to some form of Kidney Trouble. It may not be serious, and a suitable remedy such as a few De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills, taken occasionally, will keep them in excellent bodily health and vigour.

But too often these slight symptoms are neglected. Then come those agonising backaches day and night, often accompanied by twinges of pain in muscles or joints.

It is easy to see how this comes about. As you know, the kidneys are constantly removing waste from the body.

If the kidneys become weak, sluggish or inflamed, they cannot possibly carry out their cleansing work thoroughly, so the waste matter (uric acid) collects and accumulates all over the body. The kidneys, owing to the strain, ache unbearably, hence those awful backaches.

De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills are especially compounded to act on the Kidneys.

You can see this for yourself within 24 hours of taking them.

De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills reduce the inflammation and soothe the aching kidneys. The kidneys are gently nursed back to health, and daily more and more of the accumulated poisons in the body are thrown out, until normal conditions are reached.

This is why so many people are delighted after using De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. Not only does their pain go, but they feel brighter and more vigorous than ever before. This, of course, is because they have got rid of the poisons in the blood which were dulling the brain, clogging muscles and joints and slowing down every organ in the body.

So if you suffer from any of these symptoms:

**RHEUMATISM BACKACHE  
JOINT PAINS LUMBAGO**

or any Urinary Irregularities

suspect Kidney Trouble and take De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills to-day. You, too, will be delighted with your renewed health.

# DE WITT'S KIDNEY & PILL'S BLADDER

REDUCED PRICES: 3/- & 5/9. New Trial Size, 1/9. There has been no change in the formula. The drugs used are the best that money can buy.



# Our Fashion Service and Concession Pattern

## ENCHANTING STYLES for SPRING and SUMMER



ww1825



### SIMPLE CUT

WW1825.—Simplicity of line, pleated skirt, and short puff sleeves with buttoned band are the smart features of this afternoon frock. Sizes, 32-inch to 38-inch bust. Material required: 4½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.



ww1826

### SMARTLY FITTING

WW1826.—One of the smartest afternoon frocks, with slim fitting hipline. Cut in sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Material required, 3½ yards, 36in. wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

### DEBONAIR

WW1827.—Charming ensemble, suitable for all occasions. The jacket is flared, with plain fitting skirt. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Material required, 2½ yards, 54 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.



ww1828



ww1829

### FOR LITTLE GIRLS

WW1829.—A pleasing style for little girl. The frock is very simple with the bloomers to match. Sizes, 2-8 years. Material required: 2½ yards, 36 inches wide, and 1 yard contrast. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

### REDINGOTE

WW1830.—A delightful semi-ingote style. Cut in sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Material required: 3 7-8 yards, 36 inches wide, and 1 yard contrast. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

### EVENING GOWN

WW1832.—You will be delighted with excellent cut of this charming evening gown. Sizes, 32in. to 38in. bust. Material required: 5½ yards, 36in. wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

### CHIC BOLERO

WW1833.—Sophisticated ensemble with new bolero. Sizes, 32-inch to 38-inch bust. Material required: 3 3-8th yards, 36 inches wide, and 1 yard for bolero, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.



ww1832



ww1831

### SMART BANDEAU

WW1831.—Every fashionable young lady will possess a bandeau this season—so why not make it yourself to match your frock or sports outfit? Sizes, 21-inch to 22½-inch head. Material required: 5-8th yard, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

## OUR SPECIAL CONCESSION PATTERN

### EXQUISITE PYJAMA SUITS

PATTERNS COST 3d.

Our three-in-one pattern this week provides for the charming trousseau pyjama suits shown at left. Pattern is out in three sizes, for 32, 34, 36-inch bust, and each pattern in each one size costs 3d., post free.

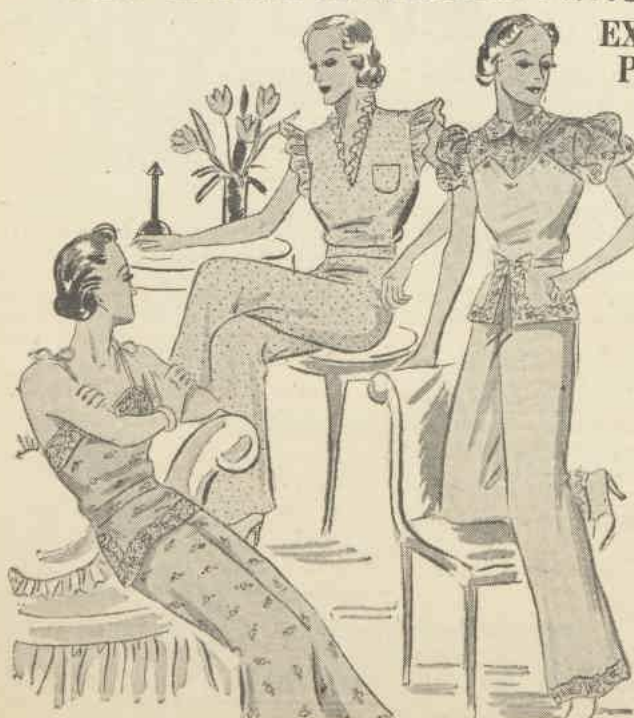
To obtain, fill in coupon right and forward, with 3d. in stamps, to our offices.

Material required, 36 inches wide:

For No. 1: Pyjamas, 3 7-8 yards.

For No. 2: 4 yards.

For No. 3: 4 yards.



### Concession Pattern Coupon

THIS coupon is available for one month from the date of issue only. To obtain a concession pattern of the garments illustrated at left, fill in the coupon and post it, WITH 3d. STAMP, clearly marking on the envelope, "Pattern Department," to any of the following addresses. Be careful to specify which size you want. A 1d. STAMP MUST BE FORWARDED FOR EACH COUPON ENCLOSED. AN EXTRA CHARGE OF THREEPENCE WILL BE MADE FOR PATTERNS OVER ONE MONTH OLD.

ADELAIDE.—Box 388A, G.P.O.  
BRISBANE.—Box 409F, G.P.O.  
MELBOURNE.—Box 185, G.P.O.  
NEWCASTLE.—Box 41, G.P.O.  
PERTH.—Box 491G, G.P.O.  
SYDNEY.—Box 4206Y, G.P.O. If calling, 108 Castlereagh Street.

Tasmanian readers may obtain patterns by writing to our Melbourne office. Should you desire to call for the pattern, please see address of our office, which will be found on another page.

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS.

Name .....  
Address .....  
State .....  
Size .....  
Pattern Coupon, 11/9/37.



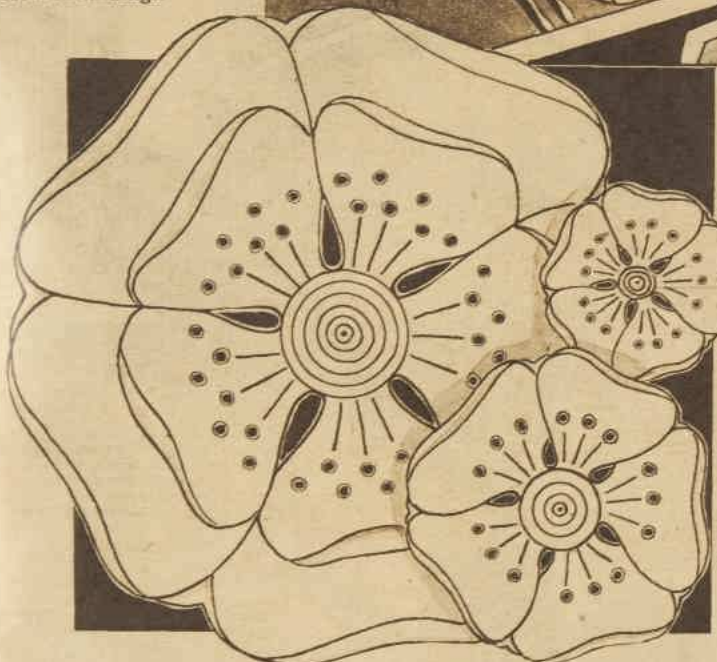
# WILD ROSES for YOUR Luncheon TABLE

## Needlework ■ Notions

**T**HIS wild rose luncheon set is one of the loveliest you could imagine. The design is new and exclusive and created to be embroidered in color schemes to harmonise with your table setting or your room furnishings.



COULD ANYTHING be lovelier than this exquisite wild rose luncheon set? Imagine how attractive these dainty mats in colored linen or organdie, shaped like a rose and embroidered in delicate threads, would look against the polished wood of your dining table. You can obtain these sets in nine or thirteen pieces from our Needlework Department stamped ready for working.



Stamped ready for working with the design the sets are obtainable in white, cream, yellow, blue, pink, or green linen, and also in white, yellow, and green organdie.

The nine-piece set includes one centre mat 18 x 18 inches, four mats 8 by 8 inches, and four mats 5 x 5 inches.

The thirteen-piece set comprises one centre mat 18 x 18 inches, six mats 8 x 8 inches, and six mats 5 x 5 inches.

The prices from our Needlework Department are:

Nine-piece set, in white or colored linen, 5/9 complete; in white, yellow or green organdie, 5/- complete.

Thirteen-piece set, in white or colored linen, 7/6 complete; in white, yellow or green organdie, 6/9 complete.

Purchased separately the prices of the various pieces are:

Centre mat, 18 by 18 inches, linen, 2/3; organdie, 2/-.

Mats, 8 by 8 inches, linen, 1/-; organdie, 9d. each.

Mats, 5 by 5 inches, linen, 6d. each; organdie, 5d. each.

## Delightful Effects

**T**O work the wild rose design outline the edge in buttonholing and buttonhole the inside scallops. Stem-stitch the lines in the centre and work eyelets. The centre may be satin-stitched or cut according to fancy. The design is simple to work, and when completed is most attractive.

Some delightful color effects could be obtained. All-white or cream is lovely, of course, but what about various shades in the pink and red rose tones worked on white, cream, or green linen or organdie? Or imagine a riot of yellow or red roses on blue linen? But perhaps you may have an even better idea for a color scheme.

To order a set now from our Needlework Department, The Australian Women's Weekly, 168 Castle-st., Sydney. Postal addresses on pattern page.

## FROCKS for LITTLE TOTS

The sweetest little garments for early summer wear.

**D**AINTY touches of embroidery add charm to these little frocks for small girls. You can obtain the paper patterns for the garments and transfers for working the embroidery from our Needlework Department.

In the smart jumper and skirt set.

WW1853, the jumper, with its neat Peter Pan collar and puff sleeves, is adorned with embroidery, while the little skirt is practical for all occasions. Material required, 3 yards, 36 inches. Pattern is cut in sizes to fit girls of 6 to 10 years. Paper pattern, including transfer, price 1/6.

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# CROSS ROADS

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WOMEN'S  
WEEKLY. MUST  
NOT BE SOLD  
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By . . . . . KATHLEEN NORRIS



# CROSS ROADS

By Kathleen Norris



"DON'T nice girls ever stay at home any more to be the comfort of their father's declining years?" the doctor demanded pathetically. "If ever any old man wasn't in a decline—!" Gloria Herford said with an unfeeling laugh. "Is that all the breakfast you're going to eat?" he asked, diverted from the original trend of their conversation. "I'm gorged, darling," Gloria said absently.

"Gorged on half a cup of black coffee and a slice of Melba toast!"

"I had orange and grapefruit juice upstairs. Annie brings it up! I have it at seven, take my bath, do my exercises, air my bed—am I interesting you?"

"You've interested me, Glory, since you were a baby saying 'ga-ga-dad-dad-dad' at me. But now you're puzzling me a little bit, and your mother, too. I don't go with her into all the things she wants you to do, but it seems to me—pretty girl of nineteen—other pretty girls—luncheons—dances—"

"Father," Gloria said, in a dreamy tone, as she took from his plate the end of a buttered roll, presented it to his lips for a bite, finished it herself. "you don't really want me to come out in society?"

"Isn't it the normal thing for a girl to do, Gloria? I mean—Margaret and Kitty and Joan—aren't all those girls going to get into white gowns and have flowers sent 'em? Your mother—after all, her people were the Penryns, you know—didn't she have a lot of that flummery?"

"Indeed she did!—More hot coffee, Dad?" Gloria had pulled a chair close to his, and was buying herself maternally with his needs. "But darling," she perused, "things have changed in the twenty-five years since Mother came out. Mother had one hundred and sixteen bouquets of flowers—I'd consider it wicked to let people waste money on me that way! About five hundred dollars' worth of flowers, with caterers stepping on them and hot air willing them! And that's only one detail."

The doctor looked at her thoughtfully. What he saw was not new to his eyes; he had but the one child and he and she and her mother had been, together almost unbrokenly for the entire course of Gloria's life.

Somewhere in Gloria's Grammar School years there had been a subtle change in the status of the Herford family as a family. The doctor, always prosperous and busy, had become fashionable as well. His pretty wife, gallant and serene in harder, earlier years, had developed new tastes and desires. Ada Herford liked being rich; she knew exactly in what fashionable suburb she wanted to buy her home, exactly what make-up she ought to do and wear, exactly who belonged and who did not belong to the smart set. Gloria, whose mother had been her only nurse and very often the family cook as well, when she was five, had found herself at fifteen a privileged little person who went to one of California's finest schools, spent her summers in an elaborately

fitted log cabin on Lake Tahoe, and had her own riding-horse in the Burlingame Club stables.

She had taken it all easily enough, then. Social distinctions had meant nothing to her, would perhaps never mean much to her, but she had liked amusement, and not having to wipe dishes, and being able to wear frocks as pretty as those the other girls wore. But presently Mrs. Herford, rapturously swimming in this brimming river of pleasantness, had found herself on a snag. Gloria, at nineteen, had wanted something to do.

Beauty parlors and girls' luncheons, golf and bridge and polo and riding, dances and dinners had not seemed a real occupation to Gloria. She had fretted and fussed under the menace of a coming-out party; she had said it was all silly. She had not wanted to go to Honolulu with the Watsons, nor to New York with the Petries.

"Those are vacations, Mummy! And you have to do something hard—some sort of work, before you can have a vacation."

Determinedly, Gloria had taken a course in typewriting and stenography. She had graduated third in a class of ninety; it had been a foregone conclusion that she would be among the first half-dozen. Things came easy to her when she wanted to do them.

Then there had arisen the serious situation that was so disturbing Gloria's father on this crisp, exquisite, sunshiny September morning. Mrs. Herford had decided, once and for all, that Gloria must be introduced to society at a large party in early November.

She discussed the matter with several other matrons. It was decided that November eleventh, between Noemie Briggs' coming-out party on the seventh and the Granger twins' big affair on the fourteenth, would be the ideal date.

These plans had been announced to Gloria herself only last night. Gloria had said, pleasantly enough, but with invincible determination, that she could not fall in with them at all. She thought Mummy had understood how she felt. She was not going to Noemie's party; she was not going to the Grangers' affair. She simply didn't like that sort of thing. She was going to the University at Berkeley for an eight-weeks' course in accounting.

"You and your mother didn't have a break last night?" the doctor presently asked, during the breakfast talk.

"Break? Mummy and I? Oh, Daddy, no!" "Well," he said, slightly reassured. "I thought not. You're going up to see her now?"

"Oh, certainly." Gloria had been arranging a tray as they finished their talk; now she put some letters and a folded newspaper on the tray. Her father, with the usual kiss, departed; the girl, balancing her burden carefully, went up through the bright hallways and knocked, with a corner of the tray, on a bedroom door.

It was opened immediately. Hedda was there; she had run her mistress' bath a few minutes earlier, was brushing and straightening the pleasant sun-lighted apartment. Mrs. Herford was back in bed.

A small, frail woman with a white skin finely crinkled and dark, wide eyes, like Gloria's eyes, her hair was bound into a net, her mouth and forehead disfigured with triangles of some wrinkle-eradicating plaster. Her hands were small and fine and heavily veined; she wore two big rings. Everything else except head and hands was enveloped in a beautiful silk robe of palest lavender cut in plain straight lines, and lined with palest peach color; a quilted silk comforter of powder-blue was drawn neatly up to her armpits.

"Hello, bad girl," she said plaintively, with a kiss. Gloria planted the tray steadily, seated herself in a chair facing her mother.

"How's the head?"

"Oh, I slept!" Mrs. Herford said, with a martyr's smile. She was a gentle, helpless-seeming creature, given to mild complaints and protests, and often to what she called "my awful blues."

This morning she had changed her type of attack, and was all the more powerful for being resigned and forlorn.

"Gloria, I don't know why I want you to do things if you don't want to!"

"Well, and I've been wondering why I'm so made that I don't want to do them."

Studying her daughter, Ada sometimes remembered with resentment that Gloria's paternal grandmother had run a boarding-house. Gloria probably was a throw-back to this capable woman.

She eyed Gloria. As the girl casually studied the morning paper, Ada herself always skimmed lightly over wars, murders, politics, accidents, and devoted her first attention to the society columns. Gloria never read them.

"Are you going out this morning, dear?"

"Linda and Kitty and I are walking. Then we come back here to change, and Kitty drives us down to Burlingame to Phyllis' lunch."

"Oh, true, it's the day of the lunch. And then the polo?" Ada brightened a little. All this was quite orthodox.

Presently mother and daughter were amiably discussing the events of the day, and Gloria could depart, with one more kiss, and with the disputed question temporarily laid on the shelf.

**T**

HIS was the prologue.

The first act, properly speaking, opened some seven months later on an April afternoon, when Gloria Herford descended the steps of her father's handsome home in Seaciff, a suburb of San Francisco, and stood for a moment looking off across the blue bay and hills beyond the Golden Gate.

Gloria Herford was a study in pale browns. Her cheviot suit and soft little sweater were in two shades of brown, her hat was brown, her loose driving gloves and low-heeled suede Oxfords were brown. Her coloring was all warm soft browns, too; smooth firm cheeks sunburned to what her father called pongee-color, hair of exactly the same shade in a trim mass of curls, brown eyes behind brown lashes. Only on the lips was there color; the big fine sweet mouth that was always ready to laugh was a line of scarlet in the varied creams and tans.

She drove through the city in the morning



sunlight to the ferry-boat that churned its way back and forth across the bay hour after hour through the day. It was just noon when her little car mounted the hilly roads of Sausalito, and turned in at a weather-beaten wooden gate that stood wide open in a jungle of young green grass and golden mustard-tops.

A faded sign, gold letters on black, said "Lockwood Sanatorium." She was in the right place.

Her heart was beating in expectation and in something of puzzlement and doubt, too, as she mounted chipped wide porch steps badly in need of painting and rang the front doorbell. The door—an old door with colored glass panels on either side, was open; the sweet spring air was streaming into the shabby broad hallway beyond. An elderly woman, depending heavily on a short cane, limped across the back of the hall, glanced at Gloria, disappeared. No one else came into view, and after awhile Gloria rang again.

This time a stout, red-faced woman whose whole appearance said plainly the word "cook," and whose heated forehead and big limp apron confirmed the impression, came out of a door under the turn of the big stairway and looked suspiciously at Gloria.

"If you want Miss Lockwood, she's sick," this woman said. "And Miss Barbara's gone to market. You could sit down."

Gloria's heart was low. She had tried to anticipate many things in connection with an assistant manager's position in a private sanatorium, but she had never quite anticipated this. She had imagined a modern hospital, handsomely equipped, efficiently run; she had steeled herself for an examination from a businesslike, cool-eyed Miss Lockwood.

Gloria had expected tiled floors, spotless corridors, white walls, half-open doors through white laboratories, sterilising plants, the glint of glass and silver pipes, the cotton of steam, might be glimpsed. In that confident expectation she had departed from home with written farewells that seemed to her now nothing less than exultant.

"Darling Dad, dearest Mummy," she had written, "I've gotten a job in the Lockwood Sanatorium. I'm not going to tell you anything about it until I know more myself, but it's eighty dollars a month, so both of you can expect presents and me home for my first holiday, about a month from now!"

The notes, written in a gale of excitement, had duly ended with promises and kisses. But they seemed to Gloria now to have had but one characteristic, and that one she was already regretting. It was a note of finality. It meant that she had burned her bridges behind her.

**P**RESENTLY a noisy little car rolled into the garden immediately below the parlor windows, and Gloria, looking out, saw a thin, middle-aged woman in a blue suit, brown shoes, an old white coat and a black hat, descend, and carry several bundles, obviously bakery and grocery, into the house. She appeared flushed and flustered, even from the window, and was even more flushed and flustered when she came into the parlor. She had Gloria's card in her hand.

"Miss Herford—good gracious," she said, distressedly. "I didn't know you were coming to-day. Carrie—Miss Lockwood—never said a word about it. She told me last week that she had asked a couple of doctors to send her someone to help out here, but I didn't know she'd written you. For heaven's sakes! Well, I'll tell you all I can, and maybe she'll be well enough this afternoon

to talk to you. She went to a wedding Thursday night and she's been upset ever since. Now let me see—Ida's just getting the trays ready, and I ought to help her. Milly, that was the nice girl we had to help, left last week. I'm awfully glad you're here, but if you could wait until after lunch—"

"Suppose I go home again and telephone Miss Lockwood?" Gloria wanted to say.

It would be a humiliating business to go back! But would it be humanly possible to stay here?

"I'll tell you," Barbara Wilson was saying. "You go upstairs and pick yourself out a room. There's no one on the top floor; we've six rooms up there, but no one's in 'em just now. Go up and pick out any one you like, and move the chairs and blankets around any way you like, and then come down and have some lunch, and I'll see how Caroline feels."

It was not a particularly inviting programme, but at least it was a programme. Gloria picked up her bag and mounted to the second floor; she could see that beside its original five or six spacious bedrooms a big wing had been added on here; she could hear someone singing in a cracked soprano: "High over, high over, old man of the ferry!"

She went higher, to find a roomy third floor, extending over only the original part of the house, and built under a mansard roof, but pleasantly old-fashioned, with windows looking out into the tops of oak and maple and sycamore trees. None of the rooms was completely furnished, but in all were odds and ends; Gloria chose a room that commanded a wide view of the waterfront and the bay beyond the rounded, furry tops of barks and the roofs of the village. Into it she moved two chairs, a bed and a mattress, and a rather unsavory tumble of blankets were already there. She put down her suitcase, took off her hat, searched for and found a mirror and hung it on a nail, smoothed her hair, and descended to see what might be available for lunch, and what the next step should be.

Almost all the patients at the Lockwood Sanatorium could walk; it appeared, a dozen of them had gathered in a bleak, bare dining-room when Gloria came down, but there was no general service. Each had his or her own tray, and the food, to her surprise, was good. She was encouraged by Miss Wilson to fill her own tray in the disorderly kitchen, where the red-faced Ida presided. Stewed chicken and rice, biscuits and vegetables, apple sauce and cookies, all were good, and Gloria had a tall glass of milk with them, and afterwards felt much better.

Her first hint of the real trouble behind the Lockwood inefficiency came on the evening of the very first day, when she carried her tray to the kitchen and had a word with Ida. Ida was New England-born, stark, thin, weedy, with stinky grey hair in thin rolls wound off her forehead, a spotted brown skin, and a laconic manner.

"See Miss Carrie?" Ida asked, as Gloria, feeling strange, and anxious to make friends, showed an inclination to wash up her own dishes.

"No, Miss Wilson says she's ill." "Kind of ill that comes out of a bottle. I don't know why I shouldn't say it," said Ida. She shut her lips, jerked her head significantly toward the room upstairs, in which the sufferer was presumably lying.

Gloria felt a tightening in her throat. It was dark now; it was night. But of course one could always slip quietly out of the house get into the car, abandon the Lockwood forever and forever.

"Does she—?" she asked fearfully.

"Does she? She don't do much else," Ida

answered. "She's a lovely woman and she's a smart woman, but she's certainly addled. It's four months since I've been paid a cent. She runs things that way. In old Miss Weber's day we had fifty-four patients in this place, and seven in help, beside Miss Russell, who was a nurse. Now we're down to seventeen, I think it is, since old Mr. Younger went. Ain't that a caution?"

Gloria, seriously shaking her head, soberly mounting to her own barren room in the mansard roof, pondered all this uneasily. She had united herself, it was obvious, to a sinking concern. Barbara Wilson was going away. She had been offered a job in a rest home in Salt Lake City. Ida would be left, and, of course, the unseen Miss Lockwood. There were no other salaries; the place must make money.

**I**T was funny to wake up in this queer dilapidated room, and hear boat whistles on the bay, and miss her fat satin comforter, her light and her books. Gloria dressed in a mood of serious reflection. To-day would decide her course.

As she went downstairs at just nine o'clock the sun burst through the fog and sparkled through the dirty window-panes of the landing. Just below her, somewhere out of sight in the hallway, she could hear a gay voice speaking, and the broken laughter of an old man and woman, or of several old men and women in reply.

"Get yourself fixed out there in the sun, it's divine, and I'll send you down your breakfast—certainly I will! I love the new jacket. Did she bring you that? I call that a good niece—"

Gloria, wondering who on earth this could be, and with a heightened curiosity and oddly lightened spirits, came about the turn of the stairs and stood looking down at the wavering old group in the hall. She found with them the trim figure and neatly-brushed grey curls of a woman of perhaps forty, who wore a spotless nurse's uniform and fresh white shoes, and who turned fine sparkling dark eyes upon Gloria as she came into view.

"Ah, there you are, Miss Herford! I was going up to find you and be sure you weren't ill, when I ran across all these children here. They've just had breakfast, and they're ripe for any nonsense! Go on out into the sunshine, every one of you!" she said to the wavering old souls. "I'm going to have a surprise for you at lunch. Now, Miss Herford, we can talk. You've not had your breakfast, of course."

"I'm terribly late," Gloria said, bewildered. Who was this? Everything would go much better with this energetic, vital person in charge. The old persons obviously adored her, and it was plain that she loved them, too.

"You're not late at all. Your hours, properly speaking, will be only from ten until about four. Just now, of course, we're short-handed, and everything's dreadful. But I expect to get that all straightened out in no time at all. Here, you come in and have your coffee, and I'll talk to you while you eat."

"Are you—?" Gloria was sure she was wrong; she was sure she would be laughed at, but there was nothing else to think. "Are you Miss Lockwood?" she asked uncertainly.

"I am, dear!" the other woman answered briskly, with a friendly, sympathetic manner that made Gloria like her at once. "You poor child!" she added, as Gloria returned from the kitchen with her breakfast tray to find her sitting open letters at the dining-room table, "you've had to take things very much as you found them. I'm afraid; you go right out to get your own breakfast as if you'd been doing it for years! Ha-ha," she



said in an aside, studying one especial letter, "two new patients coming in this afternoon! Twins, isn't that rather charming, old sisters of severity. Well, we'll be ready for them. I'm trying to get two good maids—I've been promised one for this afternoon and the other to-morrow, but it's frightfully hard just now, when all the resorts are opening up. And my being taken ill just at the wrong moment. I was tired to death, and starving, and at this wedding I ate everything that was handed to me; it was the lobster, I think. If people knew how sick people get at their weddings they'd serve milk toast and baked apples instead of the messes they do!"

With her red cheeks and crisply-curled silver-grey hair, with her amusing manner and pleasant voice, she really was charming; Gloria felt an instant victim, and began to see that the Lockwood Sanatorium might have advantages that more strictly-managed places often lacked. Caroline Lockwood, despite her grey hair, was only forty-one, she was witty, she was extremely affectionate, really loving her old charges and trying to keep them happy, and she had a quick, simple way of solving their problems that made life, even in this quiet back-water where they must end their days, bearable and even interesting.

She wanted Gloria to keep her books for her, answer the mail, get the house running on a budget. Nobody seemed to know where the money went. It was disgraceful to scramble along this way, and Miss Lockwood did not propose to stand it. Barbara Wilson was a completely reliable and a completely shiftless person; why, in old Mrs. Weber's day, Miss Lockwood said, sometimes the income from the place ran close to six thousand a month. Imagine! The house must be filled again, and a thousand things must be done.

"What I'd like to do is put up a temporary camp, with running water and showers and a that for the hot weather," Miss Lockwood said. "And then tear all this down and build a new building here—a cream brick, modern, sanitary hospital where we can handle a hundred and ten persons. We can only take fifty-four now."

Gloria listened, almost impressed. She hoped that she was entirely impressed, but there was just a little residue of doubt left in her mind, and her honest desire to like Miss Lockwood and believe every word she said somehow could not get a secure footing because of it. For one thing, it presently appeared that Miss Lockwood had been four times married and three times divorced. Her present husband was an army captain in Manila; she said frankly that he was the grandest man she had ever known, but inasmuch as they had been married only in the previous January, Gloria felt an uncertainty there, too.

For another thing, there was a distinct faint odor of alcohol about her, even to-day, crisp and fresh and self-possessed as she was in her linen uniform and white shoes.

"Well, we promised them a surprise," Miss Lockwood was saying. "Now, what'll it be?" Gloria could only look at her with a blank yet sympathetic smile.

"My dear, anything at all. They're children. That's what you have to remember; they're simply children! Never give one of them anything you can't give them all. Do you drive?"

"Oh, yes; my car's parked right out here in the side garden."

"Yes; but you mustn't use your car, this petrol is on me. I'll tell you what you do, you go to market this morning, and pick them up anything you see that seems cike."

"As, for example, chocolate bars?" Gloria asked.

"Chocolate bars are wonderful; they'll adore them! Sometimes I bring them soap from the five-and-ten, or new wash-rags, or postcards; they'll be turning them over and showing them to each other all day. All right, you go to market. It's Barbara's job, but she's all wrought up over this Salt Lake City plan. She'll not stay, she'll come right back, all my people do. But she needs a change. Do you know that I think you're almost the prettiest person I ever saw?"

The last came unexpectedly and abruptly, with a smile from Caroline Lockwood's bright eyes. Gloria laughed and flushed and went away without any response, but deep in her heart she was pleased. She was pleased and interested and busy; "and that," she said to herself, "is a lot more than most of the girls are, even if things are rather odd over here!"

**H**ER father and mother came over about eleven o'clock. She had thought that they might and had prepared Miss Lockwood for their call. Her employer met them sensibly and pleasantly, explained that things were at a rather "between stages" point at the Lockwood, showed her most charming side to them. Even Gloria, with a sort of wonder, thought her parents just a trifle simple in that they accepted the situation with simple faith, if without enthusiasm. It was not for her to enlighten them; they presently went away agreeing that Gloria should try the experiment for a month at least.

During almost every hour in the days that followed her own feeling fluctuated between the extremes of satisfaction and despair. It was delightful to awaken in the morning, independent and needed; breakfast was amusing; the mail and the newspaper always brought a certain element of interest into the day. But after that came several bad hours.

The old persons in some cases could not, and in others did not, take adequate care of their rooms. They were almost as bad as children in creating disorder, and Gloria and Miss Lockwood were busy all day, hanging up coats and sweaters, putting away games, straightening chairs, wiping out bath-tubs, putting towels to air, carrying away plates and magazines and newspapers.

But in the afternoon matters quietened down. Almost all the old persons took naps, or sat idly dreaming with open eyes under the trees; Gloria could take a bath, dress freshly, lie down for a dose herself, or walk down to the village, and take in a movie for an hour or two.

Supper was always good, and brimful as she and Ida arranged the menus together, it was always what she liked, and in the evening there was the radio, long animated talks with Miss Lockwood, if she were home, and a good-night look at the stars in the sky and the lesser stars caught in the fish-pond, and the satisfied thought: "Well, I'm getting away with it!"

Gloria attempted to persuade Miss Wilson to stay. It was no use. Ida, carrying all the work of the household, threatened to go away, too. Two maids came and stayed for a few scandalized days; two other maids, these colored, came and remained for some time, doing the work well, but insisting upon the maintenance of two idle men friends in the basement as laundresses.

Miss Lockwood rejoiced and invited Gloria to rejoice in that her dear old Larkin was coming back. Mrs. Larkin turned out to be one of her own sort, handsome and young, and prematurely grey and much married, full of fine definite plans for running the house, but with the besetting weakness that took her and Miss Lockwood off on some

mysterious mission for two or three days every week.

To reduce the house-keeping of the place to order was more than Gloria or anyone else could possibly have done. Miss Lockwood never gave receipts or sent out bills; a desk drawer was filled with impressive letterheads, engraved with the name and address, and with a charming etching of the mansard roof and the tops of the trees, but they were never used.

When Gloria went home for her first overnight holiday she was so tired and so confused that she was meditating capitulation. Her father and mother knew of the Lockwood Sanatorium only what they had seen on their brief call and what she told them; but after all Doctor Merriam had spoken of her to Miss Lockwood, and Doctor Merriam was an old friend of the Herfords. If they knew the truth about it, Gloria reflected, they would bring her home at once. The question was, should she tell them the truth?

"It's an old-fashioned place, but it's nice," Mrs. Herford said.

"Had enough of it, sweetheart?" the doctor asked his daughter at dinner. If he had asked her this a few hours earlier Gloria's answer must have been a wearied affirmative. She had come home so tired that she could not have held out for another minute. But she had had a bath and three hours' sleep now.

"Oh, no; I'm going back." And the next day she drove back to Eau-saito, drove slowly and with distaste in her heart, but steadily enough, back to the damp towels and the faltering old persons and the shabby peeling front steps and the battered garden of the Lockwood Sanatorium.

Mrs. Larkin, who had been doubly busy in Gloria's absence, welcomed her abstractedly. Her eyes were bright and her face rather pale; Gloria noted a certain restless incoherence in her manner. She said that she was glad that Gloria was back; yes, of course, she was back, of course, now Caroline—Caroline had to go right to the city, she would come home on the late theatre boat; would that be all right? Would that be all right? Caroline had to see a friend—yes, a very sick friend—poor thing—subject to these terrible attacks—

Gloria knew what was the matter; she felt chilled and dubious as she mounted to her room.

She changed into a fresh uniform, laced her white shoes, descended to the kitchen. It was just four o'clock on a hot May afternoon; shafts of sunlight pierced the broken window shades, and lay upon the worn and stained linoleum and the spattered gas range. Ida was not in sight; presently Gloria found a message from her.

"Have gone to sisters in Berkly. She said O.K. Glory, you and her can get dinner back to-night," the note read.

For a minute her heart failed her. Then she remembered that Azule and Florry would be back at five, and that there was such a thing in the world as canned soup, canned stew, canned vegetables, canned puddings. Gloria's spirits rose to the challenge; she studied the written menu on the wall, decided upon certain changes.

Obviously they could not have hot artichokes and melted butter; those did not come in tins.

She was in the pantry doorway, looking at the contents of the shelves, when a man's voice from the kitchen door behind her, said, "Excuse me. How'd you do?"

"Oh, how do you do?" said Gloria, facing about.

He came in, a fine-looking young man in a blue suit. He had dark brown hair and brown eyes and a pleasant smile. Not a handsome face, the girl in the kitchen



doorway decided, but a very strong one, with a well-moulded hard mouth and a brown skin and a general air of being on top of life rather than under it.

"You wanted to see Miss Lockwood?" she said. "She's away to-day."

"I thought I wanted to see Carrie," the man agreed. "But now it all seems different. Could it have been you?"

Gloria laughed, and coming back into the kitchen stood close to him, looking up at him. She was rather a good height for a girl, but he was well over six feet, and he towered above her.

"Sit down," she said, "or I'll get a stiff neck. What did they do to you when you were a baby? Too much spinach and top milk?"

"Who are you?" the caller demanded. They had come out to the shady yard steps now, and were sitting side by side, twisted about a little to face each other.

"I'm Miss Lockwood's assistant. I was supposed to keep books and audit bills and write letters and order meals. But to tell you the truth—" Gloria began, and laughed.

"To tell you the truth, you do everything, in that it?"

There was already magic working between them. Their eyes, the tones of their voices were saying things that their words did not say.

They sat on the steps, and he told her that his name was Peter John Armitage Rudd, and that what brought him to the Lockwood Sanatorium was his friendship for one of its inmates, old Joe Apple, to be exact.

"I know, the darling with the completely silver hair!"

"That's old Joe. He was my aunt, Mrs. Marshall's coachman, and then her chauffeur for—oh, well, thirty-five years I guess."

"Auntie sounds prosperous."

"She is—or was. She arranged an annuity for him, and he wants to stay here."

"But why, why do any of them want to stay here?" Gloria almost asked. For by this time she and Peter had somewhat discussed the sanatorium, and Miss Lockwood and Mrs. Larkin and Ida.

"Where's Larkin?" the man asked.

"She's supposedly here. They're all supposedly here," Gloria said with a frantic shiver of laughter. "Ida's supposed to be getting the dinner, Annie and Florrie are supposed to be setting the tables, Mrs. Larkin and Miss Lockwood and I are supposed to be seeing that everyone's in, and that they all have their sweaters on—" She and the man exchanged another significant mutual laugh, after which she repeated her original query: "Why on earth do any of them ever want to stay here?"

"Well, I'll tell you, Gloria," said Peter. And through the quick, excited beating of her heart she noticed the name. "Here's how it is," he said. "She makes 'em feel that they're at home, that they can do as they please. Other places don't. See? Even in the homes of their own sons and daughters they aren't free to do what they like, smoke or lie down or write letters or eat between meals. Carrie gives 'em complete freedom, and comfortable beds—the sheets may be filthy, but the beds are comfortable—and good meals, and they put up with all the rest because it's the best they can do."

"Yes, but she gets paid awfully well for it. It seems to me that for a hundred a month I could find some little place and have it peaceful, with a garden and maybe a dog—"

"Yep, you could for maybe a few months. Then you'd get a cold, and get bounced into a hospital, and some cousin or niece would get the upper hand

and you'd never dare to call your soul your own again. "Why, look," Peter said, "look at old man Williams. He doesn't like to take baths; Carrie doesn't make him. She says that in the time and in the town where he grew up people simply didn't take baths, and why should he, if he doesn't want to?"

They both laughed joyously. "She is awfully nice to them," Gloria conceded thoughtfully.

"She's good-hearted. Most women like her are good-hearted," Peter said it as one who knew, and Gloria looked at him respectfully. "Now, one of these old girls," he went on, "I forget which one it is, likes a cup of malted milk about three o'clock. Caroline's fixed a regular little kitchen for her in a corner of her room. Old Joey likes a certain sort of tobacco, you can't get it anywhere. She sends to the agent in New York for it. I mean," he ended ingeniously, "that sort of thing!"

"It's true. I hadn't really thought of it that way. I wonder you thought it out," Gloria said.

"Brownish-gold," Peter said absently, by way of answer.

"Brownish?"

"Your eyes. I was 'way down into them. Well, the reason I've thought it out," Peter explained, "is that I've been coming here every month or six weeks for six or seven years—ever since I came back to California. Joey used to be awfully decent to me when I was a kid—I had no mother or father, and I lived with Aunt Rose until I was sent east to another aunt. Then I came back and went to Stanford, and found out that old Joey had been retired and was living here."

"Come on, they're all coming up from under the trees now. I'll have a talk with him, and then come out and help you get supper. I can cook."

"If a place like this was well run, Peter," she asked him much later in the evening, "don't you suppose it would pay tremendously?"

"Pay? Old Mrs. Weber had it five years and retired rich. She's living in Santa Barbara. Of course it'd pay! But the trouble is you either get a regulation manager, who insists on sanitation and won't let them smoke in their rooms and weighs them and card-catalogues them, or you get someone like Caroline who can't be depended on. You'll not stay," Peter said.

"I would, if there was any chance of decent management."

"Ah, well, that's the exact point."

He stayed until the eleven o'clock boat, and Gloria walked down to the gate with him where his car was parked, and waved him good-bye in a white wash of moonlight that had somewhat excited the senses of both. After her weeks of banishment from what was young and flattering, Gloria found this man's admiration strong wine indeed. Peter appeared almost a little dazed. He told her that he would see her again in a day or two, and Gloria went upstairs so completely absorbed in the thought of this new element in her life that Mrs. Larkin's protracted absence and Miss Lockwood's desertion seemed to concern her not at all.

M

UMMEY," she said on her next visit home. "Did you ever know anyone named Rose Marshall—Mrs. Philip Marshall?"

"I knew Phil Marshall," Mrs. Herford answered promptly. "Yes, he married a girl named Armstrong or Arnsby, or something. Armitage. Boston girl."

"There's a man named Peter Rudd," Gloria began. "He's a Stanford graduate and he's in business. He must be good, too, for he's only had the job a year and he's had two

raises. He's getting thirty-five a week; isn't that pretty good?"

"Extremely good," Gloria's mother said, in sudden and surprised interest. "I remember his name, too," she added. "The John Peter Rudds—Phil Marshall introduced me to them. That'd be his father and mother."

"Well, they're both dead now, and he's got a job here in a bank."

"Where'd you meet him, darling?"

"At the Lock." Everyone else thus abbreviated the name of the sanatorium, and Gloria did, too. "He comes over to see the Marshalls' old coachman."

"Really," Mrs. Herford murmured, pleased—a Stanford man with a rich aunt and a good job. All this was most promising. It did not mean that Peter Rudd would fall in love with Gloria and marry her, of course, or even that he was free to marry anyone. But it was promising. The other girls of Gloria's set weren't talking engagement yet by several years. "I'd like to meet him," Gloria's mother ended mildly.

"You will, Mummy. He's coming to dinner. He yikes Dory," Gloria said, putting an infantile finger into her mouth.

"Well, I hope you'll not be there too much longer," her father said significantly. Gloria flushed and laughed.

T

HIS was summer. She and Peter hoped to be married early in the new year.

But even before that time there were changes at the sanatorium, and presently she found herself out of a job.

The changes began imperceptibly with a general retrogradation in every department of the hospital. Gloria might once have thought this hardly possible, and that any change must be for the better, but it was not so. Caroline Lockwood's falls from grace occurred oftener, and were more lasting; Larkin came back only intermittently, and was almost no use when she did come back. Malda came and went with complete irresponsibility; only Ida remained true, and Ida's nerves and patience were worn to their very ends. Bills were not paid, and patients began to leave the Lock.

Quite suddenly, on a wet November afternoon, when Peter had come over to call, and he and Gloria had a small fire in the room that was called "the office," authorities arrived in the shape of State investigators, trustees, stockholders, all sorts of persons whose very existence Gloria never had suspected before. There were eight of them, and when they had finished with the Lock, which was not for some two weeks, everything was changed.

Miss Lockwood and Mrs. Larkin were dismissed into the shadows; accounts were checked, omissions rectified, expenditures sternly questioned. Gloria was offered the position of linen-room woman and second assistant manager of the New Bayview Home and Sanatorium soon to be opened on the same site. Fully equipped with everything that the most critical could desire in the way of baths and showers, lockers, laboratories and kitchens, it would still somewhat follow the comfortable lines of the old house; it would stand in the same—although in an entirely reconstructed garden.

At the head of it would be a Doctor Reynolds, who said pleasantly to Gloria that he wished that she had had more experience. His assistant would be Miss Weathers, a trained nurse, and at one time the head of a nurses' hospital school, who asked Gloria why she did not take two years of training as she would then be of infinitely more value.

"For things, naturally, will not be run here



as they have been run!" Doctor Reynolds said. "My wife and I shudder when we read over those old accounts. Matter of fact they weren't accounts at all!"

Gloria listened. Heard of the big ice-plant and the refrigerating system, the air conditioning and the lifts, saw the orders for linen and linoleum placed, read over the new schedule of salaries, wages, expenses generally. Her old charges had drifted into all sorts of refugees and temporary shelters; many of them would not come back to the house. She thanked Doctor Reynolds and Miss Weathers politely, but explained that she was going to be married.

The engagement was announced just before Christmas, and proved to be the forerunner of a delightfully thrilling situation. It was wonderful to be at home again, back among the perfumed soaps and the big soft towels, the beautifully-served meals and the joyously ringing telephone bells; it was good to lie late and warm in the mornings, while the radiators softly clanked and violets and roses scented the bedroom, good to descend in frills of chiffon and lace to read Peter's note and have breakfast, good to have the girls back on the scene again, admiring and excited and just pleasantly envious. Above all it was good to have Mummy's and Dad's love back of one, and Peter's thrown in for good measure.

PETER was completely adorable. He was everything that any girl wants in a husband, and Gloria found everything he did perfection.

Meanwhile wedding plans went forward with great expedition, and seeing that she had had her own way in so many points, Gloria left most of the details of the affair to her mother, and Ada Herford had a completely tedious time arranging them. The city house being small, it was decided that the affair must be at Aunt Marian's house in Hillsborough; early May was selected as the wisest date, for the great gardens would be in their glory then, and the weather dependable.

Thus Mummy buying linens and china, looking at apartments up in the Nob Hill neighborhood. Not that she was commissioned to find the young couple a home, but she felt that she could save them a great deal by reporting possibilities. Gloria and Peter were too happy to pay much attention to her, they were polite, and in the end found for themselves just what they wanted on the romantic slopes of Green Street, where it rises eastward from Hyde. A plain enough little cream plaster house, but with a beautiful sweep of view, a tumbled steep stretch of garden, pressing against and running into other irregular gardens and brick fences and gates and walls.

Finances had all been straightened out by a generous father. Peter was paid one hundred and forty dollars in the four-week months, and thirty-five dollars more in the four five-week months. This was splendid for a man not yet quite twenty-five, but not enough for a start. Doctor Herford settled the problem by reminding Gloria and Peter that he had expected to support his daughter for several more years, perhaps for always, and that she would have all that he had when he died. It would be his pleasure, his humbly solicited privilege, to double Peter's income for Gloria. If she had gone back to the sanatorium she would have been paid twenty-five dollars a week, this was not much more, and she certainly would earn it in running her little house.

Peter somewhat hesitatingly accepted this, and Gloria finding nothing amiss with the arrangement, it was considered settled. Gloria forgot everything except that she was a woman, and beloved, and going to be

married. She flashed about the house like a gleam of sunshine, her laughter sounded from her room where the girls were in eager conference with her, from the telephone, from the breakfast-table. Her mother's attempts at little serious conversations with her always ended in a burst of disrespectful laughter that Gloria's apologetic hug and kiss did their best to soften.

"But, Mother, you're so terribly solemn!"

"Life is solemn sometimes, Gloria."

"I don't see why it need be!"

"Because you're not a wife yet, my dear. That changes everything for a woman. She doesn't belong to herself any more, she belongs to her husband, and if she loves him she wants to, she's happier that way. But the carefree days of girlhood, once they're over—ah, I know how it is!" Ada said one day, her eyes watering.

"Your father and I perhaps have spoiled you. But no married life runs along without its ups and downs, and when they come someone has to give way."

"Well," said Gloria airily, "it won't be me!"

"Then your marriage will be one more failure!" Ada said, displeased.

"Not necessarily. Peter, now," Gloria volunteered, holding a pretty hand to the light, "Peter was absolutely white around the gills over this allowance thing, but I stuck it out, and got a little mad, and he came right to heel!"

"What allowance thing?"

"Dad giving me seventeen hundred a year."

"Peter objected?"

"Objected! He just about wrecked the whole thing. He was going to get out, and I was a pampered poodle and I don't know what else!"

"Why did he object?"

"He said he ought to support his own wife. On thirty-five dollars a week! He says it can be done and that lots of men and women are doing it. I say maybe it can be done, too, if you take a flat on Capp Street, do your own washing, and live on bean soup and prunes. But I say that if you don't have to do it, why should you?"

"If your father hadn't made the money he has you might have to," Ada said, rather vaguely reaching for a moral and missing it.

"Not necessarily! Don't forget that the Bayview Hospital people offered me twelve hundred a year, and expenses."

"But, my darling, how can a young wife keep her house attractive and sweet, and hold her job?"

"I don't say it's ideal, Mummy. I say I'd rather hold down a job than live upstairs over a shop and buy my dresses for two-forty-nine in Hoffstein's big, bright, busy basement."

Ada, somewhat at a loss, reflected on this.

"But Peter gave in?" she asked finally.

"Of course he gave in, the darling, and he'll always give in unless I do, and I love him so much that I'd stand on my head for him!" Gloria, all giddy girlhood again, said laughing. "And that—that sounds like him downstairs! Oh, Peter!" she screamed, running out into the hall. "Darling, I'm up here, I'm not dressed—wait. I'll be right down. Our silver's here, wait until you see it! Don't open anything! I piled them up on the library table, but don't even look at the outside. I'll not be two minutes!"

Comforted, Ada helped her hurry into the smart rough little dress, the sturdy little shoes, the shaggy little hat. She and Peter were presently going for a long walk, along the edge of the cliff and through the Presidio Reservation and perhaps as far as the Seal Rocks themselves.

Ada would have been even more completely reassured if she could have heard their talk as they went, could have seen the

light in Gloria's gold-brown eyes as she looked at her companion.

"Peter, d'you know what you are? You're wise," Gloria said. Her gold-brown hair was blown into tendrils about the glowing young face into which the foggy wind had whipped high color. Gloria's eyes were shining. "I admire you!" she said.

"Oh, cut it!" protested Peter, in complete confusion. He was holding her tightly by the elbow, against the wind; now they began to walk again, laughing, clinging together.

"I'm smart," said Gloria, "but you're wise. There's a big difference. I can balance hospital budgets and order groceries; I can go right ahead without reasoning. But you—you see just how much sense there is, or isn't, in things."

"You may not think so a year from now."

"I will. I'll always think you're the wisest person I've ever known. Peter." Gloria went on suddenly, as they reached a quieter stretch of roadway under drear tall eucalyptus trees. "I wonder if you're wiser than Dad. I wonder if we ought to let him help us out with our finances? Listen," she added, crowding up against him in an engaging fashion quite her own, both small gloved hands locked about his arm, "listen before you say anything. It would have meant that we waited, you know. It might have meant years. Would you have been happier that way?"

"Just a bird's brains, that's all," Peter said, indulgently.

"No, but seriously, Pete. I'm getting to love you so," Gloria said, bright tears suddenly in her eyes, "that everything you decide seems to me right. It's weak-minded, I know it, but I can't seem to stop. Was I wrong about that? Only, listen, Peter, don't speak yet. It would have seemed so mean to Dad, when he wanted so to have a finger in the pie, to refuse it. Or, at least, would it? Wouldn't it have seemed mean to Dad? No, wait. Don't speak yet. It seemed to me—"

"I can see I'm never going to speak. If you'd only let me say it you'd learn," Peter said with a laugh, "that I'm not at all sure I was right about it. There are two sides to it, anyway. If a man can't support his wife comfortably, then why shouldn't her father, if he has plenty, step in and help? It gives him pleasure, and it smooths the way for us. I suppose what I'd like to feel," Peter went on, finding his words slowly, "is that if there wasn't any question of your father in it, and you and I were alone in the world, you'd take your chances on thirty-five a week?"

"Plus twenty-five a week, and my living expenses!" Gloria reminded him.

"How d'you figure that?"

"My salary, darling. I was offered that."

"But heck, Glory, you'd be married to me."

"Well, what of it? Loads of married women are in positions."

"Yep. But not my wife!"

"BUT suppose she preferred it to dish-washing and scrimping, and worrying?"

Peter was only twenty-five, but his darkened face suddenly looked years older, and when he spoke it was in a man's voice.

"Well, if she did—" he began, on a hard quick tone. But at Gloria's sudden halt, her amazed look at him, his manner changed and he burst out laughing. "Aw, listen, she wouldn't!" he said, in a little boy's coaxing voice.

Gloria laughed, too, put her arm in his and locked her hands over his arm again.

"She wouldn't," she reassured him. She'd rather have one room with you than earn



the biggest salary ever paid to a woman in the United States. I wonder what it is, by the way? Fifty thousand a year? Do you suppose any woman is making that, except, of course, in the movies or on the stage or something like that?"

Peter had heard only the first part of the sentence. They had reached home now, and the warmth of the hall and the audible snapping of a fire somewhere out of sight were grateful to their chilled and wearied senses. He put his arm about her, and her cold cheek touched his.

"Do you mean that?" he asked, in a husky undertone. "Do you mean that you'd live in one room with me, if we had to? Do you like me that much?"

"Like you!" Gloria whispered. "I wish I didn't like you so much! Don't—don't worry about my being happy with you anywhere—anyhow—with anything. You—you're the boss, from now on."

The wedding day was all a radiant jumble as such days should be. Gloria tried her best to be casual and calm about it, but the general excitement, and herself as the exact centre and cause of it, were too much for her, and she succumbed to the surrounding joyous confusion and loved it as a part of the whole happy time.

FOR a while it seemed to Peter and Gloria that they had nothing to learn of each other that was not newly lovable and enchanting; they agreed about almost everything, and when they did not agree they made it a loving contest to see who could first give way. Once a week, but not on any specially fixed day, they dined with Gloria's people; her father and mother came genuinely to love Peter, and he to love them, so that life flowed by in harmony and happiness for them all.

These were exquisite days for them all, and when Gloria told her mother that some time in March there would be a new member of the family to consider, her mother's cup of happiness and the doctor's satisfaction were complete.

It had been Gloria's pride to keep the little apartment on Green Street exquisitely neat; her mother, Peter, everyone had marvelled at the ease with which she managed it. Now she decided that they must move out of the city because of the baby; he must have a backyard and a sand-box. Ada said Burlington, Peter liked Berkeley; Gloria found just what she wanted in Sausalito, a small village scrambling up the hills across the bay from San Francisco.

So Seven-thirty-three Cerritos Avenue became home, and Gloria turned her full genius for contrivance and management upon it.

There were six rooms and a patio, and a fountain, a garage for two cars, a front yard sadly in need of grooming, a long back yard sprawling up the hill under scattered eucalyptus and pepper and oak and apple trees, and some straggling odds and ends of sheds and fences.

The only near neighbors were the Baggleys; by going out of her side gate from the back yard, crossing the lane, and turning in under magnificent old sycamores Gloria could reach Kitty Baggley's garden in half a minute; she and Peter were often there in the early days of their new settling, to borrow a hammer, to use the Baggley's telephone, to report generally upon their progress. And often Kitty came over and helped them in some small, friendly way, stacking books, starting a kettle for tea, rubbing silver with white powder, while they all laughed and talked. She had twin

daughters of five, Joyce and Jane, who accompanied her everywhere; Gloria promptly fell into her role as their adored Aunt Glory; Peter was in high favor as Uncle Pete.

Kitty Baggley had lost her only son a few years previously; she was not yet thirty, but there was a band of pure silver in her dark untidy hair.

Tony Baggley was a cripple. He had been injured, a year or two earlier, in a motor accident; the treatment of an injured hip had been unsuccessful; Tony did not speak of the details, but Peter and Gloria, as they came to know the expressions of his fine, thin, pain-chiselled face, told each other that he must have suffered untold tortures.

He had been a Rhodes scholar; his had been a brilliant record as an engineer.

The Baggleys lived largely by themselves, but they admitted to their friendship certain special favorites, who came over from San Francisco to spend happy Sundays with them, and sometimes they had visitors from further afield: men and women from the eastern cities, English folk who were going about the world on all sorts of errands, Artists, writers, poets, not all young, very few rich, most of them plain and simple in manner, came to the Baggleys; a Russian Consul came, with his beautiful ivory-skinned wife, a German scientist who talked of fungi and truffles, a Spanish dancer and the big bull-headed husband who looked as if he might have colored blood.

It was Kitty's pride to keep everything annoying away from Tony. His was a life without annoyance. Sometimes there was dust on the rungs of the chairs; sometimes sticky glasses stayed on the porch rail all night, but these things did not worry Kitty, and Tony never saw them.

Her house was English in tone, China, table-linen, towels, chairs and curtains did not match each other, but the effect of their casual combination was homelike. Books—the place brimmed over with books—were set in rows everywhere without any particular regard for what was in them. They were all good and all necessary, and that was all that was important.

When little Jimmy Budd came home from the hospital in mid-March with his proud mother, Kitty was his first caller.

Gloria had a maid now, Lotta, her father's present to his grandson. Lotta worked hard all morning with breakfast dishes, baby laundry, and helped with baby's bath, bottles, sterilizing, mixing formulas; at half-past ten she began dinner preparations and Gloria went to market; at twelve or one both women ate whatever was at hand, scrambled eggs or cold meat or a salad, and in the afternoon Lotta dressed herself carefully, with plenty of powder and lip-red, stepped into high-heeled shoes and went to see her own family, down in the village. Then Gloria could rest, and at four perhaps carry Jimmy over to be parked, sound asleep in his coach, on Aunt Kitty's lawn, and to have her tea with the Baggleys.

WHEN the cool evenings came they moved in from the lawn to the fire; Peter could help Kitty with Tony's long, helpless body; Gloria winced in an agony of sympathy as she watched Tony's face. Ah, it hurt him, it hurt him terribly!

The baby would be put down on a bed somewhere, after much cooling and "poor-poor-ing" from the Baggley twins. The twins themselves would drag about in much-washed and faded pyjamas, finally subsiding into bed somewhere out of sight.

Then Kitty would set the fireside table, in a series of leisurely comings and goings, and bring in the scalloped oysters and the rolls and the cold artichokes; Gloria would jump up for the napkins, Peter flourish about with a corkscrew, and the quartet fall upon its supper with tremendous appetite. Kitty's old Joe King was usually gone on Sunday nights; Lotta always went home after Sunday luncheon, but the combination of forces made the day a holiday rather than a burden, and Peter told Gloria that the weeks between Sundays had never seemed so long before.

IT'S wonderful to have Tony and Kitty here to tide us over these years," Gloria agreed.

"Tide us over?" Peter echoed, surprised.

"Well, while Jimmy's so small, and we haven't much money."

"Oh, Lord, I never want anything more than this!" Peter said. And surprised in his turn he presently added: "Do you?"

"Well—I mean after a while. Some day we'll have to be down the Peninsula, won't we? I mean, to see the old gang, and play tennis and golf and bridge—I mean, we seem to be in a sort of backwater here. I love it; it isn't that!" Gloria explained somewhat confusedly. "But Mother was speaking about a city house, the other day—just what everyone has—maids, and cars, and belonging to clubs—"

"But Lord, that's just what I loathe!" Peter ejaculated in dismay. Gloria laughed at his expression.

"Oh, so would I—now. But this is rather out of things, Peter. We see practically nobody but the Baggleys, unless Mother and Dad come over; we're isolated. And then, scrambling along with one wild girl like Lotta, we never can give a proper dinner. Some day we'll have to have a nurse for Jimmy and someone in the kitchen. I mean later, when you've had a raise, and money's easier. We're buying the place now, and that kind of complicates—"

"But you mean when we have it bought," Peter said ruefully, "you'll not want to live in it?"

"Not forever!" Gloria said laughing. "It's too much out of the way."

She knew now that every husband is a surprise to every wife. He may be much finer, much pleasanter to live with than she expected him to be; he may be a great disappointment. But he is always a surprise. She had, thought Peter, for one thing, to be quite a society figure, a man known to an immense circle of friends, in demand by them, and liking their company. But quite the reverse was the case; it was true that Peter would resign all other company except that of herself and Jimmy with actual relief, that he resented any intrusion upon their complete little circle.

That was one unexpected thing about Peter. Others were that he was without ambition, and without that jealousy and nervousness that always accompany ambition.

Gloria would look at him thoughtfully; she loved him, there was no one in the world like Peter, but sometimes she did not understand him.

One day Lotta wheeled the baby down to the village to call on her people. Gloria had dressed herself to take him over to call on Kitty; now she found herself with an unexpected free hour or two, and suddenly remembering that she had been waiting for just such an interval she took the level hill road from the farm gate along the side of the hill, cut down on a cowpath to the lower road, crossed the canyon, where a few new cottages stood among the



weatherbeaten old ones, and found a new and imposing closed iron gate above which a new sign said boldly: "Bayview Sanatorium and Home." Underneath the big words were smaller letters announcing: "Doctor Lillian Bond, Mgr."

Wondering what had become of Doctor Reynolds, Gloria opened a small side gate on the footpath and went up the familiar drive to the house. The shrubs and flowers were all pruned now, a man was working among the bushes, and lawn sprinklers were going in the afternoon sunshine. The big building at first looked entirely changed, but at a second glance Gloria saw that they had merely built a new front on the old one; quite a handsome front of white cement trimmed with clinker bricks in reddish black.

A nurse in uniform was at the desk in the old parlor, in the usual hospital setting of bank grating, telephone, glass guard, room list and neat oak filing cabinets. Near her a triangular slab read "Miss Wilcox," and another slab said "Information." Undaunted by these formalities Gloria went up to the desk and explained that hers was only a friendly and curious call, and that she had once worked here in Miss Lockwood's day.

Miss Wilcox slightly unbent at this. She had never seen Miss Lockwood nor Mrs. Larkin; she had heard of Doctor Reynolds.

"Doctor Reynolds built himself a lovely little cottage right back of the sanatorium," she said. "I think—I don't know, but I rather think the trustees thought that the hospital should have been done first, I don't know. Anyway, he's gone, and we have Doctor Bond here, now. Would you like to meet Doctor Bond? I think it's her rest hour."

"Don't disturb her, then. I thought they were going to tear all this down?"

"They were. But I believe—" Miss Wilcox coughed delicately. "I believe—funds—" she said vaguely. "I don't know. I'm not really supposed to say."

"Is the house full?"

Miss Wilcox hesitated for the fraction of a second before answering; but there was no palliating the facts. They were stark and undeniable and significant.

"Well, no," she said. "We did have forty-one patients here, when we opened. That was almost a year ago; it was in September. But now we've lost quite a few. They die, you know. I believe we've got thirty-one now. Here's Miss Daphne Bond, Doctor Bond's sister."

Pale, clean-fingered Miss Bond, also in uniform, came down the hall and was introduced. There were freckles on her sandy forehead; their color mingled oddly with her greying-reddish hair.

"I wish they wouldn't go upstairs and lie in their beds in the daytime," she said, in a worried undertone, when she had absent-mindedly greeted Gloria.

"Who did?" Miss Wilcox said, glancing toward the stairs. "I didn't see anyone go up."

"Poor old souls," Daphne Bond said in an aside to Gloria. "They've lived too long. I think it's very hard for my sister to be in this atmosphere. I think it's bad for anyone."

"Where are they?" Gloria asked.

"They?" Miss Bond repeated.

"The old people."

"Oh, they're in the recreation hall. They're out every morning for two hours, but in the afternoons we keep them in. It only means their getting scattered and littering up the grounds, and Lillian, my sister—superintendent, you know," Daphne Bond

said with a little air, "will not have things untidy. She will not have it."

"They have their radio and their victrola?"

"Not while she's resting. Sounds pierce her like a knife." Daphne fell into an undertone conversation with the nurse, and Gloria studied idly a weekly food chart that lay under her hand on the desk.

"What we need," Frances Wilcox said frankly, walking to the door with Gloria later, "is an advertising manager, someone to talk up the Bayview. Miss Bond can't; she's just the manager. She can keep the files and run the place, but that's all she can do. In your time the men and women were all together, weren't they?"

"You mean they aren't now?"

"Oh, my, no! I guess things have pretty well changed since you were here. You're married, aren't you?"

"And have a—completely—gorgeous—little boy!" Gloria said laughing. But her face was rather serious as she took the road home.

To look down at the water through trees is one of the luxuries of life," Tony told Gloria one afternoon. "Being shelled has its titanic compensations."

"It has its bad hours, too?" she asked him timidly. For answer he only looked at her with narrowed eyes for a long moment; looked away.

The iron resolution with which he had filled his changed life with interests amazed her, even though she and Peter saw. Kitty told them, only the accomplished fact, not the bitter struggle that had accomplished it. He read incessantly; catalogues from all the book collectors in the world came to his desk; his mail was filled with bulky little square packages that were marked "Books only." He played endless games; patience with one or two small packs of cards that Gloria liked to see him shuffling lazily in his long thin hands, anagrams and crypts and crosswords.

As for Kitty, she was first, last and always what Peter affectionately called her, "the world's most gorgeous slob." Her softness and fatness bulged over the loose comfortable clothes she wore; her coil of silky black hair always showed a few uncaught strands. Her skin was of the flawless solid cream of ginger blossoms, but her nails were almost always black; her fat little capable hands were often burned from contact with the stove or stained with iodine from treating the girls' cut hands and knees.

She was an execrable cook; meals were never on time, and frequently they lacked some essential ingredient, like salt or napkins or even bread, but nothing worried Kitty, and Gloria Rugg had been her neighbor for months before she began to see in these deficiencies anything except quite natural mischances. Eventually, however, she perceived that Kitty was a wretched housekeeper.

Gloria herself was a born manager. She ran her house, Peter told her, like a combination of an office and a yacht; Jimmy, a normal, healthy, sensibly-handled baby, fitted himself into the scheme with no trouble at all to himself or his family.

"You're a smart woman, Gloria," her father told her. "You're the sort of daughter that makes an old man very proud."

"Am I?" Gloria asked thoughtfully. Her father had come over to Sausalito to spend Sunday with the beloved youngsters. Gloria and Peter had gone to the city to a dinner

and theatre-party the night before, and had returned on the late boat tired and a little disappointed. Gloria still looked a little faded, and had pulled herself through her morning duties somewhat languidly. But now, at eleven o'clock, everything was done; the nursery was in flawless order, Jimmy's crib on the porch was neatly made and turned down to receive him for his nap; toys were on shelves; tiny garments airing on tiny hangers.

At half-past one, on the striking of the clock, Lotta announced luncheon. The soup was hot in Spanish bowls; the Sunday chicken served on peasant plates gay with sunflowers and red daisies. Gloria lent a hand after the meal, the last crumb and vestige of it were presently gone, and Peter and his father-in-law were playing Russian Bank beside the fire. Gloria, pattering lists, lay on the couch, her pretty slippered feet comfortably high, and smiled at her men.

"I wish to-morrow wasn't Monday, Lord, how I hate Mondays!" Peter said on a luxurious sigh.

Gloria sent a quick glance at her father to see if he had heard this. But the doctor was not looking at her; instead he echoed Peter's sigh, and said lastly:

"Ah, I hate Mondays, too. I think everyone does! I have two operations to-morrow; I wish I could wriggle out of them. Never mind—this is one happy day snatched from the burning."

Afterwards Gloria remembered his saying it—her contented philosopher of a father, with his trimmed silver beard and his round spectacles. It was destined to be the last happy Sunday she was to know for a long time. It was only a few days later, when in morning sunshine she was going along the clothesline in the yard, pinning Jimmy's clothes in long rows, laughing as she flapped them in the cool December breeze, that the telephone rang. It was Peter; Peter brisk and businesslike for once; Peter, with no weakening word of sympathy to spare. She must come at once; her mother needed her. Her father, getting up from the breakfast-table an hour earlier with his usual smile, his usual affectionate good-bye, had fallen. He had lived but a few minutes, he had died, smiling sleepily, in his wife's arms.

After that everything was changed, and Gloria was changed. She felt it herself; she felt the growing pains in her very soul. Her inner being had to stretch itself to meet new needs, upon her shrinking spirit cold winds blew suddenly. No one could help her, no sympathy touched her; it was rather for her to give help and sympathy where she could.

The world without her father was a strange, lopsided place. She had lost her mother, too, for the frightened, silent, red-eyed little old woman who was suddenly in her mother's place seemed like someone she never had known before. The old home was gone; James Herford had been only fifty-one years old; he had fancied himself perhaps as practising medicine for many profitable years to come. He had spent his money almost as fast as he had made it; the house at Seaciff was clear; the cabin at Tahoe, worth a few thousands, could be sold; there was a modest insurance. In all it would come to enough, when everything was settled, to guarantee his widow an income of something very little more than twelve hundred a year. Mrs. Herford said hysterically that she did not care what she had or where she lived; Gloria quickly added that of course Mother would live with Peter and herself. Neither at the time perhaps knew quite what she said, but on a dripping March day, after a blank Christmas and a few weeks of bewilderment and desolation, Gloria's mother moved to Sausalito, and



Gloria put Jimmy, warm and sweet and sleepy, into her arms, and said, "Here's his little namesake to worry you and keep you busy, Mummy dearest, and maybe comfort you a little!"

All this was arranged in the first flood of sympathy, consternation, emotion. As is usual in human affairs the details worked themselves out more prosaically, and before many days had passed there were problems to solve and difficulties to encounter.

Mrs. Herford murmured from time to time something about paying for her board. But no definite sum was ever mentioned between her and Gloria, and Gloria could not be the one to bring up the subject. Instead of paying her, her mother made Jimmy little gifts, often useless and superfluous, or sent home little delicacies that Gloria knew they could not afford.

The budget now had to be rewritten along sterner lines: no more cream, no olive oil, much less meat. Peter never complained; he enormously enjoyed what Gloria cooked for him, but he never ate very much of anything, and did not demand variety. Gloria's mother was different. She liked embellishments of cream cheese, walnuts, maraschino cherries, chili sauce, olives with her meals, and she thought that a hard-working man ought to have plenty of meat.

Gloria, once so much more than equal to her day's demands, was tired now all the time. A sense of helplessness, of struggling against too heavy odds, continually burdened her. Meals were no longer on time, bills began to grow, the little Spanish farmhouse was never entirely in order.

To the departed Lotta she had been able to give specific directions, and Lotta, young, untrained, eager to learn, had followed them to the letter.

Gloria's mind was continually obliged to adjust itself to changes in the programme, and changes fretted her. People ought to know what they were going to do, and how much money and time and materials would be required, and then go straight ahead and do it. It was distracting to have the wash done by mother in the bathroom at six o'clock one morning, because mother wakened early and felt blue, and to have it ignored for the next two days.

"I'll rinse these out," her mother would say. "I'll string the beans; don't think of them again. I'll be back in time to take Jimmy off your hands at four o'clock, and you can go pour tea for Mrs. Baggleys."

After which she might entirely forget all three things completely, walk to town to post a letter, be picked up by her dear old friend Mrs. Yard, and play bridge until after six.

**S**TILL another prick in the new state of affairs was that Ada was not enthusiastic about the Baggleys. She thought that Tony was "nice enough," adding to this concession "although he looks as if he could be a perfect devil!" But for Kitty she felt a great contempt. "What she ought to do is diet, and fasten her clothes together, and get a good servant to there," Ada said sternly. "If they can spend all that money for dirty books that someone else has been handling, they certainly could pay at least a Japanese boy!"

Ada consequently went rarely to the Baggleys. She would send Peter and Gloria away for Sunday supper there very hurriedly, but when they returned at an unwontedly early hour, they were apt to find Gloria's mother beside the fire bowed over the wakeful and excited Jimmy, weeping bitterly.

"He woke up and screamed," Ada would report exhaustedly. "So I brought him out here. And then I got to thinking of your father—"

Gradually she would recover her self-control; Peter and Gloria on either side of her would adroitly carry the conversation to less emotional fields. Then it might develop that Ada had had no dinner. No, she hadn't felt the slightest appetite. Often she had waited for "Doctor" until later than this. She would like a cup of tea and a bit of toast now, but it was just too much trouble to get it. No, that was nonsense. Gloria was tired. Ah, now, that was a shame. Gloria, after all she had had to do all day, going out to the kitchen at ten o'clock at night to get tea!

Chilled and tired and discouraged, Gloria might go into her bedroom almost too weary to undress, certainly too weary to make a very long business of retiring. After the warmth of the fire the bedroom was like an ice-box on winter nights.

It was not only the exasperating welcome warmth that went through her as he put his unconscious arms about her, nor the utter physical comfort of putting her head on his big shoulder; there was something reviving to her spirit in thus belonging to Peter and having him belong to her.

Deepest, steadiest, most present of all her anxieties was, of course, the financial problem.

Mummy was deliberately being brave, being helpful and adequate, in these days, tiring her fine little thin ankles, tiring her delicate wrists, wearing herself out with washing soap and ashes and dust and garbage and sweeping. The tragedy was that Gloria could not spare her, could not detach her inexperienced fingers from the knife and the string beans, could not stop her when she staggered across the kitchen floor with the smoking soup pot, and cascaded its contents into the yellow bowl with an effort that left her gasping and weak in a moment of pain. Somebody had to do these things, and Gloria was doing others; wringing out clothes, pounding them with the heated iron, carrying the squirming Jimmy in from his sandbox to his bath.

Sometimes the two women, unexpectedly coming simultaneously into the kitchen, would drop into chairs, pant for a moment, and laugh at each other.

"Whew! We've done something this morning, Mummy."

"Well, we really have, darlin'. Now, all I've got to do is peel those peaches for supper, and get myself dressed respectably."

The assumption that she was indispensable to Gloria soothed her, even in fatigue and discomfort, and if Gloria was sometimes almost desperate enough to think that it would have been easier to do it all alone, she never said so, and as a general thing was far too sensible to let herself think so.

One pleasant July day, when cool fog was sweeping the world, and both she and her mother felt rested and fresh, Gloria wheeled Jimmy along the uneven old lanes and down the hill to the Bayview Sanatorium.

To her surprise she found the place closed, although the sign still hung unburned and weather-chipped in the afternoon light. Windows and doors were barred, the garden was returning to its old state of neglect and disorder, there were no signs of life about the place except a small and shining car that was parked at the foot of the front steps.

Two men came around the corner of the house as she and Jimmy stood staring; two

nice elderly men—doctors. Gloria's natural friendliness made short work of introductions; they were Doctor Kaufmann, of San Francisco, who had known her father, and Doctor Max Richter, of San Diego.

Pleased with the unexpected encounter, Gloria quite readily and with increasing animation told them of her old connection with the place, of the vagaries of Miss Lockwood and Mrs. Larkin, of the new company that had taken over the sanatorium with such great hopes, and that apparently had failed.

"Yes," old Doctor Kaufmann agreed, nodding. "they lost money on the place. But it's a nice place. Seems in good shape except for a little cleaning."

"They needn't have lost money on the place," Gloria pronounced, turning Jimmy's coach to depart.

"Think not?" the younger doctor asked alertly. "Wait a minute, Mrs.—ah, Budd. Here, let's all sit down on the steps. I want to talk to you."

**I**T was a few days later that Gloria seized a special opportunity to say to Peter:

"What would you think if some day I got a job?"

"What for?" Peter asked.

"Oh, to help out."

"Hal! But who'd take care of Jimmy and run things?"

"I'd get Lotta back."

"I thought Lotta was going to get married."

"Well, her sister, then, Carmela. The little one."

"Yep, but could you make more than you'd pay her? Enough, I mean, to make it worth while?"

"Not right away, maybe. But I might work up."

Peter looked disturbed. It was late in an exquisite Sunday afternoon; Mrs. Herford had gone to the city to dine with Aunt Marian; Peter and Gloria were taking Jimmy over to the Baggleys' for dinner. Jimmy rode high on his father's shoulder.

"But you don't mean you'd want to keep it up?"

"It would all depend upon what it was, Peter. If it interested me, I might."

"What, right along?"

"Well, maybe. I don't mean a city job, an office job. The truth is, they'd like me to come back to the Bayview—to the old Lockwood Sanatorium," Gloria said. "It's right near. I can walk there in twenty minutes or bicycle there in ten."

"Hal!" Peter asked a few questions about it while he and Gloria halted in the lane. Jimmy seated on the stile. "What would they pay you?" he demanded rather harshly, at the end.

"Seventy-five to start with, Doctor Richter said. More later, if it worked out."

"Why don't they get a trained nurse?"

"Oh, they'll have a nurse there, and old Doctor Kaufmann, who knew Daddy, will live there. He's going to retire, and his wife is dead; he says he's always wanted to try an experiment like this."

"What do they want you for then?"

"Resident manager. Or at least not resident. I told them I couldn't do that. But manager. Ordering meals, arranging for hours, and baths and all that, hearing complaints." Gloria's eyes danced as she spoke. Peter looked at her curiously.

"And you think you could run a hundred people?"

"Not at the beginning. They'd start with about twenty-five; they're going to limit it. Jimmy'd be perfectly safe with mother and Lotta, Pete, and truly I'd love to try!"



Peter's face was dark. He picked the child from the fence and walked away, not looking back, and Gloria followed him.

"Ah, why not, Pete? I could always drop it. And it'd be wonderful for me."

"You've got your home and your kid and me and your mother," she heard him murmur, as if he spoke to himself.

"I know, but we're really short of money, darling!" Gloria was walking along beside him, but she could not see his face.

"We won't always be!" he said in a gruff undertone.

"Then you don't want me to do it?" she asked in a flat, sick voice.

"No. I don't want you to do it."

"EVER see Karl Pitcher, Miss Rudd?" Nurse Southey asked.

"No; never have. I've heard of him. Glenda," Gloria said briefly.

Ursula Southey came from Chicago, which was Dr. Pitcher's home town. Gloria had learned long before this that the loyalty of nurses to their home-town doctors was in a class all by itself; such doctors were always doing tremendously important things in research or medicine; the big authorities of the Eastern cities were always watching them.

"You work with him, Southey?" she asked, glancing through cards that were stacked alphabetically in a small oak box on her desk.

"I did not! He wouldn't look at me," Gloria refrained from comment.

"He's not much to look at," the nurse said suddenly.

"Isn't he?"

"Nope. Small and square and sandy. But believe me, all the women fall for him, Miss Rudd. You watch the nurses!"

"I will watch the nurses!" Gloria promised, with a brief laugh. "I'm here for that. Now about Seventeen—"

"She added at once, in a businesslike tone, "I've an answer from her son; it came this morning. He says he'll gladly pay for a trained nurse, but that they want her to stay here. I've just been talking to Doctor Kaufmann."

"We could isolate her in the conservatory room with a nurse, watch her like cats for a few weeks, and see how it goes. I think it's a mistake. Our people aren't cases. They're boarders. We've never had drops before, we don't know how to handle them. However, what Doctor Kaufmann says goes. So I'm writing Mr. — what's his name? — that for a few weeks anyway—"

"Doctor Kaufmann nothing! What you say goes," Nurse Southey said in affectionate scorn. Gloria's eyes danced for a moment in reply; then she turned to the business of the day again.

"Well, anyway," she said in conclusion, "Doctor and Mrs. Pitcher get here to-morrow at about four. I'll be over there to meet them, and show them about, and later they're to dine here with Doctor Kaufmann and me. I don't know whether they've a child or not."

"He's not married," Ursula Southey said abruptly, with a stare.

"Mrs. Pitcher, Doctor Kaufmann said."

"That's his mother, then. Or he may have been married," the nurse mused, "he isn't more than thirty, I should say. Thirty-two, maybe."

"Thirty-two! I thought he was about eighty."

"No, he's young. Youngish."

"Oh-h-h? And wrote that article in the 'Medical Review'? Well, good for him," Gloria said. "Anyway, they're coming to dinner, so I'm asking King Lo to have something special, and I'd like you girls to line up

and meet them. And look rather decent, you know—first impressions and all that."

She went through the wide central hallway of the sanatorium and to a glass-pannelled door at the back. Beyond was a wide balustraded porch upon which a few old persons were sitting in basket-chairs or roomy rockers. Wide, shallow steps led down to a terrace; on both ends of the porch were doors opening into the two big wings of the house that flanked the grass and the terrace and made of them a sort of sheltered patio.

The Bayview Home and Sanatorium was housing eighty-four old persons now; this was its capacity, and to Gloria's pride there was a waiting list. True, on the top third floor there were a few unoccupied bedrooms, and on the floor below, also unused, was the luxurious suite Doctor Lillian Bond had had furnished for her sister and herself.

In contrast to the enfeebled and broken old folk all about her Gloria rejoiced in glorious health and strength. It was part of her extraordinary efficiency that she never need be absent or plead poor health for duties undone.

The morning's start was leisurely for an institution, for Miss Rudd, in drawing up the hospital's schedule, had had always in mind the frailty of her charges. Why should old people be bounced out of bed at seven, she had demanded of her board of directors, when there was no reason on earth to get them out of bed at all?

The breakfast hour had therefore been set at nine. But Gloria must be up two hours before that, and she expected all the maids and nurses to be ready for duty at eight, groomed, breakfasted, and with their own rooms in order. She herself breakfasted alone at half-past seven.

There was a kitchen upstairs in the sanatorium now; a place quite separate from the big downstairs kitchen. Here any good old housekeeper who was seized with a sudden need of cooking could compound special marmalades, bake gingerbread, treat her intimates to a chou farcie or a chicken potpie.

"I'm afraid you have very extraordinary ideas," Miss Brooks had said primly. She had determined to report to Doctor Kaufmann that her assistant, Miss Rudd, was not a trained worker in modern sanatorium methods, and certainly would demoralise the patients if she had her way.

Regular hours, firm, if sensible rules, a strictly limited diet, and no spoiling; these had been Miss Brooks' ideals, and she had been prepared to enforce them.

Instead, most surprisingly, after her three months' trial, amiable old Doctor Kaufmann, who, of course, thought everything that Miss Rudd did was perfection, had explained to Miss Brooks that they did not feel that she was happy there, not quite—perhaps—in sympathy with the plans of the new sanatorium. It was a home, after all. A home first and a sanatorium afterwards.

Miss Brooks had accordingly disappeared, and to the bewildered Gloria Miss Brooks' job had been offered. Two hundred and fifty dollars a month, and full charge of the nurses, patients, the two indoor servants, the gardener, meals, budget, laundry, finances, everything.

And all that had happened almost three years ago.

"HAVE you a nurse that you could lend me to-morrow, Miss Rudd?" "I certainly have, Doctor Pitcher."

Gloria, immaculate in a plain blue frock and broad-brimmed blue hat, stood smiling in the mottled green light of sunshine and shadow; the square little sandy-haired man

blinked at her through his glasses. The two had met on the terrace between the big house and what was now known as the "Pitcher Research"; Gloria had hardly seen her neighbor since his arrival a week ago. He had not been able to dine with her and Doctor Kaufmann on the night of their arrival. His mother, he had somewhat curtly explained, had been too tired. After that he and the old delicate woman had disappeared into their own quarters, and, although Gloria had been more than once to call on the invalid, she had not chanced on those occasions to see the son.

"You're going out?" he asked, as they came to the end of the lawn and Gloria turned towards the side gate that led into the lane.

"Thursday afternoon. I always go home after lunch, and don't come back until after supper."

"You're walking?"

"It's only half a mile."

"May I walk with you, then? About my patient to-morrow. Doctor Walker and Doctor Street will come over; we are to try the gland transplantation. It will be very interesting. But of course we must have a nurse."

"I'll give you Partridge; she's the best we have. The others are only practical nurses, most of them. She says she's madly in love with you, too," Gloria added in her thoughts.

"I'll give her a break. We want," Gloria added aloud, as they walked along through the afternoon sweetness of the deep green lane, "we want to start a training school some day, but of course I'm not qualified to manage that, and we'd have to build on quite a big wing."

"How long has the sanatorium been open?"

"About three years, this time," Gloria laughed. "It's had all sorts of ups and downs," she went on. "An old German woman opened it first, for her friends, really. It was just an old wooden house then, with bay windows and a cupola. She made quite a lot of money and retired, and went down to Riverside or Santa Barbara or somewhere. Then a Miss Lockwood bought it; she was clever, too. But unfortunately she drank, and went off at regular intervals."

Karl Pitcher laughed out suddenly, and Gloria's serious expression broke into laughter, too.

They were nearing the little Spanish farmhouse with the Scotch name now, and as her eye fell upon two figures in the lane, Gloria suddenly broke away from her companion, and ran like a skimming bird towards them. The man heard the ecstasy of her cry.

"Ah, my sweetheart—my darling! My little girl Jimmy! Come here and kiss your Mummy—your Mummy—your Mummy!"

She was on her knees, the child caught in her arms. She turned her radiant face to smile at the doctor, over her shoulder, as he came up, and he saw that the child's golden-brown eyes were like hers, and that the dark gold-brown of her young head mingled exactly in color with his. Her blue hat had slipped back; in the heat of the day and rings of dark wet gold were plastered on her forehead; her big teeth showed as she spoke on a joyous laugh.

"Doctor Pitcher, this is my little boy, Jimmy, this is the new doctor over at the sanatorium whom I told you about. And this is Carmela, Doctor, who takes such good care of Jimmy."

She had risen from her knees, but she was still stooping sideways to hold tightly to the child. He was a handsome child, the man thought, squarely set on stubby little sandals and firm round brown legs, his chin held forward, his mop of tawny hair framing a resolute, sandy, freckled little face.



Two girls of perhaps six or seven, twins in faded colorless smocks, had now come racing to the scene; he saw their enthusiastic greeting of "Aunt Gloria," heard their triumphant shout: "You're coming to our house to-night for supper! We're having peach and marshmallow ice cream. Molly's making it!"

"These are the Baggleys girls," Gloria said, disentangling herself from their pipestem arms. "Jane—Joyce—careful! Ah, and here's Tugger! You won't stay, Doctor? I'm privileged to ask anyone I like to Mrs. Baggleys."

He shook his head, left her in a jumble of children, dogs, tree-leaf shadows, streams of afternoon light, a beautifully-made woman in a plain blue frock, with her uncovered hair tumbling, and shining like dark gold.

Gloria and the children went in to the Baggleys' gate, and around the rabble of sheds under the big sycamore, and past the wood-pile and the berry bushes. Tony was in his chair on the lawn; Kitty not in sight at the moment. The man's fine, thin hand stopped on the drawing-board, and he looked up and smiled.

"They found you, did they? And how's everything up your way?"

SHE had seen him a day or two before; there was no real news. Gloria dropped into a chair, stretched her arms luxuriously, and smiled back at him. "Oh-h-h, it's so good to be lazy!"

"Peter home?"

"No; Jimmy said he'd gone to town. And Mother's lying down. So I came in to ask why we're coming to supper here to-night?"

"Special occasion. The Jardines are here. They motored out for the trip, and went up into the Sierras for ten days. Now they're on their way home. Kitty knows one of the wives and the aunt 'em a wire on the chance, asking 'em to supper. To our consternation they accepted with thanks. They start right on east from here, for Minneapolis."

"Doctors, eh?"

"Yes. Brothers. Scientists, really. Research men."

"Oh, Tony, then we ought to have Doctor Pitcher, too."

"Pitcher? You mean—of course, the new man here at the Bayview. That's right. Well, Kitty'll be back and I'll have her telephone him. He probably knows 'em. Has he ever mentioned them?"

"Not to me. But I've hardly talked to him at all—until to-day, that is. He walked here with me just now, but he wouldn't come in. He's been terribly busy getting started."

"Have you any idea what took Peter into town?" she asked.

"I didn't know he had gone. He was over here with the bean-poles this morning and didn't say anything about it. He and Kitty were talking about dinner to-night."

"Peter thinks there's no one like Kitty." "Well, Kitty thinks Peter can do no wrong. Good thing, too. She's lonely, up here on the hill, and she and Pete are tremendously congenial."

"I don't think Kitty ever is lonely, Tony. I think Kitty's completely content."

"You were lonely," the man said significantly.

"No, I wasn't lonely, Tony! No woman could be lonely with a baby and mother and husband and neighbors. I was just—I don't know what to call it, restless. I wasn't satisfied to wash dishes and dust, when I knew—way down inside me I knew that I could do other things—more important things,

better! We were terribly poor, you know; we simply couldn't make ends meet. Mother and I were slaving all the time—she wasn't trained to work that hard and neither was I, and still the work wasn't caught up. My getting a job simplified everything, especially as Peter was laid off his for three months while they reorganised. And he mightn't have been taken back, Tony, you know that! It was only old Judge Gordon's asking for him that got him back on the payroll."

"That work was never right for Peter," Tony suggested, reluctantly.

"No; I don't think it was, myself. I never thought it was. He was much happier in the broadcasting he did for awhile. But now that's stopped." Gloria was silent for a moment, looking at her companion expectantly.

"You think I was wrong, don't you, Tony, to get a job when Peter was so violently against it? But he's long ago come to the conclusion—he's said so a hundred times, that I was right."

"No; I think you were right," Tony said, drying his lips a little, not looking up. "That is," he added, "I think you were as right as anyone is who makes a courageous decision."

"You mean a right decision?" "Well, a choice," Tony amended (it temperately).

There was time for nothing further, Kitty returned from a trip to town, with her arms full of packages, and came out to rest and catch her breath before commencing hospitable preparations for the supper-party.

When the four o'clock boat from the city whistled its mellow whistle upon reaching the Sausalito side, Gloria started for home. She had had a shower, and was lying flat on her bed, rolled into a big towel wrapper, when Peter came in.

"Hello, dear!" Gloria said.

"Oh, hello, nice to find you home!" Peter answered. He began to undress for his own shower; the day was warm and his face looked flushed and his dark hair was tumbling.

"No kisses for wives?"

"Kisses for wives?" Peter said dutifully, warily. He came to bend over her and kiss her, and her arm went about his neck and drew him down. But as soon as she freed him he straightened up again, and went back to his dresser. Gloria felt a little chilled. Perhaps he was in one of his unhappy moods.

"I hear we're all going to Kitty's," she began.

"Yes. She asked a couple of Minneapolis doctors for supper, and she's scared to death of them. Kitty scared!" Peter added, on an amused undertone, as he looked over his ties.

"They'll have a good time," Gloria said. "She gets 'em all!" Peter agreed affectionately. This observation rather surprised Gloria.

He went on into the bathroom and Gloria lay reflecting on this. Somehow Peter made her feel a little uneasy, a little smothered this afternoon. He had kissed her, but rather perfunctorily; he hadn't yet told her what his errand into town had been. When he returned from his shower and was shaving she opened the conversation with the tardy question:

"What took you to town, dear?"

He answered readily enough, but without enthusiasm.

"Varnay telephoned me about broadcasting, and I went down to the Penny ship people, too."

"Oh. It sounds hopeful." Her tone rang a little false in her own ears. She could

only hope he did not hear it so. "What'd they say?"

"Can't tell yet."

"What'd it mean, Peter?" She was trying to be wifely, interested, friendly. But it might sound patronising and superior, coming from a clever, self-satisfied woman rolled up in a bathrobe, sure of her own job, her own flatteringly large salary.

TRAVELLING with a professional football outfit. Just to spell their regular man at the mike.

"It might be interesting. You'd see plenty of ball games, anyway." Did her tone add "And Jimmy and Mother and Molly and Carmela and I can perfectly well manage without you?" Gloria smiled her most sympathetic smile. She felt a little panicky inside, and more than a little sorry for dear old Pete, who really was having a rotten time getting located.

"I don't know," Peter said vaguely. And then suddenly, "Where's the old Scout?"

"We were at Kitty's until I heard your boat come in; he's a little late with his dinner. He'll be in."

"I'll go get him." Peter left the room. Gloria pulled herself up from the bed and sat staring down at the floor for a few minutes, her hair tousled, her bare toes wiggling on the rug.

The moon shone down in a very madness of glory over Kitty's garden that night. Its white light poured magic across the lawn and whitewashed the tops of the trees. Black lace and white mingled themselves among the oak and pepper trunks; the sea, far below, moved as a mass of molten silver. Dinner had been served on the lawn; long after ten o'clock guests and hosts sat on in the circle of basket chairs, talking, talking, talking.

Afterward—many times afterward—Tony would speak of this night as one to be marked with a white stone. Kitty had known only the wife of one of her scientists. Tony, it must delightfully developed, knew Keith Jardine's whole family; had made a long boat trip with them; Karl Pitcher could make contacts everywhere. He knew about the Foundation in Rio, had been there; he knew old Doctor Stokes; he had taken his medicine from Battles.

Kitty never talked very much. If her dinner had been good and the coffee that followed it hot and strong she was content to sit resting and listening; it was not for her to take command of the conversation. Peter was rather silent, too, to-night; stretched out in a low chair with his pipe he contributed only an occasional laugh, an occasional question. Tony always talked. Tony was an experienced host, knew just how to guide the talk where he wished it, how to draw out his guests, no matter what their tastes or limitations.

To-night, there were no limitations and the tastes of the talkers were one. Both the Jardine brothers were eagerly articulate on their own ground, and Karl Pitcher proved to be, surprisingly, a very fountain of inspiration, stimulus, challenge. He could tell a story quietly but with tremendous effect. His little laugh seemed, to Gloria at least, to underscore it more than any shout could have done. Gloria was oddly shocked when she saw him a day or two later, to find him once again the spectacled quiet little doctor of the Bayview Research. She did not see him at all, it chanced, on the day after the party. When she did see him it was but for a moment. He asked her some question as to sleeping arrangements and means for a visiting doctor. They parted with no reference to



the magical moonwashed evening they had shared.

But on a Sunday afternoon not long afterward he came out to the terrace where she and Jimmy were sitting. They had been for a walk and Gloria looked rosy and tumbled. There was wind and fog to-day and they had whipped her cheeks to unusual color. Jimmy was sprawling against her; both were laughing.

"Aren't you cold out here?" Karl asked. "I see all your old people have been driven in."

"Well, it's after four. They get chilly. But it's not cold. We've just had the most gorgeous walk and we're too lazy to go in and clean up," Gloria explained.

"I thought that you went home on Sundays after lunch."

"I do if Peter's here. But he's away, and my mother's spending a week with some old friends in Del Monte. So I've given Molly and Carmela a holiday instead."

"Do you know that until that day when I walked home with you, Mrs. Rudd," Karl said idly, opening the blades of an astounding penknife to show it to Jimmy, "I didn't know that you were married. They call you 'Miss Rudd.'"

"Yes, I know they do. It saves explanations, so I let it go. Oh, yes," Gloria said, hugging Jimmy to her and kissing the rough top of his head, "I've been married nearly five years. Getting on!"

"That doesn't make you very old, does it?"

"Almost twenty-six."

"Good Lord," he said, under his breath, "is that all you are?"

"I leaped over girlhood, really," Gloria explained. "I never cared for dancing and parties and visits to Pebble Beach and Hawaii like most of the girls. I met Peter before I was twenty-one, and it didn't take us long to settle things."

"Love at first sight?"

"No-o-o. Not exactly!" An odd thrill was running through Gloria's veins. She did not know why it was so exciting, suddenly, to be talking to Karl Pitcher. "I don't think I believe in that," she said.

"Not believe in love? One of the beautiful women of the world, and she doesn't believe in love!"

"Oh, not love," Gloria corrected him, laughing and flushing. "In love at first sight." She hid her eyes against Jimmy's hair. This conversation was behaving queerly.

"And you say your husband's away?" the man asked after a brief silence during which Gloria made an attempt to straighten Jimmy's disorderly sweater and belt.

"Yes, Peter—" Gloria explained, with a little smile and frown, "has been having a horrible time. For years now he's been trying to find just what he wants to do and can do, and—these haven't been very good years for anyone to be in that fix!" she ended, with a laugh.

"These have been terrible years for young men," Karl agreed with a nod.

"Not you," she couldn't help saying.

"Ah, well, I'm thirty-five, and I've my profession. Your husband at thirty-five will be in quite a different position. And then I've Danish and German and Scotch blood in my veins," the man went on. "Hard-working, liberal, thrifty people. We don't like holidays."

Gloria looked at him thoughtfully; she made no comment on this.

"Peter," she presently said, "was in a sort of banking concern when we were married, not a bank, but financial—something financial. He didn't like it, but he stuck it, and we bought our house, and Jimmy came. Then it failed—simply went out of exist-

ence, and of course it didn't help him much to have been associated with a failure. But he did get a job, in the bookkeeping department of the White House—a sort of resident expert, maybe you'd call it. But then a man in Portland wanted him to go into the used-typewriter business—no capital, he just wanted Peter's personality. Peter opened the San Francisco office, and as far as Peter went it really was a success, but he had to carry the Oregon office, and the man was simply irresponsible. He'd wire Peter for money—he got into debt—they foreclosed on him. That was about a year ago, and since then he's only done occasional broadcasting—little parts in plays. He likes that, he has a beautiful radio voice, and he's been trying to work up to announcing. Now—just this last week—the very day of Mrs. Bagley's party this was, he had a chance to go off with a professional football team and help broadcast. Of course it's a wonderful opportunity, and if he can work up into it, it'll pay wonderfully—"

He had been listening intently while she talked. Now he nodded understandingly.

"It takes many years for a man to find his place. I've been twenty years in my own profession, and I am only beginning."

"Twenty years!" They had entered the house now, and Jimmy was running upstairs ahead of her. "No wonder Doctor Bruce Jardine could tell me that you were the most distinguished American in your line!" Gloria laughed. She saw the half-pleased, half-annoyed color rise under his fair skin.

"Ah, well, that was politeness!" Karl said. They were at the foot of the stairs, and Gloria nodded and smiled a good-bye at him without further words, going on up to her own room.

**I**N October Peter's break—the long awaited break—at last arrived. He had struck upon a certain "line" in radio talk; the Chatterton Canned Soup Company was to pay him for a half-hour of "Chatterton Chat" weekly. And if one contract, Peter reasoned eagerly, why not two? Why not a dozen? Every test he had taken, every bit of experience he had had, had confirmed the gratifying fact that Peter's voice was especially well adapted to radio use, and Peter's personality, his moods absurd or serious, could be conveyed on the air. Gloria was touched to see how he brightened, how like the old, confident Peter he became under this first bit of encouragement.

After dinner, on a crisp, autumn evening of winds and rattling boughs, they talked it over beside the wood fire. They were alone. Jimmy was long in bed; Gloria's mother, explaining that Ellen was coming for her at eight, because they were going up to lunch with Elinor in Petaluma, had retired early, having much old-lady packing and fussing to do.

"Well, now, Glory, how about Chicago?" Peter said, coming to the subject with a little awkwardness, for it had been in both their minds for more than two days, and a certain co-incident had arisen between them because of it.

"It has to be Chicago?" She sighed. A little frown crept between her eyes and she looked at the fire.

"Oh, are. Programme—it out from there. I have to keep it touch with the Chatterton people, too."

"Fifty a week," Glory said thoughtfully. "That's the start."

"It's a good start, Peter. And your fare paid?"

"And yours, and the kid's. That is, they allow me travelling expenses, with family."

"I wish it wasn't Chicago," Gloria said, with a little laugh and sigh. "We were there once, on the very muggiest day that ever was. Someone told Mummy that the stock-yards were interesting, and we went out. I've never forgotten the smells and the squeals, and the poor little pigs going 'round on a wheel."

"Peter, do you think it's wise to move Jimmy into that cold winter? He's slept out-of-doors practically every night of his life."

Peter looked at her.

"Don't want to go," he stated rather than asked, slowly.

"It isn't that. I think we have to think it over pretty carefully. We'd have an apartment, of course. Unless we had three bedrooms—and I don't suppose we could afford that, we'd be terribly cramped. Mother gets terribly nervous if Jimmy's in the room with her. She adores him, of course, but she keeps waking up to see if he's covered, that sort of thing."

"Your mother'd come, too?" Peter asked, after a pause. Gloria smiled at him appealingly.

"Well, I'd have to suggest it. She mightn't. But if she didn't she couldn't do much here on her hundred a month."

"No; that's true."

"And meanwhile I give up three thousand a year."

"You give up an awful lot of hard work with it."

"You don't want to plug along in the sanatorium all your life! It was swell while we needed it. Now we're launched!"

"You're a year's contract. What if they don't renew?"

Peter laughed again, came across the hearth-rug and knelt down beside her chair, locking a big arm about her. Gloria smiled down at him, moving a thumb gently along his heavy eyebrow.

"Listen, you're not talking like my girl! What the heck are you afraid of? We've always gotten along! Come on, let's pack up and take a chance! We can always rent this place for interest and taxes."

"I hate myself for talking this way, Pete, honestly I do. But wouldn't it be wiser to have you go ahead, see how things work, and have me join you in the spring with Jimmy?"

She had leaned her soft cheek against his; her fragrant loosened waves of dark-gold hair were touching his own. Quite suddenly Peter lost the course of the conversation.

"I love you, Glory!" he said. Gloria made no response in words; she merely leaned against him a little closer, and moved her lips to his temple.

"Do you realise that you're a wonderful woman?" Peter asked.

"Ha!" she said, unimpressed.

"No, but you are. Where'd we have been without you and your job these last few years?"

"You were having bad luck. Loads of men were. Statistics say—I think it was forty per cent. of the men were looking for jobs, and only nine per cent. women."

"I don't know anything about statistics—I know I adore my wife," Peter said, tumbling her head gently about, kissing her hair, her temples, the clean, firm line of her chin.

"I'll need you in Chicago, Glory. We always talk things over. I'd be lost without you and the Scout."

"But, Peter, if anything went wrong we'd have burned our bridges behind us."

Peter was not listening, although he was watching her mouth intently.

"The question is, do you love me?" he asked.

"I do," Gloria laughed in the familiar reply. "But, seriously, don't you think I'm right, Peter?" she persisted.



"Do you love me as much as when we were first married?" Peter pursued.

"Oh, you idiot! Of course."

"I love you terribly," he said. "I'll do anything you want me to, as long as you love me. That's all I have, Glory, that's the one miracle I've ever known. That a woman like you should still love me, a failure who can't get a job—"

"You idiot," she said again, her hand on his lips to silence them.

"No, but I do love you, Glory, and sometimes I'm horribly afraid that—since you're so smart, and I've had so much bad luck, and done so many dumb things, I've been afraid that you'd simply get tired of me. Grow away from me."

She rubbed her cheek on his. The room was quiet now, and filled with evening shadows; only one light was lighted, and the fire had burned low.

"What do you think?" she asked lazily, sleepily.

"What I want to think is that you'll really come on and join me, if I go ahead. And maybe you're right—you're usually right, and I ought to go on alone. Only—I'd been thinking of the fun we'd have with the kid in the train, all that. And then run down to New York for a week-end, or fly—they're flying regularly now. But perhaps this way is better. Only I want to tell you," Peter concluded, his eyes suddenly watering, "the day I meet you two at the station, see you stepping down from the train—I'll have a little apartment picked out just for a temporary thing!—will be the happiest day of my life."

"No woman," Gloria observed in a thoughtful voice, "ought to be loved like that."

"No other woman is," Peter answered promptly.

"You talk about doing stupid things, Peter. I'm always doing stupid things, and I'm hard—I'm calculating," Gloria said humbly, all softness, sweetness, fragrance in her old Chinese silk jacket and faded silk pyjamas. "Money matters to me, success matters. I know it. I try to relax the way Kitty does, and let bills pile up and dust gather like plush on the rungs of the chairs, but I can't."

"You suit me," Peter told her, tightening his arm. She dropped her head on his shoulder, and the kiss that they exchanged was a lovers' kiss. Three days later Peter started alone for Chicago and the hazard of new fortunes.

Gloria found herself shaken and depressed for several days. It was not like her to indulge in retrospection and in fears and she tried to shake it off, but although Peter had been away from home on short absences without disturbing the machinery, somehow now the house seemed topkicked, and Gloria was conscious of a ridiculous impulse to rent it, bestow Mummy somewhere temporarily, and follow her man into the new life.

"What do you hear from Peter?" Karl asked her, one afternoon when they were walking together to the Bagleys'.

"One fine letter yesterday. And wires. But this was the first real report. I've got it with me. I'm going to read it to Kitty and Tony. He loves Chicago, and I gather they love him. He's boarding with a French family, he says he's going to learn to speak French, to pronounce things right on the radio. Imagine the energy, just arriving there, and he says they're having Indian summer! It broke me up completely."

"Broke you up? But how could it be better?"

"Oh, made me homesick. I wished that we'd gone along!"

"He didn't wish that?"

"Indeed he did! But it seemed crazy to me to give up my job and take a chance like that. It may not last, you know."

"It very probably will not last, if he is worrying about you and the child," Karl said idly.

THE months went by, and she was busy and happy. It was winter; the sunny days were brief, the old persons did not get out into the air until eleven o'clock, straggled back like returning cattle at four. The wet and cold and foggy days seemed endless; Tony grew tired of his fireside and the eternal crackle of logs and drip of leaves; Jimmy and the little girls grew tired of crayons and blocks. Kitty would sometimes walk with Jimmy and the girls to the Bayview; Gloria welcomed them, and gave them rough brown biscuits out of an English tin, and milky tea.

Just before Christmas she made a change. She rented little Spanish Bide A Wee, sent Molly away, and took Carmela and Jimmy over to the sanatorium to live with her. Her mother had been longing to get away to the warmth of San Diego; she had friends there; she promised to be back in April. But Gloria, offered a good rent for a year, signed a lease, and trusted to fate to solve her mother's problem when the time for her return came.

With Jimmy and Carmela always close to her, her responsibilities were infinitely lessened, and her joy in the child doubled. She could have her boy in bed with her in the cold mornings while the radiator clanked reluctantly, winter dark lifted from the gardens, the roofs of the village and the steel-grey cold bay.

Gloria was always dressed early, and upon her round, questioning, inspecting, making suggestions and giving directions. She joined Jimmy and Carmela at breakfast at eight; afterwards she had a hundred duties, and Jimmy went down with Max and the truck, and was dropped at the Sunshine Nursery School at nine. When he came in breathless from great adventures, after the walk up the hill with Carmela at one o'clock, he and his mother shared their lunch; then Carmela took charge of him, often to walk with him to the Bagleys', and Gloria took a luxurious nap if she was tired and a walk if she was not. Karl had fallen into the habit of joining her for at least the first mile of the walk; when Gloria turned back he went on and up, a square, rapidly-moving figure in his old yellow-green belted raincoat and brown cap, among the yellows and greens and browns of the hills and fields and strips of forest.

Gloria had admitted, months earlier, that Karl Pitcher's dynamic personality had made a great difference in her life, as in every other life it touched. She had said to herself that whether one liked him or disliked him, he was an important presence here, as it would be anywhere. She had watched, with that intense reverence that the conscious use of power always awakened in her, the use of his fine trained hands, the expressions that changed so rapidly on his absorbed face. She had known his angry moods, his impatient moods, his unreasonable moods; she had known, too, what a lonely child's heart his still was, hungry for affection, starved for the intimacies of home and love.

For months Gloria had studied this man at close range; it was inevitable that propriety should do its work. She knew now that it was her feeling for Karl that was lending enchantment to her life; that had blotted out every other feeling; that had made every other element secondary.

That he loved her, too, she had every reason to suspect. He had never spoken of it, nor had she. But it glowed between them like some wonderful jewel that they might hide in their clasped hands, but that each knew was there, ready to sparkle out into full glory the moment they released it.

They kept to the formal titles in the sanatorium. But on Sunday nights, when they walked to Kitty's for supper, it would be "Karl" and "Gloria" again. Walking along in the dark together, Karl's lantern swinging arms of oddly-shaped brilliance about their feet, and turning the leaves on the low bushes to a dramatic green, their shoulders would be almost touching, and she would know that he loved the touch of her old coat against his; that she loved the contact of his strong fingers on her hand when they came to the bad bit of road.

Now and then a flickering memory of Peter came faintly to disturb her. She dismissed it easily, almost with excited laughter. What she said to Karl Pitcher could not possibly affect Peter. Peter was far away, busy with his own concerns. She and Karl were seeing each other daily, sometimes almost hourly.

It was on a springlike Sunday evening in February that the first jarring note disturbed this smooth-running dream. Jimmy had been sent to Kitty's early in the afternoon because the twins had a small boy guest, and was to spend the night with the Bagleys. Gloria had conscientiously discharged all the varied duties of the afternoon.

At a little before six she descended to the main floor, glanced about for Karl, and not finding him went up to his mother's room. Mrs. Melaster—she had married a second husband after the death of Karl's father—was placidly playing cards. She looked up to smile at Gloria, commented upon a Sunday afternoon radio programme that had especially pleased her.

"I'm wondering where Doctor Karl is?" Gloria said.

"Oh, didn't you get a message from Miss Deane—I think it was Miss Deane—it was one of the nurses. I know he sent it. He had to go to San Francisco. He won't be back until quite late."

So terrible a blankness fell upon Gloria's spirit at this that for a moment she was completely staggered, unable to speak. She managed a somewhat sickly smile; holding herself resolutely together, forcing herself to seem to watch the plump hand that was manipulating the cards.

"Oh, I didn't know that," she said pleasantly, when she could speak. "In that case I'll start at once. I think. Since he's not here I'd better drive."

Dazed, numb, she went out of the room, went slowly downstairs and to the garage. The distance to Kitty's was but a half mile by the devious back lanes; it was much longer by the road; Gloria must drive down the hill, turn a sharp corner and go on up again to the hills, and past the familiar gate of "Bide A Wee." She made the trip automatically.

She had reached the Bagleys'; her car lights flashed on the trees and the porch; she could see through the lighted sitting-room windows that children were expiring about, their little heads sent long shadows flashing on the walls.

It was black dark now, and the spring night was cold. All the daytime scents that had made the sunny hours sweet, scents of grass and early flowers and the first fruit blossoms, were gone now, crushed out by the dewy cold of night. Gloria extinguished



her car lights snuffed off the ignition, put her hand on the door.

It opened without any help from her. Karl was standing there grinning up at her; she could see his face in the dim shaft of light that came across the porch. His arm steadied her as she got out; the ground was rocking under her feet, and the skies wheeling with stars. Gloria smiled at him bewilderedly; they did not speak as they went into the house together. Afterwards she thought it was strange that they did not speak. It was as if he knew exactly what she was feeling; it was as if there was complete understanding between them.

The children were finishing their post-supper riot and were presently decanted into various rooms and beds. Karl and Tony murmured idly in the rustling comparative peace; Kitty and Gloria went into the kitchen. The happy usual routine began, only to-night, for Gloria, it was all drenched in enchantment. Every word the others said was enchanted, every movement; the fire-light on her slipper buckle, the conscious raising of her eyelashes to smile at Tony in recognition of some absurdity, the clink of teacups and the odor of buttered toast were all part of the miracle.

Karl had not meant to have supper at Kitty's that night. He had gone to town, and then changed his plan and come back. He had come back. Why? Gloria knew why. He had been drawn to her by bonds as strong as those that drew her to him.

He drove the car home at eleven o'clock, Gloria silent beside him on the front seat. Karl talked, but spasmodically and at random; they had reached the sanatorium and were smiling and blinking good nights in the upstairs hall outside her door before she said to him:

"Oh, but what took you so suddenly to town? I forgot to ask you."

"I saw that you forgot," he said, suddenly unsmiling.

"How do you mean you saw?"

"Well, you didn't ask me. And I usually escort you to Kitty's."

"Well, tell me now," Gloria said, not knowing what she said, in the confusion of half-sensed words and whirling emotions.

"Miss Deane gave you my message?"

"I got it." No use letting him know that she had been taken unaware.

**T**HERE was a Doctor Porter at the Fairmont. I remembered that he goes away to-morrow. It wasn't very important, but he and his wife had been most kind to me in London years ago. "Did you see him?"

"Oh, yes."

"I thought, perhaps, since you went over so late, you might stay and have dinner with him."

"He and his wife had an engagement."

Gloria was tired. She felt and knew that she looked a little jaded after the long evening and the cold trip home. This was not the time to say, "Come in and sit down for a few minutes. Karl and I'll light my little fire." He might be tired, too. In any case, the evening had held enough excitement. She smiled a good night to him, went into her room and shut her door. But for a long time she could not sleep. Something had changed to-night; something was disturbed. There would be a difference now.

On the following Sunday evening he told her quite flatly that he could not go to Kitty's; Monday was his mother's birthday. He was taking her to town to dine with some old friends on Sunday night. Gloria was not invited. No mention was made of the omission, if it were an omission. She walked with Jimmy in the twilight to

Kitty's, came home early, feeling oddly flat and dejected.

On the Friday after his mother's birthday dinner party Karl went to Los Angeles on business unexplained. Gloria bade him good-bye cheerfully enough; afterward she had a sharp stab of regret; she and Jimmy might have made his going an excuse to accompany him, might have gone on down to San Diego to see her mother! She tortured herself for a few hours with vain self-reproach; what a fool she had been not to think of it—so easy, and so obviously natural, and such an opportunity for wonderful hours with him! But that passed, and she began to think of his return, of their first words of meeting, of Sunday supper, again in the usual way, and of the walk home after supper.

He was expected home in exactly a week, on the following Friday. On Thursday night Gloria was sitting near the stove fire in the little sitting-room that, with the bedroom she and Jimmy shared, completed her suite, when Karl looked in at the half-opened door. It was ten o'clock in the evening; the big hospita was silent and dark except for Gloria's light.

Her heart rose on a great spring of joy and fear and confusion; her gold-brown eyes smiled between their curled lashes.

"Karl we didn't expect you! You're back!"

"Back dirty, tired, cross," he said smiling. He came in, flinging down his gloves, pulling off his coat and cap. Dropping into a chair he held his hands out to the stove, rubbing his fingers together.

"And hungry, too?" she said, in a woman's Paradise.

"No, I had coffee and eggs on the boat. I finished my business down south this morning—our man died; there were some formalities. And then I suddenly wanted to come home."

"Your man died! Did that break Doctor Slessinger's heart?"

"No, for the transplanting was perfect—there was perfect response. But he had a bad heart; he was not young. Slessinger's assistant, Fox, will write the article. It was the first time we have ever had this result."

"It was a real advance—a real triumph, then?"

Karl shrugged wearily, not looking at her. "I suppose so. But I'm tired. I've been driving since eleven o'clock."

"Eleven hours! Anyone with you?"

"No one. Ah, well, I'll go to bed, and sleep late in the morning." He rumped his hair.

"What did I want to say to you?" he said.

"Oh, yes. I think they want me to go to New York to work with Ingersoll."

"Who does?" Her throat shut on the words.

"Ingersoll himself, I believe." A silence. "Lord, it is awful here," Karl said. "Why don't you send me to bed? I mustn't sit on like this."

"Did you hear from Ingersoll?"

"Slessinger did. He had had a letter filled with Ingersoll's ideas of what we were trying to do last Saturday. Slessinger showed me the letter. At the end Ingersoll said: 'I am going to try to get your Doctor Fletcher to come on to work with me for a year.' I saw it!"

Out of the blankness of fear that fell upon her spirit she said:

"It would mean New York?"

"The laboratory is there. Yes; Ingersoll works there."

"Karl, would you go?"

His eyes looked surprise at hers. He turned his gaze to the red glowing little stove again.

"It means being picked out of the ranks, picked from hundreds of other men," he said simply.

"Have you heard from Ingersoll direct?"

"No. He wants me to go on and see him."

Gloria could not speak. She had left her work at the table in the first surprise of welcoming him; she had come to take a chair opposite him, had dropped two or three short oak blocks into the stove. She sat silent, her hands locked in her lap; her eyes narrowed in pain.

"It's more than I ever could have prayed for. I must follow it up," said Karl. "Fox, Slessinger's man, knows Ingersoll; he is driving to New York next week. I think I'll go with him. My lease here is ended on May 1; that all works out. If anything goes wrong, then I can come back in time to renew my lease. Of all times in the year this is the best time for me."

**Y**OUR mother? Gloria managed to say. "She was not very well to-night. I left my door open in case she called, but she was asleep when last I looked in. But she doesn't like New York."

"No, but she does like Southern California. It agreed with her better than this colder climate. She has friends in Pasadena—a niece and her children, in fact. How that would all work out I don't know." Karl mused aloud, his fingertips fitted together, his eyes thoughtful. "But it can all be straightened out somehow. In any case I would come back immediately to finish with everything here."

Now, perhaps, was Gloria's opportunity in which to tell him what she wanted so much to have him know.

"I wish you wouldn't go."

"Ah, thank you, my dear," he said, not looking up.

The air began to tremble and shake with flashes of stars. It was with a sense that the room had become the whole world; that there was nothing else except this little cube of warmth and soft light and encroaching shadows that Gloria said huskily:

"You see—you see, I've come to like you terribly, Karl."

She did not look at him. The silence was terrible to her, insufferable, but she could not look up. He had heard her, of course, her words hung in the air, perfectly audible to her own ears; it was not thinkable that he had missed them. But there was silence.

Ending it, after what seemed like long minutes, Gloria raised her eyes. Karl was looking thoughtfully down, his brow faintly knitted, his fingertips still fitted together.

"You know what I'm trying to say, don't you?" she said, in a sort of proud humility.

He gave her a swift glance; looked away.

"My dear, I think I do," he answered quietly. The blood came back to Gloria's heart in a flood; she was trembling again. "I have thought of this, of course," Karl went on. "I'm a fool not to have gone away long before."

"No, not a fool!" she breathed, not knowing what she said.

"And so I planned to go away before any of this was said," he said, finishing some unexpressed thought. Gloria was in complete possession of herself now; they were talking together, and of their love for each other, at last!

"We have said it now," he began, and stopped. "I'm sorry!" he added briefly.

"Yes, and I'm sorry, too," she murmured.

And immediately, with the eager inconsistency of the woman who loves, she added: "But, Karl, if you knew what it means to me to know!"

He was looking at her thoughtfully; her heart melted within her when he smiled.

"Gloria, doesn't a woman always know?"



"I think I hoped I knew."

"From the beginning," he said, "from those first days when I came here, and only knew you as the very busy manager of the Home, you seemed to me the most beautiful woman I ever had seen. But it was on the day when we walked together to your home, and Jimmy came to meet you, that I told myself it—." He smiled again, raising his eyes to her. "I told myself that it must stop!" he said, suddenly frowning.

"But why stop?" she asked in a whisper. In her imaginary conversation she had never gone as far as this; she had long forgotten everything that had been planned or fancied, she was being carried away by the intoxication of the moment.

"Because you can never belong to me, my dear," the man said, always with that quiet self-control that iron imperturbability that fascinated even while it daunted her. "Think a moment. Whatever we felt—however much the—the part of me, soul and mind and body, that is hungry for you, that is lonely and—lonely and loving, wants you, we can go no further than to say just that. That we wanted each other, and that we had to say 'Good-bye.'"

Quite suddenly a real pain tore at her heart: the dramatizing was over, once and for all. Gloria had turned pale, she spoke in a whisper.

"You are stronger than I, Karl."

"No," he answered, locking his hands together, not looking at her, "I am not strong at all. Peter, your child, your home, the years that have built all that, are part of you, Gloria. They make you what you are—courageous and fine and—adequate. I can't spoil all that!"

But even as he spoke, her steadily watching eyes had worked their spell, and he had come across to her chair, and knelt beside her, and had his arm about her. Gloria drooped against him, and for a long while they were still.

"So you don't love me?" she whispered.

"Ah, if I didn't!" the man said, with a desperate laugh. "I've been very unhappy." Gloria presently said, on a long contented sigh.

"I, too."

"And I've wanted to tell you, Karl. I don't know just why. I've been thinking—oh, for weeks now, that I must tell you. Since you didn't take me to Kitty's that night, and then came there, after all. Since the Sunday you took your mother to town for dinner."

"Yes, I've known it all these weeks, too, Gloria."

"Known what?" she murmured, her cheek against his, her ears hungry to hear it.

"That I was thinking too much about you, that I wanted you. It has made it hard for me to work. It has made it impossible for me to think. I talked to Kitty about it."

"To Kitty!" Gloria felt a hot wind touch her skin. She squared about, looked at him in consternation. "You didn't tell Kitty? Told Kitty what?"

"That I was in love," the man said simply. Gloria's senses were in complete confusion; she could not think.

"But Kitty—Kitty," she stammered. "You shouldn't have—oh, I'm sorry. When did you do that?"

"Two weeks ago. It was the day Slesinger's wire came, asking me to go to Los Angeles. It was raining, and I had taken a long walk, and stopped in on the way home to see Tony and Kitty. Tony was sound asleep in the sitting-room, Kitty and the girls were making cookies in the kitchen. When the girls went away—they were going down the hill for supper somewhere, Kitty and I went on talking, and I

told her that I thought Slesinger would like me to work with him. I didn't know anything about Ingersoll wanting me then."

"Oh," Gloria breathed, her troubled eyes still fixed on his. "I am sorry you told her! I don't mean," she added, "that Kitty isn't the loyalest person alive; she'll never breathe it even to Tony. But it seems so—I don't know, it frightens me."

"You don't think Kitty didn't know?" Karl asked, smiling.

"She did?"

"Of course she did. She said immediately that she had seen this coming. And she said that I must go away."

"Kitty said so?" A stab of pure jealousy went through Gloria, color rushed back into the face that had paled while she listened. "That's not fair!" she stammered. "There's nothing wrong about it. There's no reason why you shouldn't stay—why we shouldn't be friends!"

"I think there is," Karl said quietly, smiling again. "I am holding you in my arms now. Do you think that's all I want? Don't you know how I want to kiss that white forehead of yours—make that mouth mine?"

Without any protest from him Gloria got to her feet, walked to the window, and stood looking out into the darkness of the moonless spring night.

"Yes, perhaps you have to go," she said in a very low voice. But Karl had followed her, and stood beside her, and caught her words. He picked up her hand and she felt his lips against it.

"Good night, my dear," he said. Gloria stood without moving, without turning, for a long time. But she knew that he had gone.

All night long Gloria lay awake thinking about him.

One thing—and there was no dream and no drama about this, at least, she must say to Karl. Resolutely, without emotional excitement she awaited her opportunity. He must know that whether he and she parted forever or could plan a future, however distant, that might see them united, she was resolved upon a divorce from Peter.

It did not make her unhappy or fearful to consider it. Peter had gone completely out of her life. She had built up a contented scheme without him. His Chicago venture not proving entirely successful, he had gone farther east. He might be in New York, or he might have gone to Philadelphia. When last he had written her he had had possible chances in both cities.

Peter did not write often, but he was always optimistic and confident. A few months earlier he had spoken of a loan of a hundred dollars, and Gloria, flushed and happy in the first realization of what Karl was beginning to mean to her, had immediately sent him three times that sum. She had the kindest of feelings towards him, but she did not need him any more.

Now the thought of a divorce came quite naturally. Karl must know this.

EARLY in a midweek evening, a few days after their talk, she passed the little room Karl used for his office, and saw him sitting alone at his desk, in a little cone of green-gold light.

"Karl," Gloria said, in the doorway.

"Oh, come in, come in!" he said, his glasses flashing with his pleasant smile.

"You look tired," she temporized, sitting down opposite him, the desk between them. Life was lifting her, floating her now, with the surge of great waves.

"No. Well, yes, I think I'm tired." He took off his glasses, rubbed his forehead with the surgeon's fine, strong, nervous hand. "Are you tired?" he asked.

"Not now!" There was significance in her smile, in her quiet, level look. "There was something I wanted to ask you and something I wanted to tell you," she said, her heart beginning to beat hard.

Karl did not speak. His hands and his big soft handkerchief were busy polishing his glasses; his eyes did not move from hers.

"Have you taken any steps about going to New York?" Gloria asked, still putting off the real issue.

"I telegraphed Fox to ask what were his plans."

"Then you'll probably go?"

Karl hesitated slightly.

"I'll certainly go, one way or another," he said slowly.

"On my account?" The words came impulsively, as unexpectedly to him as to her. She saw his color rise suddenly, under his pale skin.

"On mine," he answered, with a little bow.

"Well, this was what I wanted to tell you," Gloria said, feeling in a great wave of desolation that life was over and that her heart was breaking. "Whatever you do, and quite on my own account, I am going immediately to get a divorce from Peter."

He looked at her, a faint frown on his forehead and in his narrowed eyes.

"I am sorry. I think you make a great mistake," he said simply.

Her two arms were suddenly stretched out across the desk; her brown-gold eyes were misted, the lashes black from tears.

"Karl, why do you say that?" she whispered. The strong grip of his own hard hands was on hers now; the touch seemed to send waves of strength and vitality through her.

"Because I must say it, my dear. I found you here—when was it?—with a husband, a child, a home. I can't—he was my friend—I cannot—"

"The husband has gone away, the home is rented, the child is with me," she said, in the silence.

"Yes, and that is exactly what must not be."

"But it is. That's what I'm trying to tell you. It's all ended, without any reference to you. And when I go to Reno," Gloria said steadily, but even as she said it the words sounded strange in her own ears, "it'll be my own decision; you won't be involved."

Karl had walked to the window; he was staring out into the unbroken darkness of the early evening.

"But of course I'll be involved," he said quickly. "Because if you were free then I should want you, of course!"

"Well—?" she whispered, spying in her face. And then patiently; "Ah, come back and sit down, Karl."

He came back to the desk, fell to polishing his glasses again.

"You have written Peter?" he asked.

"I wrote him last week. I should have his answer any day now."

"And what did you say?"

"That this is not marriage," Gloria said promptly. "That I want to be free—not to do anything, especially. Just to be free. I've been economically independent for years. I've supported myself and Jimmy, too. I've sent cheques to Peter. I'm going to Reno in March, before Mummy gets home. I'm going just as soon as I hear from Peter."

"But suppose he doesn't consent?"

"He will consent."

"And what of Jimmy?"

"A baby of four? He stays with me."

"Gloria," Karl said earnestly, his hands



across the flat top of the desk holding hers again. "Will you be happy in this?"

"What do I lose, Karl?"

"More than you think, perhaps," he said. She was very lovely as she leaned across the desk, her fingers warm in his.

There was a discreet tap at the door. When the ubiquitous Miss Deane opened it, in response to Karl's impatient "Come in!" she found Gloria risen, as if ready to go, and Karl glancing casually into an opened desk drawer.

"Miss Rudd, a telegram for you," Miss Deane said, alertly gathering what she could from the picture.

"Oh, thank you—I'll speak to Doctor Kaufmann about that case, Doctor Pitcher," Gloria said, tearing open the yellow envelope, "and let you know some time tomorrow." She sat down again, as if her knees had suddenly failed her, and when the nurse had disappeared pushed across the desk to Karl the single sheet of paper that the envelope had contained. Her eyes were on him as he read the few typewritten words.

"Under no conditions whatsoever will I consent to divorce or to giving up custodianship of Jimmy."

That was all. It was signed "Peter." Karl pushed it slowly back to Gloria without removing his eyes from hers. For a long time they sat looking at each other.

Gloria was stunned. It was like a blow in the face. Up to this point she had felt an indifferent sort of kindness towards Peter; her own life had promised limitless happiness and she had wished the same, in one form or another, to him.

Now all that was changed. If it was to be war, then she would fight. Her cheeks slowly blazed to scarlet, like those of an angry child, as she looked at Karl and asked indignantly: "Can he do that?"

"Refuse a divorce?" Karl asked, looking at the telegram. "Yes, he can contest it."

"But that would mean—but does the other partner always have to consent?"

"I believe so. Especially, I suppose, where there is a child."

"And you mean that a woman whose husband drank, or beat her, or was a criminal, couldn't get free without his consent?"

"I think that's it," Karl said, watching her.

There was a long silence, while they looked at each other. Then Gloria took the telegram and tore it to scraps, and dropped them in among the dying embers of the stove.

After awhile Karl said, with a dry laugh: "It doesn't start very happily!"

Gloria put her head down on the desk and burst into tears. She cried bitterly for some moments; Karl made no move. There was no sound but the sound of her crying.

Presently she straightened up, and dried her eyes, putting her hands to her disordered hair, trying to control her breathing. Her reddened eyes met his.

"I'm sorry," he said briefly, significantly. "Oh, sorry!" she echoed, on a laugh that was a sob. Her lips trembled again.

"Nothing to be done," the man said. "Nothing," she echoed, her handkerchief suddenly at her eyes. And again she planted her elbows on the table and cried quite frankly, both hands over her face.

"Gloria. Don't."

"I can't help it!"

"It will only make you miserable."

"I am miserable now. I couldn't be more miserable."

Karl got to his feet again, restlessly paced the room.

For the first time in her life she was faced with a situation to which she knew herself unequal. To see Peter, perhaps to

persuade him to change his mind, would mean that she took a long journey to New York, dragged Jimmy to New York in the hot spring weather. Any other course meant lawyers, evidence, sworn testimony, all the hateful things before which a woman's heart quailed.

Gloria's tears began to flow quietly, steadily, as she stood looking out into the dark, and the night lights flashed and quivered in arrows and sparkles. She felt the situation bitterly unjust; she felt herself wronged.

"Would you write him and ask him what arrangement regarding the child would satisfy him? I can't suppose," Karl said, and in just watching the faint stern frown on his forehead and the graven lines of his firm mouth Gloria found herself confident again. "I can't suppose that Peter would want to take him to New York for the summer heat," he said drily.

"Karl, if it has to be a choice between Jimmy and you it will have to be Jimmy," Gloria said, narrowing her eyes as she moved her gaze into far space. "He's little, he's helpless, he loves me. He didn't ask to be born."

"And at the same time it's comparatively easy to keep a child happy," Karl suggested.

"Yes, I know. But at the thought of giving him up, even for a few weeks, my heart stands still," Gloria said.

"Yes, I know," Karl said. "And yet I'm asking you to do it. If you write Peter reasonably, placatingly, if you explain about—about you and me, he'll see your side of it. He'll have to. Will you do it?"

"I don't know," she whispered.

**T**HERE was a strange change in the sunshine. It shone not less bright, but it was different. It shone on the enchanting April morning upon Kitty's garden, and upon Kitty's dark mop, dripping and drying, and upon Gloria's thin white dress and brimmed hat.

Kitty and Gloria were idling as the clocks moved on towards noon. Kitty drying her hair, Gloria lying in a wicker steamer-chair. Looking at her, Kitty thought that she was beautiful this morning with the beauty of health and youth, of creamy skin and burnished hair, of stretched young body, supple and slender, fine brown hands, fine thin ankles. And beyond these, Kitty knew she wore to-day like a royal garment a subtler beauty, the unmistakable cosmetic that glorifies only the woman who loves and who knows herself beloved.

Gloria narrowed her eyes upon the green-and-gold daisies of Kitty's garden; a smile tugged at her lips. There would be the beginning of a new life with Karl, one of these days, and that new life would make everything that had preceded it seem strange and flat.

Karl would be great some day. There was no question of it in her mind. He was still young in his profession, and yet all the great men—the older men—recognised him. Gloria's eyes shone as she thought of it, of the glory of sharing that one life intimately by right of love, the glory of being this man's wife.

They would go to New York for a year or two at least, perhaps for three or four years. They would find a comfortable, roomy apartment, not fashionable, but homelike enough to be a pleasant place for friendly dinners, friendly talks by the fire. They might go to Baltimore, to Rochester, to see other "research men"; to Washington to a convention when Karl would read a paper and be applauded, and slip through an admiring throng flushed and anxious to escape, with herself always beside him to murmur:

"It was magnificent, darling. They're all wild about you!"

"What are you smiling about?" Kitty asked.

Gloria almost with a sense of shock came back to the Sausalito garden, the lawn and the oaks and the murmuring voices of the children high up in the trees.

"Thinking," she said, happiness still lingering like a light in her eyes.

"Can't get used to it," Kitty bunched her straight, fine silky black hair at each side of her flushed face, ran a comb through it mercilessly, knotted it on her neck, groping in the breast pocket of her blouse for a hairpin or two. Joyce, long-legged, tawny headed, clad briefly in shorts and a shirt, was passing; Kitty called to her, gave her towel and comb, and stood up, stretching and yawning. "Never shall get used to it," she said.

"Which means you and Tony don't approve. Kitty, I know that," Gloria said patiently, with a deepening amused smile that was not quite genuine.

"Well, it worries Tony," Kitty observed. "He's terribly fond of you, you know. He's always thought you were wonderful, that you couldn't do anything—well, wrong."

"Getting divorced, in these days, when you happen to love another man, isn't considered exactly—wrong," Gloria offered mildly.

"Just the same it shocked Tony," Kitty said.

"I know." Gloria's tone was still meditative, undisturbed.

"I've talked to Tony," she reminded her companion. "I can see Tony's side of it. I don't suppose there ever was a divorce yet that didn't distress somebody," she went on. "There's a sort of convention that one must say, 'Oh, how lovely!' when anyone gets married, and 'oh, too bad!' when anyone gets a divorce. And yet, case for case," Gloria continued, developing the idea as she talked, "case for case I haven't the slightest doubt that marriages have caused more actual suffering than divorces."

"Come over here! What are you girls scrapping about?" Tony had limped out to his chair, he was uncomfortably established in it, panting from pain and exertion. "Come talk to me!" he called.

Kitty ran to drag his helpless legs about, shift pillows, jerk up his shoulders. Gloria, dragging her chair, went to join him, subsided into lassiness again.

"We're carrying on last night's argument," she explained.

"Kitty reading you the Riot Act?"

"I'm sorry for Peter!" Kitty said on a sudden spurt, her cheeks red.

"How does it change anything for Peter, Kitty? Karl and I go on to New York with Jimmy. Peter's there, or in that neighborhood. He'll see more of Jimmy this way than he has for all these past years. He never sees Jimmy now. He says he wants Jimmy 'half the time.' Well, that's ridiculous. Peter's living in an hotel, his work with the radio—when he has it—often has to be done at night. He couldn't possibly keep a small child with him."

"So you have him coming and going," Tony said drily. Gloria's cheeks were stained with a little sudden color as she looked at him, but she still managed her defensive smile.

"Kitty," she said, reproachfully, "do you think that's fair?"

Kitty would not be made arbiter. With a sudden cry of "My heavens, my chicken!" she fled in disorderly rout toward the house, her combing jacket flying wide behind her, her unmanageable black hair slipping from its inadequate pins.



"The successful partner in a marriage," Tony said thoughtfully, after a pause, "always does have the other one coming and going, Gloria."

"You and I'll never see eye to eye in this," Gloria answered, still hurt.

"I think perhaps we do see eye to eye. But what you don't see," Tony persisted, "is that things aren't balanced, they aren't even. There's never a time in any of our lives when we can say, 'I've got the advantage. I'm going to use it.' We have to forgo our advantages."

"To gain what?" Gloria spoke patiently, but there was a hint of tried endurance in her tone.

"Ourselves, I suppose," the man said, half aloud.

"And going on, developing, taking the better things as they are offered, that isn't finding ourselves?" the woman asked, ironically.

"You're ambitious, aren't you, Gloria?"

"Am I?" Gloria asked idly.

"Don't you see it yourself?"

Gloria considered it, put in an irrelevant aside: "I ought to be helping Kitty with lunch."

"I suppose I'm ambitious," she conceded at length.

"The way lots of men are," Tony said. "Lots of wives don't keep up with their husbands, you know."

"And you mean that Peter didn't keep up with me?" She narrowed her eyes, thinking about it. "But there is a difference there," she said, "men are supposed to go ahead."

"You were a wonderful person when you used to come over to this garden years ago, with Peter and the baby."

Tony said it quietly, reminiscently, as if he spoke half to himself.

"I'm a wonderful person still!" Gloria said cheerfully.

"You'll always be that."

"But you think I'd be more wonderful if I made myself unhappy instead of happy?"

"No, I can't say that. Who am I to say anything about it at all? I can't say that I can only say, Gloria, that when one of us poor human beings reaches for something just to make him happy, then it often turns out—well, disappointingly. Later he may find that he has to create his own happiness with less material than he had to go on at first."

"As what, for instance?"

"As—well, if Jimmy should go to Peter for a visit and be ill, or die, perhaps. If your mother should die, out here away from you. If Karl should disappoint you in any way. You'd have put them all into the scale, wouldn't you? And it wouldn't be enough."

Gloria stretched young and lovely in her long chair, with the wide hat shading her gold-brown eyes, stared thoughtfully into space.

"I must be horribly fond of you, Tony, to let you talk to me this way," she said, unwillingly.

"I hope you are."

"I'll come back into this garden some day with my genius husband and Jimmy, and maybe little Katia or Anthony, and you'll see that everything's worked out!"

"You're very sure," he said.

"Of Karl? Well, Karl," Gloria said, "is one of the persons you are sure of."

"I suppose so. And I suppose that after a few years a woman's first marriage must seem as drearlike as her childhood."

"Why not? This isn't going to change me, Tony. I'm still going to be Gloria, crazy about Jimmy, and feeling that you and Kitty are the only real, true friends I have anywhere in the world. There's no going to be any change. Nobody's going to be unhappy. Ah!"

She said the last words laughingly, stretching out a hand. Karl Pitcher had come into the garden, looking a little tired and worn, but smiling back, and being able to spare only an abstracted word of greeting for Tony.

He could see nothing but Gloria and Tony, watching them, couldn't wonder at it; she was radiant as she stood up, both hands ready for Karl's eager hands, the flush of a heavenly content in her face. Her dark-gold eyes shone with a deep joy under the wide brim of the garden hat, her wide mouth twitched with uncontrollable happiness. She said only Karl's name, but the tones of her voice were enough.

Karl had been away for four days; he had flown to a meeting in Victoria, had flown back. Presently he and Gloria would take Jimmy and go back to the Bayview. Then Karl would see his mother and unpack his bag, read his mail, bathe and change, and at seven or even earlier, he and Gloria would start for the city. They would go up-town somewhere for dinner in some quiet place, a lazy dinner, neither one quite sure of what he was eating, both talking at once, and silent again, and then smiling and breaking simultaneously into little rushes of talk.

"ARE you happy, dear?" he would ask. And after a while, when she had answered him, it would be her turn.

"Are you happy, Karl?" And how their eyes would answer!

When she and Karl took Jimmy home at four o'clock they loitered in his mother's room for an hour of laughing talk. Then Gloria took Jimmy off for bath and supper; she loved this time with him, nobody else could put Jimmy to bed without his feeling strange and lonely. To-night she interspersed the ritual of his supper and prayers, his story-hour and his usual bedtime gymnastics with activities of her own. She managed her bath, brushed her hair, got out of his box and his tissue paper a new costume, plain skirt, plain coat of brown and darker brown tweeds, plain blouse of white satin, dashing plain hat.

Everything seemed just right for the mild evening, and Gloria was bathed, perfumed, dressed, ready before Karl was. She ran downstairs humming; Karl's car was at the door, but she was a few moments early, she had time to step into the old people's dining-room and be sure that Sunday supper was in peaceable progress before he would expect to join her.

Sunday was visitors' day at the Bayview, but as a rule callers upon the aged derelicts who lived there were few, came early and escaped with eager respect for the four o'clock closing hour. Gloria had often thought that the inmates of the Bayview were as relieved as their guests when the brief time of murmured stilled questions and answers were over.

She was surprised to-night to see that two callers were still here, were even now not going away. No, they were advancing rather, coming up the steps; Gloria looked around for a nurse. Perhaps they wanted to talk of arrangements for some old relative; it was an awkward hour for them to have come, but on Sunday all hours were queer.

The nurses had gone to dinner. There was nobody else available. She walked towards the newcomers; a woman in premature white spring apparel that looked rather wilted and bulky, and with much too much rouge and lip-red in evidence on a rather ordinary face, and a man who was walking up the steps with his face twisted over his

shoulder—looking back to see that his car was firmly braked on the little grade of the drive, perhaps—

The woman spoke. Gloria looked beyond her at the man; she could see his face. It was Peter!

For a minute she was too completely taken aback to know what to do, or indeed what she did. Then somehow they were in the reception room, a plain, pleasant orderly little place with a great bowl of sprawling nasturtiums on a table, and some chairs.

"Hello, Gloria," Peter said. He kissed her and Gloria accepted the kiss vaguely, without emotion, feeling that he knew as little what he was doing as she cared about it. She remembered afterward that his face felt hot. "Going out?" he asked, as they all sat down.

"Well, I was. Yes, I was."

"We'll only keep you a minute. I wanted Ethel to meet you and see the place. We're going to drive round by the old house later, and maybe drop in on Tony and Kitty."

It was all a dream, Peter, in the dream, had not changed, unless he was a little thinner and somewhat dazed in manner. He had always been shy and pleasant and friendly and unsure of himself; he was all these things now. He looked anxiously from Ethel to Gloria, as if he wanted Gloria to like Ethel, and Ethel to make a good impression on Gloria.

Ethel was older than Peter; soft and stout. She had dyed blonde hair carefully dressed, although in some disorder now, and blue eyes; her voice was hoarse and hearty, with cadences of great goodwill.

"Well, hello, am I actually looking at Gloria?" she said. "What I know about you!"

Peter laughed nervously, almost appealingly at this. Gloria looked at him quickly, looked away again.

"I didn't know you were even in California, Peter," she said.

"Nobody did," Peter said.

"You got in—when? This morning?"

"We drove dear," Ethel said.

"Oh?" Gloria was beginning to feel a little sick. What was it all about? Why had they come to see her?

As if answering her question Peter said: "Ethel wants to see Jimmy."

"Oh?" Anything to get rid of them, of course. But Jimmy was asleep now. Gloria had stopped to cover the child before she left the room; had charged Carmela not to go out of the reach of his voice should he waken and feel frightened. The little boy had been exquisite in sleep, sprawled flat, the back of his neck sweet and damp, one brown hand wound tight in Tubby's chain. "Oh," she said again, at a loss. "He—I—Jimmy's asleep—he's in bed. I've just come down."

"Well, we could wake him, couldn't we?" Peter asked, not very happy, but with an air of forced commonplaceness. "Seems to me when he was little we used to rouse him sometimes!" he added.

It was a nightmare. Gloria wished that she could awaken.

"I didn't know you were here. I thought you were in Philadelphia, Peter," she repeated senselessly.

"He was, and he was the sickest boy you ever saw in your life!" Ethel supplied readily. "He come down with flu in my house—I run a house on Walnut Street. It's an old house and it needs a lot of fixing, modern fixing, I mean. But it's a nice location."

Gloria looked at her, hearing nothing. She turned again to Peter.

"How'd you get flu?" It didn't mean much, but it was something to say.

"I was tired. I'd been working overtime,



nights and all that." Ethel here was coming west— He put his hand wearily to his head.

"To Reno?" Ethel put in happily, as Peter paused.

"To Reno?" Gloria echoed, her eyes moving back to Ethel.

"Going to the cleaners," the other woman said. Her voice dropped to a confidential note. "I've not seen my husband for seven months—that's the kind of a lemon I drew. I ought to have did it—done it long ago," she said.

"Are you going up there, Gloria?" Peter asked. His old timid way of keeping the conversation pleasant, of soothing everyone—placating everyone!

Gloria could not answer. She would never do anything this woman did; she would never admit kinship with her on any terms. A sense of suffocation swept over her; she felt the need of air.

"I would have died if it hadn't been for Ethel," Peter began again. "I was terribly sick. For days I didn't know what it was all about."

Pity for him, angry and blind, tore at Gloria's heart. He had not had anyone else to take care of him, of course, he had been too thoroughly unsuccessul and tiresome to have had a nice room, a nice bed, money for a fine doctor and nurse! Peter, of course, would not have been able to turn to anyone better than this dreadful blonde woman with the thick spotted lips. Now she was complacently driving with him to Reno; Gloria would get a divorce, Peter would get a divorce, Ethel would get a divorce. Then she would marry Peter and it would all be lovely.

But swift on this thought, and Gloria's mind was clearing now, and she was thinking fast, came the maddening pity again.

"Oh, poor fellow, he must have been having a rotten time or he wouldn't ever have looked at her. He was ill and she nursed him. He's still as weak as a kitten."

"Was it an interesting trip?" she asked aloud.

"I didn't hear you," Peter said, starting up from a sort of trance in which he had sat smiling absently into space. Gloria knew from the look in his eyes that he was puzzled and vaguely unhappy. Perhaps his head ached.

Her suspicion that Ethel adored him was confirmed by every word that Ethel said, and every look she threw him.

"Where do you stay—where will you stay to-night?" Gloria asked miserably, nervously making talk.

"Oh, we'll find some place," Ethel said easily. "Way Peter talks," she added.

"Tony and Kitty'll put us up for a night or two. Then—on to Reno! Renovated, that's what I'm going to be! I'm talkin' too much," Ethel said, in the hoarse, friendly cadence that Gloria had already classified as a whiskey voice, "but it's because I'm happy. I really am. I meanter say I was tired out, see, and it just seemed like I was in a rut. I have a friend in the insurance business who said to me, 'Ethel, you're in a rut.' I was. It didn't seem like I was ever going to get out of it, until this dear fellow came along. I guess you seen with your own eyes by this time what I think of Peter. I mean I just can't help it," Ethel said, crying, and laughing through tears.

"You certainly pulled me through," Peter said weakly. He looked pale and sick, Gloria thought.

"If we're all in Reno, Gloria," Peter said, speaking simply, like a small boy, "we can kind of share him while we're there. Then I thought maybe when we went back we could take him. I've not had him for a long time."

For a moment the meaning of what he said did not reach her. Then with terror shaking her in body and spirit, Gloria stammered:

"Have—have? You mean—?"

"He means that he's crazy about that kid," Ethel explained leniently. "I think it's kind of a mistake to drag a kid across the continent on a wedding trip, but Peter here has got it all fixed that we're to have Jimmy half the time. I don't know what he'll do loafing in a boarding-house in Philadelphia, but I guess I'll have to take orders once in a while!"

"He'll go to school," Peter said. "I'll run him, Saturdays and Sundays."

"It don't sound as if I came in there," Ethel said good-naturedly. "Well, since you're so crazy about him," she added, "we'll manage him somehow. I hope he isn't spoiled. I had my sister's boy for two years. I thought I'd lose my mind. He was spoiled worse than any kid I ever saw. He was a terror. I'd yell at him and he'd yell back at me—"

She stopped to laugh.

"He found out who was boss!" she said, with her hoarse laugh.

"I'll be very different with Jimmy," Peter said. "You'll love him. I never knew anyone who didn't love him. That's true, isn't it, Glory?"

"You got me jealous of him already," Ethel said with a laugh.

Gloria's heart was quaking with a wild unreasoning terror. What were they talking about? Was this woman speaking of Jimmy—her child, her son, the happy four-year-old safely asleep upstairs, as idling in a Philadelphia boarding-house with a painted woman who would give him a good smacking one hour, and drag him to a movie the next?

And quite suddenly, not knowing why she did so, she called "Karl!"

The door of the waiting-room had been left open; instantly Karl was in the opening to the hall. He came into the room. He must have been waiting there, Gloria thought, hearing voices, wondering what was delaying her.

"Karl," she said, "this is Peter—Doctor Pitcher, Peter. And Mrs. Miller."

"Ah?" Karl asked, with a swift comprehensive look from one newcomer to the other, a glance back at Gloria. "I didn't know."

"We're upsetting your plans," Peter said. "Oh, not at all, not at all. That's not important!" Karl said hurriedly. "You got here to-day?"

"Drove," Ethel said, briefly. "Started a week ago yesterday."

"That was good time for three thousand miles."

"Especially for a sick man," Ethel agreed, with a laugh, and a proprietary glance at Peter.

"You've been ill?" Karl said to Peter.

"I had a rotten jolt of flu. Still a little shaky," Peter said.

"Pneumonia, almost. He almost died," Ethel added.

"And you've come out to stay?" the doctor asked.

"Well—" Peter glanced at Gloria. "I wanted to talk to my—to Gloria," he said, somewhat hesitantly. His face brightened as if he were on firmer ground. "And then I wanted terribly to see Jimmy. I've not seen him for a terribly long time," he said.

"Oh, yes," Karl's serious fine eyes moved to Gloria's, and he nodded, pursing his lips thoughtfully. This is the boy's father, Gloria knew he was thinking. The sudden realization of Peter's proprietary rights in the

child had come to him, as it had come to her a few minutes earlier. He had asked for half of Jimmy's time; for six months out of every year he could claim him.

Peter looked at Karl thoughtfully. But when he spoke he turned to Gloria.

"Suppose he'll remember me?" he asked.

"Oh, I think so. He's very smart," Gloria said, her voice faltering. The sickness of helpless despair was upon her. "He t-t-talks of you," she stammered, and stopped short. Her throat had thickened treacherously; she felt her mouth quiver.

"Does?" Peter said eagerly, his eyes lighting. "You wait until you see him, Ethel!" he said. "He's a humdinger!"

"I'll see him soon enough!" Ethel answered with a stoical little laugh that invited sympathy for the stepmother.

"Why not wait until he awakens to-morrow," Karl suggested. Peter glanced at him now in obvious resentment. Who was he to make any arrangements for Peter's child?

"Sitte me!" Ethel said cheerfully. "But here's the thing: Where's a good place to get some supper and spend the night?"

Gloria looked at her stupidly, looked at Peter, brought her eyes to Karl's keen sympathetic ones. She was unable to think. Matters had passed out of her hands; there was nothing to do but wait; wait until this preposterous scene ended, as it must end sooner or later, and then escape to solitude somewhere, and gather her scattered senses together.

"Old house is rented, isn't it?" Peter asked.

"Our house? Yes. Yes, it's rented until the first of next month," Gloria said mechanically.

"But what about your friends, Tony and Kitty, that you've been talking about all the way across?" Ethel asked animatedly. "Suppose we go over there? They might put us up."

"How are the twins?" Peter, with only a vague smile for Ethel, asked Gloria. He was perhaps trying to win Gloria to a freer speech, to taking some constructive part in the conversation. But she felt dull, stunned, unable to rally herself even to answer with more than a monosyllable.

"Fine."

"Well, we'll go along," Peter said. "We'll see Tony, and put up somewhere to-night, and come over in the morning. At least," he added, "if that's all right with you, Glory?"

"Well—" she murmured, standing up. They all stood up, Karl moving so that he stood close beside her.

"We'll be round sometime in the morning," Peter was saying, when quite suddenly his voice weakened and he pitched forward in a faint upon the floor.

It was more than two hours later, it was almost nine o'clock when Karl came out of the sick-room and closed the door behind him. He found Gloria, her shadowed eyes dark-gold in a perfectly colorless face, waiting in the hall. She joined him and they walked together toward her own suite, upstairs and down and across a corridor. Karl came into her sitting-room with her, and they sat down.

"How is he?"

"He's all right. He had some hot milk, and something to put him to sleep. It was only weakness. He should never have attempted that trip so soon after being down with influenza."

"Is she with him?"

"Yes, and Miss Russell was there. Mrs. Miller will sleep in the little room; they've made up the cot. Russell will stay only until he gets off. He's all right."

"It's still Sunday night, isn't it?" She spoke vaguely, wearily. Karl laughed.

"Ah, you poor child! It was a surprise. And if I may say so," he added, "the woman



was a distinctly unpleasant surprise. But she seems devoted to him, doesn't she? And she's good-hearted enough. She grabbed my hand and simply sobbed kisses and tears on it when I said that he had merely fainted."

"Ugh!" Gloria ejaculated, with a shudder. "Karl, come down to the kitchen," she said, trying to pull herself together. "I don't feel up to Tony's to-night. I feel—broken. I don't seem to have any—any pep left in me! Come on. I'll find you some chicken—something."

They went down to the big clean kitchen where some of the warmth of dinner preparations still lingered. Like a woman under the heavy deadening influence of a drug Gloria opened ice-box door and bread tin, lighted the gas stove, cut bread. Once Karl stopped her, as she came and went across the kitchen, and put his arms tightly about her, and kissed her temple. Gloria clung to him, dropped her head against his shoulder; he heard her sob once or twice quickly, like a child, but she did not speak. He presently was set down at one end of the big centre table, with a filling meal before him. Gloria sitting opposite him sipped at hot tea, crumbled bread; she could not eat.

"Karl, he couldn't take Jimmy away, could he?"

"How do you mean take him away?"

"I MEAN take him to Philadelphia, one of the biggest, one of the cruellest, cities in the world," Gloria said passionately. "and put him in the care of that woman!"

"But, my dear," Karl said, amazed at her feeling, and with his mouth filled with bread and chicken. "Philadelphia's a magnificent city, and as for— He laughed briefly. "as for Ethel," he said, "she seems good-hearted enough, she's a perfectly recognisable type. He likes her well enough to marry her."

"He does not! She caught him when he was ill, when he was so weak he couldn't get along without her."

"She may be the good-natured, easy-going kind that keeps a man comfortable," Karl reasoned, smiling.

"She's simply awful! But it isn't Peter I'm thinking about," Gloria said; "it's that talk of Jimmy. It's their horrible assumption that I'd turn Jimmy over to them, to drag across the country and put into a boarding-house!"

"But Gloria," Karl said puzzled, "you knew that his father—that Peter wanted the child. Isn't that what he's been standing out for all this time? A half-right in the child was the only condition he made, wasn't it?"

"Yes, but I thought—we all said, that Peter couldn't possibly manage to take care of him in bachelor quarters! Now that this—this ghastly Ethel is in it," Gloria stormed, "perhaps he thinks he can. Well, I'll fight. I'll go to San Francisco. No; I'll stay here until Peter is well enough to talk and then I'll simply tell him. Either I get Jimmy—absolute and full control of Jimmy—or I'll fight. I will, Karl. You think I'm talking hysterically because I'm tired. But the instant I saw that woman I knew that not under any circumstances would I ever allow her to touch Jimmy with a ten-foot pole!"

"Well, by chance you are to have several days to think about it," Karl reminded her soothingly. Gloria stretched imploring hands towards him across the table; her eyes brimmed sudden tears. Her mood had changed swiftly from defiance to supplication.

"Karl," she whispered, "they can't get him!"

"Why, you'll adjust it all, darling," he said,

"and be with me in New York, trying to find a nice colored woman to take Jimmy for walks and give him his bath—"

"Oh, Karl, say it!"

"I do say it, dear. I'm sure of it! You know Peter still loves the child—Peter, indeed," Karl went on, with a faint smile. "still loves you. I could see it. He may be intensely grateful to this Ethel person for her good nursing. She probably saved his life. But if you talk to him in a day or two, try to make him see that she is not really anxious to have the child— Karl left the sentence unfinished, spread his hands eloquently. "I think you'll get your own way," he added.

"It would simply break Jimmy's heart for one thing. He's almost forgotten Peter. It would be outrageous to turn him over to people he didn't know," Gloria argued still agitated, but in a somewhat mollified tone. "A child belongs with his mother. Even law courts see that."

"More than the law courts is what you and Peter agree upon," Karl said. "Law is a wretched business. Peter could always argue that you agreed to certain terms before he consented to a divorce at all."

She considered this, her eyes narrowed and far away, her jaw set.

"Yes, but I never dreamed that he would really want Jimmy six months of the year," she said in an anxious voice. After awhile she muttered, half to herself: "All going up to Reno together, as if it were a house party. It's sickening!"

"Ah, well, that! But you'd not have to see them."

"According to Peter I would. He'd be coming around to get Jimmy. I don't believe that any agreement would work. I'd much rather have it all fast and tight legally," Gloria decided. "I'll not leave anything unsettled. I'll have it all in unmistakable terms."

Karl was thinking, his teeth clenched on his pipe, as she put plates away, reduced the kitchen again to some sort of order.

"If they took him—look the child, I mean, as soon as Peter is able to travel," he presently said, "the cross-country trip would not hurt him, his father would be constantly with him then, at all events."

Then if you and I went on in—say, July, we could stop for him in Philadelphia, take him with us to some seaside place for awhile, while we were making arrangements in New York. If matters had been a little uncomfortable for him, it would make him all the gladder to see his Mummy. He'd survive it!"

"Karl," she said aghast, "you don't think I ought to?"

"I think you may have to," he answered, with a little laugh for her consternation.

"But this—is only spring! You're talking of July!"

"Well, there will be the weeks in Reno, that will take you into May. You know, if I could criticise women," Karl said,

"which I can't, for I think they're infinitely immeasurably finer in every way than men are, but if I could criticise them it would be because they never will plan for the future. They won't look forward a year or two, and say 'What will probably happen in this time or that time?' You've got to realise, Gloria," Karl said, "that this woman doesn't want Jimmy. She wants Peter, and she'll say or promise anything now to get him. But in a very few weeks she'll get pretty well tired of having a small boy to care for. She's essentially the beauty parlor and matinee, and having-a-good-time-in-the-evenings type. Well, you simply can't manage a child under those circumstances. Anyone with half an eye could see that she can't stand children, doesn't know a thing about them!"

"Yes, but what of these months when Peter's finding that out? If she and Peter quarrelled about Jimmy she'd take it out on Jimmy. And he's only four years old! If I were to give Jimmy to my mother or to Peter alone—" she presently said in a whisper, thinking aloud.

"Peter will look out for him!" Karl said, in the pause. He rapped his pipe against the ashtray, put it into his pocket.

"Finished?" he asked, getting up.

"Finished. They'll do the rest before breakfast to-morrow," Gloria snapped off lightly. She and Karl walked through the halls and up the stairs together. They stopped for a moment outside the door of Peter's sick room, glanced at the hospital transom; there was neither light nor sound within. Karl came on with Gloria to her door. They went in, and she lighted a low light in the bedroom beyond the living-room, and they stood looking down at Jimmy, sprawled luxuriously in sleep. Gloria stooped to cover him.

Karl smiled. When they went back to the sitting-room he would not sit down. It was close upon midnight now, and Gloria looked pale and tired, her beautiful eyes circled with amber, her dark-gold hair in disorder.

He closed the door and she was alone, alone with her child. Gloria went to the smaller bed beside her own bed and stood looking down at Jimmy for a long time.

She got into bed. Restless dozing ended in restless awakenings, when the difficulties of her problem were infinitely augmented by dulled thinking. Nothing could be done in the night; the night was for rest. But she could not rest, and the hours seemed endless.

Jimmy was sitting astride her when she awakened; Jimmy as busy and as absorbed as ever; Jimmy completely unconscious of the forces that were moving beyond and outside his little range of interests to affect his sheltered, confident little life. Jimmy perhaps presently to leave sunny Sausalito, and his treetop house in Kitty's garden, his sand pile and his railway tracks, his carefully balanced little meals and summer-time bed on a high and airy porch, and to mope alone in a Philadelphia boarding-house!

WHEN they went out into the hall Karl was there, looking rosy and groomed and ready for the day, and sunshine was streaming in through the high, clean-curtained institution windows. Karl smiled as he met them, but immediately as he fell into step beside Gloria, his face grew serious.

"I've just seen Peter. We have quite a sick man here," he said.

Her face reflected his concern.

"Fever?"

"Yes, fever. Bones aching. I just asked Kaufmann to go up and have a look at him."

"You don't think he's really ill?"

"No-o-o. Needs rest and care. That idiot was probably dragging him over the Rockies when he was about a hundred and four. He'll have to stay quiet. Good nursing will do it, if we can keep the lungs clear."

"Here," she said, in resignation and dismay.

"I think so. I don't imagine they have much money between them. Funny situation," Karl said, with a somewhat wry smile.

"Funny!"

"Well, maybe I don't mean funny. He wants to see you."

"I'll go in, of course." It was the capable quiet manager of the hospital speaking. But there was an uncomfortable flush on Gloria's usually clear ivory skin. "Then I'm going



down to breakfast, Karl—here, take Jimmy along with you. I'll be down in ten minutes."

She went into the sick-room. Miss Russell was in quiet attendance; shades had been drawn against the brilliant morning light. Through an open window soft spring airs brought garden scents, and the good smell of the serenely-moving sea.

Peter was heavily asleep; his face a dark red. His breathing was labored, but Miss Russell, glancing at a chart, reported nothing alarming; Doctor Kaufmann expected that the fever would break very soon. The patient had had "some nourishment" at about two o'clock.

"Hot milk?"

"Hot milk."

"Shouldn't you be relieved pretty soon?"

"Miss Weber's coming on directly."

"Gloria," Peter said, opening his eyes and looking heavily at her. She smiled at him. His face twitched and he shut his eyes again. Two tears glittered on his lashes. He moaned faintly, muttered distressedly, the quick, shallow breathing of fever began again.

"Mr. Rudd's cousin, Mrs. Miller, who arrived with him last night, is to sleep late," Gloria said. "She's in the room Mrs. Keable had."

"I see," Anna Russell said respectfully. Gloria went down to breakfast wondering just how much she saw.

The extraordinary day dragged on. Ethel appeared some time in mid-morning, looking bloated and anxious; Gloria saw her having breakfast at one of the dining-room tables and went in to sit opposite her and talk to her.

"Isn't this the limit?" Ethel said. "We oughtn't to do come, that's all there is to it. That boy isn't going to get well, you mark my words, Peter Rudd isn't going to get well."

Gloria looked at her with concealed repugnance. Ethel Miller did not matter. What did she know about illness? "That boy isn't going to get well, indeed!"

"They always look terribly sick, with flu," she said, with a trained nurse's reticence. "It's bad to get it again when you're just recovering from a first attack. He shouldn't have come out as soon as he did."

Gloria presently telephoned the local garage that Mrs. Miller was coming down with her car; it needed overhauling. The local newspaper telephone was true that Mr. Rudd was back? Yes, but he was ill. He had driven all the way with a cousin; he had been quite sick at Philadelphia, and had got up too soon.

Peter slumbered on, muttering, waking, slumbering uneasily again. Old Doctor Kaufmann went in and out of his room several times that day, and in the days that followed. Ethel hung about the sickroom miserably for the first day, went to San Francisco to see a girl who used to live in Philly, and did not immediately return. She telephoned more than once to ask for Peter, and say that as soon as he had turned the corner she would be back. Meanwhile, the girl she was staying with was sick, too, and Ethel could be of some use and comfort to her.

Peter turned the corner on a languid spring evening five days later. He had been very close to death. He looked ghastly when he had had a shave and was dressed in clean pyjamas and propped in pillows. But he was hungry for milk toast. When Gloria came in in the soft light of sunset he was alone, and could look up and smile at her.

"You're better," she said, sitting down beside the bed. "You've finished, haven't you?"

She put the tray on a nearby chair with a

long stretch of her arm, turned back to the man in the bed.

"This time you've got to take better care of yourself," Gloria said. She looked at him, saw that he could not speak. His lips were shaking and his eyes brimming with tears. He put out a thin cool hand and she put her own hand into it, and for awhile neither found anything to say. Gloria was afraid of stirring him too deeply. Peter was struggling with all an invalid's weakness to master himself.

"I've dreamed so often of seeing you again, Glory, and holding your hand!" he presently whispered. "I've known—oh, for months, that I was going to be ill, and that if I could only get here I'd be better. Just to smell the garden again, now when everything's in bloom, and to hear the leaves rustling! Now—now I'm so weak that I can't talk." Peter faltered. "But it's so—so good to see you again, and to hear the way you speak—not like anyone else—"

There was a silence. Gloria laid the fingers of her free hand over his two weak, cool ones. She tried to smile encouragingly. The smile would not come.

"Ethel was awfully kind to me. She is kind," Peter said.

"Kind-hearted," Gloria agreed thickly.

"Oh, kind-hearted!" He took it up with weak eagerness. "And I was so sick," he added, almost pleadingly.

What could she say? What did he expect her to say? For awhile they sat without speaking or moving, their hands locked.

"Gloria, what's going to happen?" he asked, with a child's pathetic confidence, after a silence.

"I don't know," she said slowly.

There was an interruption. The hall door-knob clicked. Gloria looked at it with consternation in her heart, as it slipped and twisted in the uncertain grasp of someone outside. She knew who struggled with door-knobs in that determined fashion.

The suspense lasted but for a few seconds. The door opened and Jimmy was peeping anxiously into the room.

"Mummy," he began, in a respectfully-lowered tone, "I fought you were in here because I saw you comin' along this hall—"

He stopped. There was an electric pause. Then the child gave a shout and came running to the bed, his little arms opened for a flying leap.

"Daddy!" he shouted. "You come back! Mummy, it's Daddy come back! Oh, Daddy we missed you so!"

The fair small tawny head and the sleekly-combed dark one touched. Jimmy's wet cheek was against his father's cheek.

"My old boy!" Peter's voice said hoarsely, trembling. "My little old Scout!"

THE suddenness with which her house of life had come like a pack of cards tumbling about her ears, dashed her. At one moment she had felt herself all powerful in regard to her own affairs, more than equal to the challenge of every situation and every fresh day, laughing, triumphing, conquering as she went along. At the next she was merely one more burdened and anxious and frightened woman in a world of burdened and frightened women, driven to the wall, desperate, faced with danger in whatever direction she looked.

Cutting deeper than this was the bitter sense that so recently she had felt herself right, sure of her path, sure of her reasoning, and that now she was somehow placed insufferably in the wrong. Eyes that had been so recently admiring were dubious now; Kitty and Tony could only bite their lips and shake their heads; even Karl could not help her.

For Karl never doubted that she would carry through the programme they had outlined in happier and more confident times.

On one side Gloria had this situation to consider. On the other was Peter's weak and happy acceptance of her nearness and her ministrations. Peter went on from day to day in that state of contented weakness that is the convalescent's reward for hours of fever and pain. He slept a great deal, when Ethel came over for awkward half hours he conversed with her pleasantly enough, but Gloria fancied that these hours meant little to either. Peter's happiest and most animated times were when Jimmy came in, as Jimmy continually did, for talks and games.

In the week after Peter's arrival Gloria grew thin and anxious; uncertainty was real torture to a nature like hers, as it must always be to the capable and self-reliant woman. A long clearing talk with Peter was inevitable; she wanted to have it, dreaded to attempt it too soon, dreaded its possible finalities. For there was no mistaking Peter's devotion to his son; just the few days' contact that he had had with Jimmy had seemed somehow to restore him to the old Peter, the man who could have no natural affinity with such a person, for example, as Ethel.

"Glory, sit down here a minute," Peter said to her one day. There was unmistakable significance in his tone; for a moment Gloria's heart failed her. She had thought him asleep, had opened his door noiselessly to remind Miss Russell that old Mrs. Hellman needed a hypodermic at five o'clock. Peter's eyes opened; as he spoke the nurse went away, closing the door. Gloria and he were alone.

She came to the bedside, sat down, looking at him unsmilingly.

"Gloria," Peter said, with an effort that brought a rush of dark color into his pale face. "How did I throw you down?"

"Throw me down?" she could only repeat stupidly, her own face suddenly flaming. But she knew what he meant.

"I never meant to," Peter said, his anxious eyes fixed on hers. "I didn't know I had, until your letter."

"Which letter was that?" Gloria asked, with dry lips.

"The one asking for a divorce. Oh, I knew," Peter hastened to say, with a little shred of mirthless laughter. "I knew you were ten times smarter than I. I knew you were making money, I knew you'd succeed at anything you tried. But it didn't seem to me—"

He stopped short, floundering. Gloria looked at him in silence; she could seem to find nothing to say.

"I mean—we loved each other once, you and I," the man said simply, tears suddenly in his eyes. "And—I thought this, anyway! And haven't husbands and wives been—like that, I mean? One succeeding and the other—not so good. It wasn't that that lost you to me, Glory, was it? It wasn't just—the money, just the success?"

"No, of course not!" she said thickly, quickly.

"I knew—Lord, I knew how ambitious you were!" Peter went on. "I knew that you wanted to travel, to see cities, to meet important people. I couldn't seem to make it. I couldn't seem to get into the things that—that lead that way. They don't mean much to me. I wish they did. Last winter, now," he added, as Gloria, her eyes fixed on his, were silent, "I met a few of them—movie stars, you know, and singers, the people who came in for the Sunday pro-



grammes, or the advertising programmes. I'd always wish it was you instead of me. I'd think how you'd talk to them—how you'd love it, that that was your sort of thing." Peter paused, his face wet with sweat. "This Doctor Pither, Glory," he began again, "he's—he's going a long way, isn't he? You're going to marry him, I guess, aren't you?"

Her serious eyes, narrowed under a faint frown, answered him.

"I knew you were," he said. "Do you love him, Glory?"

"Well—" she murmured, with a flush and a rueful smile.

"YOU do, of course. And you'll travel. He's rich, isn't he? Miss Russell said he was rich."

"It isn't that," she said, without resentment.

"No, of course it isn't that. But I mean that he can follow his profession, live and work where he likes. I can see you—with trunks, you know, on boats and in big stations. Do you remember when we were first married, that you used to say that you wanted trunks and tickets, and to be in big stations at night? Do you remember saying that you wanted everyone to say 'there goes that famous Gloria Rudd?'"

Gloria flinched slightly, shrugged her shoulders.

"All girls are like that."

"Not all are like you! Gloria, give me just this one talk, won't you? Don't keep glancing at the door. Aren't you going to say why you stopped loving me?"

"You mean that you never stopped caring, Peter?"

He could not answer. His tightly-closed mouth worked; she saw his nostrils dilate and his eyes widen. Instinctively he put out a trembling hand, and instinctively she laid her fingers in it.

"You didn't write," she said, her voice suddenly thick.

"Because there was nothing but bad news to write."

She was silent, looking away.

"That is what I think I'm trying to say," Peter presently began, in a firmer voice. He looked her hand, groped for his handkerchief, frankly wiped his eyes and blew his nose. "I think I'm trying to ask you if my staying here might have made a difference, if there was any way in which I might have helped you," he said.

"I don't know how I can answer that," she said slowly, after a pause.

"Karl is a big man, Peter, bigger than anything I could ever hope to be! His liking me changed everything. I can't think how things might have been without that!"

"You love him?" he asked.

"Ah, my dear!" she said. And she looked away.

"But then, you're still you, Gloria," Peter presently began. "You'll begin to look about you—no matter how happy you are, because you're like that! You'll begin to look about you and say: 'What can I do? How can I express myself, not Karl Pither!' You're not going to be any man's shadow, you can't. And what I thought—"

He was looking at her appealingly.

"What I thought," he repeated, "was that perhaps, if I got a job with the broadcasting office out here in San Francisco, and I believe I could, and if you started some day writing little scenarios for them—and you could do so much better than some of the stuff we have to use—that maybe—"

He stopped short again in the middle of his phrase, looking at her expectantly. Gloria did not meet his eyes. Her thoughtful look was fixed on space.

"No, of course not!" Peter said quickly, rebuffed. And for a full moment there was silence. "Well, then, Jimmy," he presently went on, hesitatingly, yet resolutely, too. "You'll have other children, Gloria. Will you give me Jimmy? He's all I have."

Gloria's heart tightened as at the touch of an acid.

"You'll have Ethel," she said quickly, almost in scorn, not moving her gaze from far space, her jaw hard.

Peter laughed with a more natural sound than she had heard in his laughter since his return.

"Poor Ethel!" he said.

"Poor Ethel thinks you are going to marry her," Gloria said simply.

"Not now she doesn't," Peter said. "She and Pet—her friend in San Francisco is named Pet—are going to drive back to Philadelphia any day now, with a stop at Reno for both."

"You mean you've broken with her? You mean she's let you down?"

"I mean that she knew I had twelve hundred dollars," Peter explained it, smiling indifferently. "Last night I wrote her a cheque for one thousand. I've given her the car, it's a good car, it hasn't run five thousand miles yet. I've made her a present of everything in it—we brought rugs and groceries and cigarettes for emergencies. They're all hers. She saw, even before I did, that this Reno plan probably wouldn't go through," Peter said.

Gloria was silent, adjusting her mind to the new situation.

"Ethel's coming over to say good-bye to-morrow, or perhaps this afternoon," Peter further volunteered. "She doesn't feel badly treated, I assure you; her life has been like that. She's been married several times; she's never lost anything by any—what shall I say? Relationship. She's good-hearted, Ethel."

"She's so good-hearted that it made my blood run cold to think of ever trusting Jimmy to her for five consecutive seconds!" Gloria said grimly. Peter laughed again.

"But you would trust him to me, wouldn't you?" he said slowly, out of thought. "By the time you and he come back from Reno I'll have made arrangements for him. You may be sure he'll be well cared for. He'll be my life, Gloria."

"Oh, but Peter!" Her laugh had impatience, had fear and tears behind it. "My child," she said shakily. "He's—part of me, Jimmy. It wouldn't matter how many others there were! There may never be another. Suppose he were the only one! We've never been separated. I've given him his bath—I've tucked him up at night—"

Peter said nothing in words. But his eyes said: "What about me?" and Gloria, sensing that the child meant to him all that he meant to her, was dumb.

Ethel, arriving for a brief visit that afternoon, included Gloria in her farewells. She was a cheerful, even a jocose Ethel, hardened to philosophy by the security of a thousand dollar cheque safe in her purse. She and her woman friend, Pet, were both going to get divorces in Reno, anyway.

She kissed Peter good-bye. But that wasn't the end of it; Gloria read contempt and jealousy in her eyes. She stopped in Gloria's office for a final fling.

"Good-bye, Mrs. Rudd, and I hope you get away with it. Your kind usually do."

Gloria sat at her desk listening, an automatic smile fixed on her face. The utter vulgarity of the woman, with her stunning rain of coarse, ridiculous words! There was no answer to this sort of thing.

"He was willing to marry even me," Ethel went on, trembling, "because he thought that would mean he'd have his kid. But, oh, no,

you're the good, devoted mother, the lady that can earn five thousand a year, and that everyone thinks is such a wonder! Peter don't know it, but he'd've had a better time with me," Ethel finished triumphantly. "The kid mightn't have done so good, but I'd have made Peter Rudd a king!"

The door slammed; she was gone. Gloria smiled a superior smile, with no one there to see it, stretched her arms luxuriously above her head, flung her head back on her locked hands, and laughed. Preposterous woman; how amazing she was!

Dave, the tall man, handy man, and janitor, was showing two rather impressive-looking men into her office. Gloria looked up with a smile, introduced herself, placed them in chairs facing her. She knew who they were and what they wanted. Mr. Petrie, who was evidently very rich, and Doctor Schiller. She had corresponded with both in the past few weeks.

Their business concerned a new hospital to be opened in Salt Lake City. They had the main building already waiting, but there must be additions and changes. The superintendent would have a large apartment to herself, many prerogatives and privileges, and a salary of six thousand a year. They the position to Gloria.

Gloria told Tony and Kitty about it later that day. The spring afternoon had closed in with a soft, swift rain; the Baggleys were settled beside a comfortable wood fire. They were having tea when Gloria and Jimmy arrived at five o'clock.

Kitty asked how Peter was to-day; Jimmy had already volunteered a joyous shout to the effect that Dad had drawn him a picture of a horse! Gloria gave a more detailed account. Peter was coming on very well. Still weak, of course, and looking strangely thin. But he was getting well. Hungry all the time, and having long nights of natural sleep now. No more opiates.

"And they want you to go to Salt Lake City?" Tony asked, amused and interested, reverting to the new business offer.

"IT'S so funny, Glory," Kitty said, "that when you have one plan all laid out, in this life, you're apt to be offered another." And with a little smile for Tony she added: "Remember Judge Latham?"

"I do, the big boulder!" Tony answered readily.

"I'd been going along to the age of twenty-eight," Kitty said, in her pleasant, well-cut comments, "without being exactly what you'd call besieged by gentlemen as suitors, when Tony arrived in my life. I was agonising over him, expecting something definite every moment, and not knowing whether I was standing on my head or my heels, when this rich, presentable, handsome—would you say handsome, Tony? Kitty broke off to ask, with a glance for her husband.

"In his snug, mustached little way," Tony admitted.

"Well, anyway," Kitty went on with a laugh, "I actually received a serious offer from Arthur Latham, a chance to become—well, certainly, the richest and most important young wife in the town. And that very night if Anthony Bagglely didn't call, and assure me that the only reason he hadn't settled everything was because he had taken it all for granted."

"From the very first moment I saw you, with your hair every which way, and your underclothes coming down," Tony said, in a sort of good-humored growl.

"I deny the underclothes," said Kitty. "I had cut my leg and there was a bandage,



here, under my knee. Tony always insists that it was my underwear showing. I tell him that women haven't worn things like that for forty years."

"You were wearing your grandmother's," Tony suggested.

Gloria, sipping the jasmine-scented tea, nibbling the toast, laughed at the controversy. But underneath the laugh she had a glimpse of the eternal miracle that is a man's love for his woman, a woman's for her mate.

"So you could have been superintendent of a big, new hospital?" Tony asked musingly.

"Could have tried it, anyway."

"You'd have made a go of it," Tony was not looking at her. His eyes were on the dying last flames in the blackened fireplace.

The room was warm now. The tea things had been cleared away. The children were in the kitchen with Kitty. Gloria raised her thoughtful eyes.

"Why d'you say that, Tony?"

"BECAUSE you're the sort of a woman who is bound to make a success of anything she tries."

"I don't seem to make an especial success of living."

To this Tony said nothing. After awhile Gloria added moodily:

"I'm at a bad bit of road now."

"You certainly are," Tony agreed, glancing up. He looked back at the fire again, not encouraging her to continue the subject.

"What to do?" she persisted, with a rueful smile and with heightened color. "Hope that there's a better time ahead, perhaps," Tony suggested lightly.

"Which you don't think likely?" she asked in a quick sensitive voice.

"I've always thought there was something dangerous in the—what shall I call it?—the smugness," Tony said, "of doing things to be happy."

"But that's nonsense!" Gloria answered sharply. "Everyone does things to be happy!"

"And almost everyone is unhappy," Tony said.

Gloria looked at him, frowning, looked back at the fire.

"We're not talking the same language," she said coldly.

"You see, you're an unlucky woman, Gloria," Tony presently said. "You're born between two worlds for women. You've a better than normal mind, you've got executive ability and charm and ambition that have nothing to do with the old-fashioned woman's life. But then with them you've got the fundamental appetites, too; you want love and home and children. Well, you're just out of luck! Only one man out of a thousand can combine love for home, closeness to his children, with business success; happy husbands and fathers aren't the men you hear about. One in a thousand can combine the two, not one woman in ten thousand can. You can't have everything, Glory. Now and then a woman like you is born, wanting everything. You want fame and money and love and children—well, you might win through to them all. But not this way!"

"Not through divorce, you mean?" Gloria asked quickly, her cheeks blazing. "You mean I ought to wait for Peter to die?"

"I mean, I think, that you have to give up happiness to get it."

"Always? That everyone does?"

"It would seem so."

"You don't like Karl," she said simply, after a pause in which she had not met his eyes, had stared sombrely into space.

"I admire him. I think he's going to be

a great man. I don't love him as I do Peter."

"And I wouldn't be happy as the wife of a great man, whom I happen to love?"

"For awhile you would."

"Ha!" Gloria muttered, good naturedly, with an air of dismissing an irreconcilable argument.

"You think you would be?"

"My dear Tony, I love him! That wasn't of my choosing, I couldn't help it. And I'm not ashamed to admit," Gloria said, "My one anxiety," she added, "isn't myself at all. It's Peter."

"You still like Peter, eh?"

"Well," Gloria said defensively, "I don't dislike Peter. I want—of course I want to be fair to Peter, to us all."

"All, in this case, meaning—?"

"Peter, Karl, myself, Jimmy," she answered. "Perhaps Jimmy most of all."

"Twenty years from now you'll be telling Jimmy just why you couldn't make a go of it with his father. You'll put it on Peter. What else can you do? Gradually you'll have to make Peter responsible for the whole thing."

"Meanwhile," Tony went on, as Gloria merely watched him with bright resentful eyes and made no effort to reply, "meanwhile Peter's wife will be vilifying you. She'll tell Jimmy that when his father was down on his luck you kicked him out."

"Which will be a lie!" Gloria said quickly, a hard red spot suddenly in either cheek.

"Of course it will be. But he won't know it. Children have to believe the grown-ups. You certainly aren't going to tell him that you were in the wrong, Gloria. Neither will his stepmother tell him his father was."

"Why shouldn't I tell Jimmy the truth? That his father is a fine man and that I still like him very much, but that I fell in love with Karl?"

"Because—I'm supposing this to be some years in the future, of course. But they go fast, the years. Jimmy'll be a big fellow of fifteen, eighteen, before you know it. Because by that time you won't be in love with Karl," Tony answered.

"You know that, I suppose?" Gloria tried to smile.

"Who is, after ten years?" Tony pursued it simply.

"You make me laugh," Gloria said, her mouth trembling, angry tears in her eyes.

"There's another thing, Gloria," Tony said, "Karl's jealous of Jimmy now. Any man would be. Here's this adorable little fellow you want to take on your very honeymoon, and laugh at, and kiss, and tuck up into bed. And it's another man's child, with quite a lot of that other man's characteristics."

"Then there's no happiness in life for me!" Gloria said, in a sudden anger, tears in her voice.

"Oh, yes, there is."

"Moving back across the lane here," she suggested ironically. "Reopening 'Bide A Wee.' Mother back again, Jimmy running down to the corner to the Bywater Garden School. Peter working in the garden Sundays. Karl alone in New York. Ha!"

She broke off on a scornful laugh.

"I suppose I'd be happy then?" she demanded.

"Not right away. But the others would be, wouldn't they? I mean your mother and Peter and Jimmy—Jimmy, Heaven, what a difference to him!"

"And Karl," she added dryly. "He'd be exquisitely happy, of course."

"So far," Tony reminded her, "you owe nothing to Karl. So far, you haven't made yourself responsible for Karl."

"Tony," she said, in a softer tone than she had used before, an almost appealing tone, "I love you, you're like an older brother to me, or I'd never have let you talk to me this way. I want to do what's right, truly I do. But this would be a little too hard. Life can't be quite as cruel as that to a woman, making her choose between love and motherhood. It may seem complicated now. But wouldn't it all straighten itself out, come right some day?"

"Not for you. For some women perhaps. And it would be hard for you now. Your happiness wouldn't come at once, Gloria. But when it did come, it'd be clear—it wouldn't be mortgaged. You see, you're a tremendously spiritual person, really. Almost a mystic."

"You two have been having a great talk," Kitty said, not without betraying a certain suspicion of the talk's possible significance, as she came in. "No lights yet? Don't you want lights? I've cold chicken here, Glory, and asparagus—" she added, on an interrogative note.

"No, no, and thanks!" Gloria got to her feet. Kitty, lighting a lamp, saw tears on her face. "Karl ought to be here," Gloria said, "he was to call for us, to take us home."

"Karl is here. He parked close to the kitchen door, it's so wet. He's out there with the children." Kitty was very busy, putting away books, giving Tony his table and his little playing cards for the late afternoon games of solitaire. Gloria stood at a strip of mirror and put her hair into some sort of order. When she turned back to the room Karl was there, his belted raincoat spattered, his wet cap in his hands. His fine smile went about the circle; she saw its anxious change as he met her drenched eyes.

"Button up this child well," he said, giving her Jimmy's hat and coat. "It's wet and blowy, a horrible night."

"Why not stay to dinner, Karl; we've just been asking Glory," Kitty said, all hospitable eagerness.

"Oh, no, thanks! I'm taking her all the way to San Francisco, rain or no rain," Karl answered happily. "We'll get this man to bed first," he added; "and then go off somewhere, eh, Gloria?" I have a completely inexplicable fancy," he said, smiling at Tony, "for this woman's undivided society. Odd, isn't it?"

The proprietary male. His tone would have made her so happy only a few hours earlier!

THE rain went on. There were days of steady rain that were eagerly welcomed by the dry State, that would keep the gardens beautiful well into the spring, that would double the crops.

In the night Gloria lay awake hearing it splash from the eaves, hearing the wind blow and lull and rise crying again.

It was on a rainy afternoon that she had a long talk with Peter. He came into her sitting-room on his first venture out of his sickroom, and for a few moments could only sit panting beside her fire, his face one smile of triumph in the accomplished trip, but his forehead wet with sweat under the dark curve of his hair.

"I've come to talk business, and yet like a fool I need nursing first!" he said, drinking off the long glass of warm milk that Gloria brought him from the diet kitchen.

"Business?" She sat down opposite him, her fingers busy with Jimmy's clean socks. She searched through the basketful of them, matched them, rolled them neatly into pairs.



"I've got my job," Peter began.  
"A job?"  
"In San Francisco. With the radio company, doing what I did in Philadelphia."  
"Peter, I'm so glad! When did that happen?"

"Winters came over to see me this morning. They had offered me a job," Peter explained. "But he seemed to me not so good as the Los Angeles offer. Now they've added a programme—I don't know what it will amount to, but the hours are easy, and it will be fun."

"You'll be glad to be out here in California again?"

"Oh, well—yes. But it wasn't so much that I wanted to talk about," Peter said. "But about you—Jimmy—all of us. It's all gone so differently from what I planned. Glory. Or maybe it's my being so sick that has changed me. Anyway, this is what I wanted to say. Jimmy ought to be yours. I mean—he goes with you. If sometimes he came out here to visit your mother, or with you for a visit, that'd be different. I'd always—I'd always want to see him. But we don't want to fight over him, or split him up. We'll just tell him that he's going east with you; he'll take that naturally enough. You've carried the heavy end of it all these years. You brought him into the world, after all. I want you to have him. I want it that way."

Gloria raised quiet eyes, studied his face for a while silently.

"You're very generous," she said at length, mildly.

"I don't feel it that way. I had those years with him when he was only a baby, when I used to dig in the garden on Sundays, and he'd come out in his little red sweater and watch me. I'll always have those to remember. And I couldn't care for him as you can, Glory. A man can't. There'll be nights when I'm at the office late; that sort of thing. The little old Scout would be lonely—he might get sick."

"I'm all right again now," Peter concluded, in a dead silence. "I'm counting on getting over to the city in a day or two, bag and baggage. I feel—I feel all right about it, now. I had you, and I lost you—I guess he—Karl—loves you as much as I do. You've got a right to choose."

He got up, set his empty glass on the table, walked steadily, and yet with a certain strain in the steadiness, to the door. Gloria watched him, her hands idle among the gay little woollen twists that were the socks. She did not speak again.

THAT night, standing at the window in her sitting-room, looking out into the blackness that was the dripping spring darkness, she talked to Karl. As she talked to him she faced the black mirror of the window before her; now and then she half turned to emphasise a word or a phrase with a glance over her shoulder.

"Gloria, you don't think this mood possible can last?"

"It isn't a mood."

"It's an heroic mood, dear. You've persuaded yourself that you owe this to your mother and Peter and Jimmy."

"To myself," Gloria corrected it.

"To yourself! What could you possibly owe to yourself except what is natural and happy. Gloria, who's been talking to you?"

Instead of answering she said suddenly, half-ashamed:

"I went into church and prayed about it."

"What church?"

"The little church half-way up the hill."

I've never learned any prayers. I've never had any religion, but it was quiet in there. I could think. At least I found myself thinking. And then I knew."

"Knew that you had to sacrifice your life, and mine, too, for the happiness of three other persons? Persons who can't possibly appreciate it fully, and who will very promptly forget whatever they do appreciate!"

"No, not that, Karl. I wasn't thinking of Mother or Peter or even Jimmy. I was thinking only of myself, of my own—well, I suppose you'd call it my own soul. That I've started my life on one pattern, and I have to work it out by that pattern. Not for them! For myself—for myself in the years to come. I don't want to be one of the explaining women. I don't want to be eternally justifying myself to Jimmy, to other children, perhaps, to everyone who knows."

"Why, but this is simply morbid, Gloria!" Karl said tenderly understanding, but with a healthy laugh.

His arms were about her now. Like a weary child she had come from the window to seat herself beside him on Jimmy's square leather hassock. As he bent forward her head was against his shoulder, his cheek against her dark-gold hair. Her fine hand, its delicacy set off by the prim little cambric cuff, was tight in his hand.

"Karl," she said, "I am so sure. If you only knew how sure. It may mean that I will never have another happy hour again, never have another dream again. But I'm sure. We have to say good-bye, you and I. We never should have loved each other, wanted each other. When you came here I was a married woman with a child. Those are definite conditions like owing money or promising to go some place or do something, or having one arm or not understanding a language. Do you see what I mean? They limit me—I have to abide by them."

"I love you and you love me," he whispered, holding her tight. He had lost you long before I found you. You are mine now as you never can be again!"

Resting against his shoulder, spent and shaken, she was silent. For a long time they did not speak, and when Karl began to talk again it was gently, quietly, with infinite patience. Gloria was silent. The kiss she presently gave him for good night, in her doorway was a quiet kiss. There was no joy in it, no surrender, there was no yielding in her tired eyes.

Karl went away the next day. She stood at an upstairs window and watched him go. A silver light was trembling over the world between two rains. It glistened on wet leaves and on runnels of yellow water beside the road. Jimmy and Carmela were coming back at one o'clock from kindergarten. Gloria saw Karl pick up the little boy, overshoes and waterproof and dripping rather than to kiss him good-bye. Jimmy was whispering impatiently. He was hungry. He was eager for the daily excitement of luncheon in Dad's room, his tray set lower than Dad's tray, but their meal the same.

Karl wore his yellow-brown mackintosh, a brown cap, worn brown gloves.

Then he got into the car and drove away, and Gloria turned back into the room to meet Jimmy, to be sure his hands were warm, to wash his small school-grimed face and hands for luncheon. The day went on in a great blankness and stillness. Quite late in the evening Gloria went in to Peter's room.

"You and Jimmy had a wild time to-night?"

"Too much for him, d'you think?" Peter was dressed in a blue dressing-gown, but he

had got back into bed, had been reading against his big pillow.

"For that little swash? No! But I was thinking that it might be too much for you."

"I feel better than I have felt for years. I'm perfectly all right. You're not," Peter said, "to have me on your mind. This week—these ten days have absolutely set me up again."

"Did they tell you Karl had gone?"

"Yes, so old Kaufmann said. Where's he off to?"

"Santa Barbara first, to settle his mother there. Then to the East to the new job."

"And what are your plans, Glory?"

She looked at him strangely, thoughtfully.

"It depends somewhat on you," she said, after a pause.

THEY talked very simply; there was no eloquence on either side. Now and then Peter's eyes filled, and he took his handkerchief from the breast pocket of his pyjamas and wiped them quite openly.

"You mean—you can't mean, Glory, that you and I and the Scout are going to begin all over again, with a garden and a kitchen, and Sunday suppers with Tony and Kitty? I've thought of them—I've remembered them until it didn't seem to me that one hour of them was lost," Peter said. "I've wanted so to start over—not fall you where I did fall you—"

"But it wasn't starting over," she said slowly, thinking aloud, as he paused. "It'll be going on. There's no starting over. Even if we'd been divorced, even if we'd both remarried it wouldn't be starting over. It'd be switching aside to something quite different, admitting we'd failed. This—this that we're doing now won't be failure, anyway."

"And you mustn't say that you failed me, you've never failed me, Peter," she presently added. "You never went off with another woman, or were cruel or rude, or drank, or were mean to Jimmy or Mother. Sometimes women can't forgive those things—maybe I couldn't. But that wasn't it."

Peter listened, saying little. But when she got up to go he caught at her hand.

"Gloria, I can't say anything about this, about what I think of you. I've always loved you, since we met—downstairs here, here in the old Lockwood. But it was nothing to the way I feel about you now! You did love me once, maybe some day you'll love me again. Anyway—anyway, what you've just been saying, what we're planning to do has made me—it's made me believe in God, Gloria; in things happening that—that aren't like the way they happen in this world!"

Gloria looked down at him seriously, her hand in his hand.

"I wish you were as happy as I am!" Peter said.

"I'm happy. It's going to make me very happy to write to Mother, one of these days. It's going to be wonderful to tell Jimmy that Mother and Dad are going to be here always. And I'll like talking to Tony and Kitty," Gloria said. "There's a feeling of peace—of being right about it all, Peter. Do you feel it, too?"

"I think," he said, "that you're never going to be sorry."

"You oughtn't to say that sort of thing to me," she said, frowning a little, blinking wet lashes. "It seems to me that it's all of you—Kitty and Tony and Mother and you and Jimmy who are being wonderful to me. Being so—so terribly patient with me! I don't know why you all—why anybody thinks I'm—I'm worth while!"

Tears came into her eyes. She freed her



hand from Peter's and found a handkerchief and wiped them away. And immediately, without speaking again, she left the room.

ONE August day, when the sun was setting beyond the waters of the Golden Gate, its light lying in long strips across the fragrance and beauty of Kitty's hillside garden, from a group that was settled idly and happily in the old basket-chairs, a woman's voice sounded regretfully.

"I wish we had another week of this! I feel ironed out—I feel rested! I slept eleven hours last night, and two in the hammock this afternoon. It's simply made us all over," Tony, Mary, Peter, Jimmy, every one of us."

"How has it made us over, Mummy?" a square, sunbrowned boy of nine asked interestedly, as he worked an arrangement of strings and chains to and fro over the low limb of an oak. "Are we better?"

"One hundred per cent. better," a man's voice said on a lazy laugh. Peter's voice. He was stretched in a chair with a small, sturdy girl of two seated squarely upon him. A little girl with bright gold hair and dark gold eyes. Very busy with a large molasses cookie, which she was smearing all over her round, rosy face; the little girl looked at him speculatively as he spoke, and offered him a sticky bite.

"No, thank you. I don't want it, Mary!" he said. "I've had tea."

"We're going down town for things for Mother," said a girl who was stretched on the lawn. Quite a big girl, this one; fourteen, perhaps, with tawny hair bobbed into a bright mop, a tawny skin, a sleeveless blue sweater and a life, pleated linen skirt. "We'll take Mary," she said.

"Leave Mary and take Jimmy, Jane. Only don't leave him for one instant alone anywhere," said the first speaker. "It must be nearly six. It's almost time for Mary to say good night. But it stays so bright these nights it seems a shame to put them to bed!"

"We're just getting figs and cream and maybe a watermelon and more butter," said the double of the girl who had spoken. "We'll hold on to him, Jane," she went on, speaking in an undertone now to her twin. "Let's move our beds out to the pool to-night, will you?"

"Then I will!" said Jimmy Rudd determinedly.

"You can if Aunt Glory lets you," said Joyce Bagley, maternally.

"You will let me, won't you, Mummy?"

"Well, yes, I think you might. But it may get cold about eight o'clock, as it did last night," Gloria said. "Kitty," she went on, when the twins and Jimmy had departed, and Mary, drowsy over her cookie, had collapsed against her father's arm. "This visit has been one of the good times of life. It's been twenty-two days of perfection. Three weeks and a day of Heaven! To have had Mother here for ten days of it, and to have her so well and so happy and to have talked over old times and lived out here in this garden—it's all been—well, just one of the good times!"

"It's been Heaven for us," Kitty said simply. "Tony and I talk about you every day, don't we, Tony?"

"We've told each other, in these years, that some day you'd come back, and we'd all sit out here and watch the moon rise," Tony said, as Kitty paused. "We've had Mary's picture and snapshots of Jimmy to keep us in touch. But nothing was anything like the reality. And now it's over, and you go back to-morrow to your smoking big city!"

"Back to New York to-morrow," Gloria agreed. "And it'll be hot! But we'll get the children up to Connecticut, and every day

now will be a little cooler. October is Peter's busiest time, getting the autumn programmes ready, and then it'll be Christmas, and then it'll be June, and the Bagleys will be on their way!"

"I think I could manage it," Tony said, his eyes bright with excitement at the mere thought. "It isn't that I'm any better, really. But I'm so much stronger. Once comfortably into a Pullman lower I don't have to move until Chicago, and the next day you meet us at the end of the line."

"I'll love it," Kitty decided.

"It'll be wonderful to have you, after that double disappointment when Mary was ill last year."

"Yitta Mairwy," Mary, hearing her name, said complacently from half-slumber.

"Yitta Mairwy's going in to Susan," Peter said, getting up.

Kitty went in with Peter, Mary's round little legs rolled against her father's breast, her soft gold head was limp upon his shoulder. Gloria lay on, stretched in her chair, her hands locked under the dark-gold hair that framed her head in just Mary's fashion.

"Tony, one could look on and on into the tops of these oaks, and never grow tired of them and never need any other tonic! Look how red the light is against the branches and how gold on the leaves! If we could understand just one oak—"

"You're a born reporter to have found that out," Tony observed dryly, as her voice died away into contented silence.

"Ah, yes," she conceded, unruffled. "But everyone has to find it out for himself, doesn't he?"

"I suppose so."

"Tony," Gloria said, with a little effort, "are you aware that you saved my life for me nearly five years ago?"

"Meaning the talk we had that rainy night, while Peter was sick?"

"Meaning that."

"No, I didn't do anything but clear up your thoughts a little as a big brother may," he said. "You'd have made a success of anything you undertook, Gloria. You'd have solved it, married to Karl, or married to Peter, or whatever you did."

"DON'T you believe it!" she said in a low voice, still staring up into the oak. "There are things you can't solve. There are steps you can't take back."

"You've never regretted it, then?"

"Regretted it!" she echoed, with a brief laugh. "Oh, yes, there were hours when I thought I couldn't stand it," she said. "But they weren't the sensible hours. And Peter was being tremendously sensible. He was talking jobs and budgets and living quarters—you remember we were in San Francisco for a little while? And then—"

"Then you began writing the radio things?"

"No, he began that. He began writing them for this Florry Le Page, remember her? The girl who did the old lady voice so well. And then I began to look them over and change them a little, and put into them things I'd actually heard the old people say at the Bayview, you know, and so the whole thing started."

"To be made into several other pretty good things," Tony observed.

"We were lucky," Gloria said, immediately to retract it. "No," she went on, "it wasn't luck. Peter'd had months, years of struggle then, trying to make good; he'd earned his success. But the truth is, Tony," she went on thoughtfully, still keeping her gaze on the leaves above her head, "we both knew that it would be all right. Somehow we went into it all—head on, as it were, knowing that it would be all right."

The other thing would have been all wrong. Not for every woman, not for any other woman, perhaps, but for me. And that I found it out in time I owe to you."

"You owe nothing to me," said Tony. "Sooner or later our hearts get broken in this life, and then—if we've anything at all in us, we learn something."

"Why look ye here or there?" Gloria quoted in a low voice. "Lo, the Kingdom of Heaven is within you!" And for awhile there was silence in the warm dusk of the garden.

"Have you ever seen him since, Gloria?"

"Karl? Once. Twice, really, but once was only a glimpse. It was when Jimmy and Peter and I were on the top of a bus, going out Riverdale Drive. It was a terribly hot day; Jimmy had practically nothing on. We'd come in for a special programme and were going up to a place on Riverdale Drive for lunch. This was before we turned out of Fifth Avenue, near the Cathedral. Karl was walking down, with quite a big woman—his wife I imagine. Anyway, it was about a year after he had written Kitty and asked her to write me that he was going to marry a Swedish girl. A masseuse as it happened, but I heard that from someone else. She looked nice and big and happy."

"But before that I'd met him at a tea. A woman at Easthampton loaned her garden for a charity hospital-tee and we went—in fact, they had a microphone there and Peter was on the programme. It was autumn, I think about three years ago. It was before Mary was born and I didn't feel very well. I thought I'd go into the house, where it was warm, and find myself a cup of hot tea, and quite suddenly I was facing Karl, in a sort of hallway. I hope I didn't look staggered. He did. We shook hands, or held hands, or something, and went to a kind of window-seat and sat down, and for a few seconds it was quite dreadful for me, for it all came back. The excitement, I mean, and the weakness and the awful sense of—well, what is it? Thrill running through one like an electric current."

"And then, quite suddenly," Gloria went on, on a note of amusement, "he was just a human being. Not a superman at all, not what I'd been remembering! Just a nice, interested, attractive human being. It was like stepping from one level of consciousness into another—everything was the same and yet everything was changed, and I was feeling rather weak and wobbly and very keen for a cup of tea! I felt rich, rich in my husband and my boy, rich in my new coat with the fur collar and—in myself—somehow in myself—"

"Is what I'm trying to say making sense to you, Tony?"

Tony cleared his throat.

"Very much so," he said.

"Well, I guess that's all there is to it," Gloria ended. "Except that I'm a very happy woman, and that I have the finest children in the world. And I have an awfully good husband, Tony."

"I know it," said Tony.

"Adorable with the children, always good-natured, always too good for me," Gloria said. "Peter's not a superman, but then I'm not a superwoman, either!"

"I don't know about that. You're rather—rather an extraordinary—well, let it go at that!" the man said.

## THE END

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)

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